Collier's

NOVEMBER 12, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

SHOULD BLOOD BANKS MAKE MONEY?

By BILL DAVIDSON

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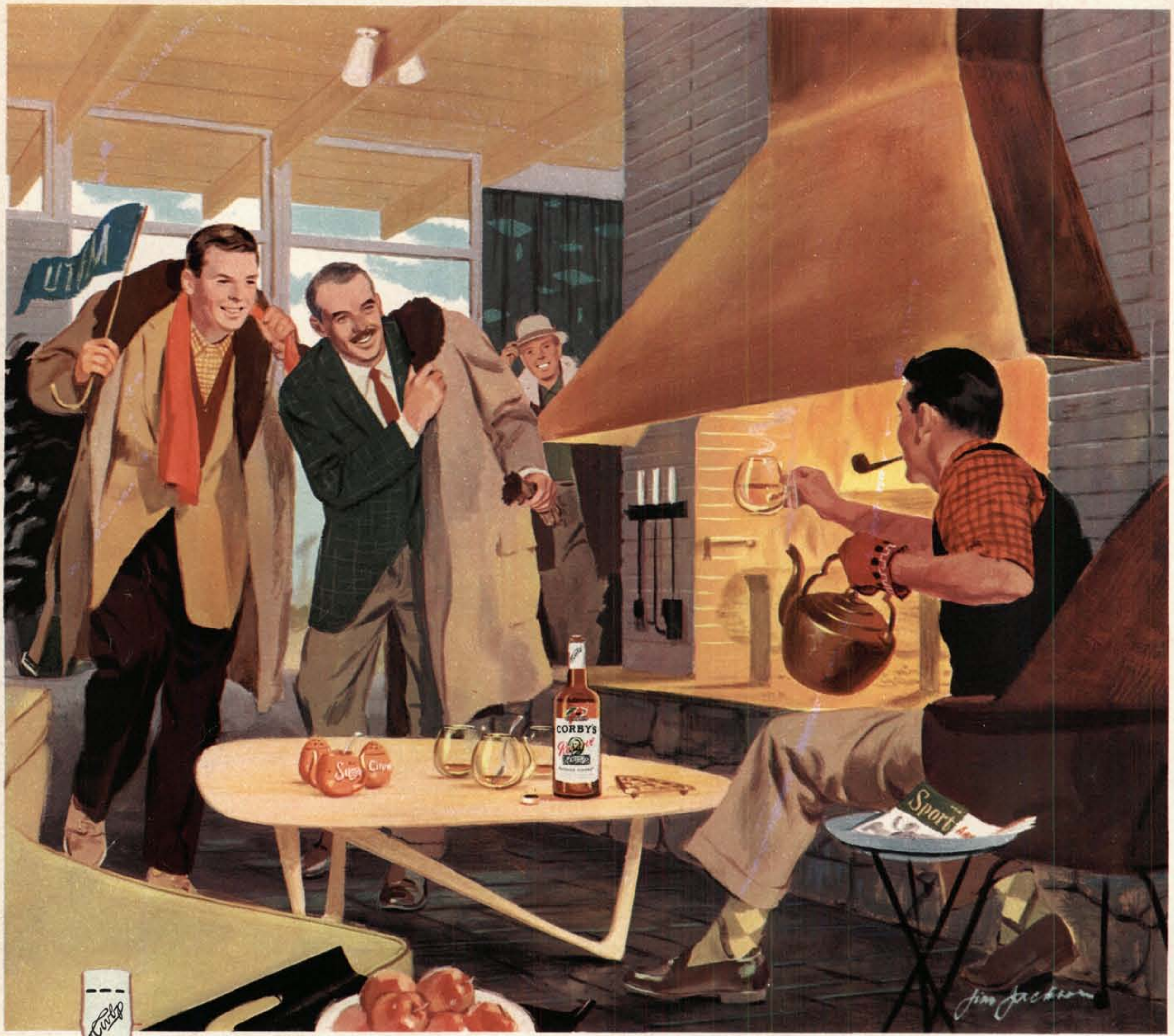
Let's Be Realistic About the UN

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Jr.
U.S. Representative to the United Nations

The Marvels in Our Museums

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 0354
11192 10783 2Y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CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY

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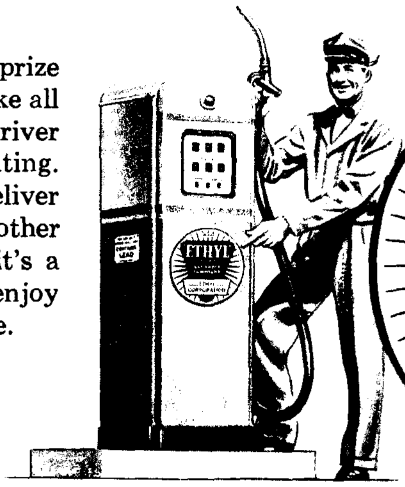

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

The grapevine has been blissfully accurate in the case of "Deep In My Heart". For months, this unofficial medium of communication has been reporting wonderful things about the new M-G-M color musical. And wonderful it is!

This is the life of Sigmund Romberg—played superbly by Academy Award winner Jose Ferrer—the rich, full life and times of the master melodist who gave the world a wealth of perennially popular operettas from a perennially light heart.

His greatest encouragement, in the early days, came from the proprietress of a small cafe on New York's East Side. World-famed and beloved Helen Traubel makes her film debut in this role and enchants, captivates, moves to tears, convulses us with laughter. All this, together with her glorious voice, insures for herself a permanent place in our affections. Merle Oberon plays the glamorous "Madame X" who also held out a helping hand to genius; and Doe Avedon ("High and Mighty" star) is seen as the girl Romberg wins with a hilarious courtship.

M-G-M assembled the most fabulous cast in history to tell the Romberg story and here is a staccato list of the guest stars:

Walter Pidgeon, as a Broadway impresario; *Paul Henreid*, perfectly wonderful as Ziegfeld; *Rosemary Clooney* repeating disk-conquests in jaunty "Mr. and Mrs." song with Ferrer; *Gene Kelly* with brother *Fred* blazing through the "I Love To Go Swimmin' With Wimmin" number; *Jane Powell*, *Vic Damone* in two shimmering songs from "Maytime"; *Cyd Charisse* doing "One Alone", *Ann Miller* strutting "It"; satiny jolts of rhythm. *Howard Keel* baritoning beyond belief; *Tamara Toumanova* as immortal Gaby Deslys; *Tony Martin* singing "Lover Come Back To Me."

* * *

M-G-M presents, based on the Life and the Melodies of SIGMUND ROMBERG, "DEEP IN MY HEART" starring JOSE FERRER, MERLE OBERON, HELEN TRAUBEL with Doe Avedon, Tamara Toumanova, Paul Stewart, Isobel Elsom, William Olvis, James Mitchell and Guest Stars WALTER PIDGEON, PAUL HENREID, ROSEMARY CLOONEY, GENE & FRED KELLY, JANE POWELL, VIC DAMONE, ANN MILLER, CYD CHARISSE, HOWARD KEEL, TONY MARTIN. Screen Play by Leonard Spigelgass. From the Book by Elliott Arnold. Photographed in Eastman Color. Print by Technicolor. Directed by Stanley Donen. Produced by Roger Edens. An M-G-M Picture.

Enjoy the wonderful melodies of Sigmund Romberg in the M-G-M Records Album!

Collier's

NOVEMBER 12, 1954

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.

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THE COVER . . Arthur Lavine

The monster poised on this week's cover is Brontosaurus, the 125-million-year-old star of a dinosaur exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. To see the first of a text-and-picture series based on The Marvels in Our Museums, turn to page 78

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Wet clothes . . . wet or cold feet . . . sudden changes of temperature, and drafts . . . all are contributing factors in catching cold. They often lower body resistance so that germs, called the "secondary invaders," can break through throat tissues and cause trouble.

TESTS SHOW

FEWER COLDS . . . FEWER SORE THROATS FOR LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC USERS!

Yes, research conducted over a 12-year period revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer and generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

And personal experience impressively adds this:

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic, used at the first symptom of trouble, can often help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold or lessen its severity.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic treats these infections as infections should be treated . . . with safe, germ-killing action.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right) that can contribute so much to the misery of colds.

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The Lambert Company

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Every week on Television "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

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Brighten hair up to 35% with first FITCH shampoo!

Remember! Dandruff not only sheds on your shoulders, it dulls hair too. So it's a real problem this time of year! Yes, dandruff is at its worst in winter.

Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats can interfere with circulation. Glands are also over-active.

So this is the season when you need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo more than ever. The only shampoo especially made and guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff with just *one* lathering—or your money back.

Reconditions hair too!

Most amazing, Fitch also brightens hair up to 35% when dulling dandruff is removed. Scientific "Reflectance" tests *prove* it! New milder Fitch helps recondition hair at the same time!

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Only new milder FITCH guarantees 35% brighter, dandruff-free hair... or your money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ONE of the minor pleasures of living in a small town was the custom, when I was a young man, of taking the city slicker from New York or Philadelphia "to see Mame." The build-up was to tell the peripatetic pitchman that Mame was the greatest beauty in town and the somewhat neglected wife of a brakeman on the Pennsy. (It never occurred to the big-town feller to question our hospitality by asking himself why we were so anxious to make a stranger acquainted with such a dish.) After steaming him up, the local yokels would escort him, with great secrecy, to a house on Union Street, which happened to be a hill so steep that vehicular traffic ignored it. The salesman would be eased inside the house, sometimes even introduced to a co-operative young woman, but in any case he would not be there long before the outraged brakeman, played by a local boy, would be heard bellowing, and the salesman all too willingly would tumble down Union Street to the sound of blank cartridge shots from a .32 Smith & Wesson.

The American tradition that the city slicker is a sucker, and therefore not entitled to an even break, was carried on in the grand manner recently when a movie company appeared in New York to make location sequences for a film starring Marilyn Monroe.

One day they took over a block in the fashionable East 60's; one night they set up their lights and reflectors and cameras in West 52d Street, and another night they attracted about 2,000 New Yorkers to Lexington Avenue between 51st and 52d just to see Miss Monroe's skirts being blown over her head as she walked across a subway grating.

With the splendid co-operation of the cops from the East 51st Street station, who pushed people around as though something important were going on, we suckers were allowed to forget, at least for the moment, that New York is wallowing in what is said to be the worst crime wave in its history. The boys in blue also were on hand for the doings in East 61st Street, which occurred on a busy autumn Monday, and if you know anything about the parking situation in New York you will be gladdened to learn that for at least that one day at least that one block was rid of double parkers and all-day parkers, if not of nosy parkers. What went on in West 52d Street I do not know, but I must assume that the cops were industrious there, too—outside. I didn't hear of their closing up any of the West 52d Street cribs.

I have a nasty little suspicion that the only film that was exposed during these shenanigans was housed in the cameras of the accredited and free-lance still photographers. Miss Monroe was around in her attractive person, and Billy Wilder, a director, was unmistakably in evidence in a blue blazer and a genius-type porkpie hat, which he had dented and crushed in 1927 joe college fashion. But my cynical guess is that the entire visitation of cast and crew was for the sole purpose of getting publicity, a purpose which was achieved.

Back in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the city slickers used to be taken to see Mame; in New York, in 1954, they're being taken to see Marilyn. In both cases—taken.

* * *

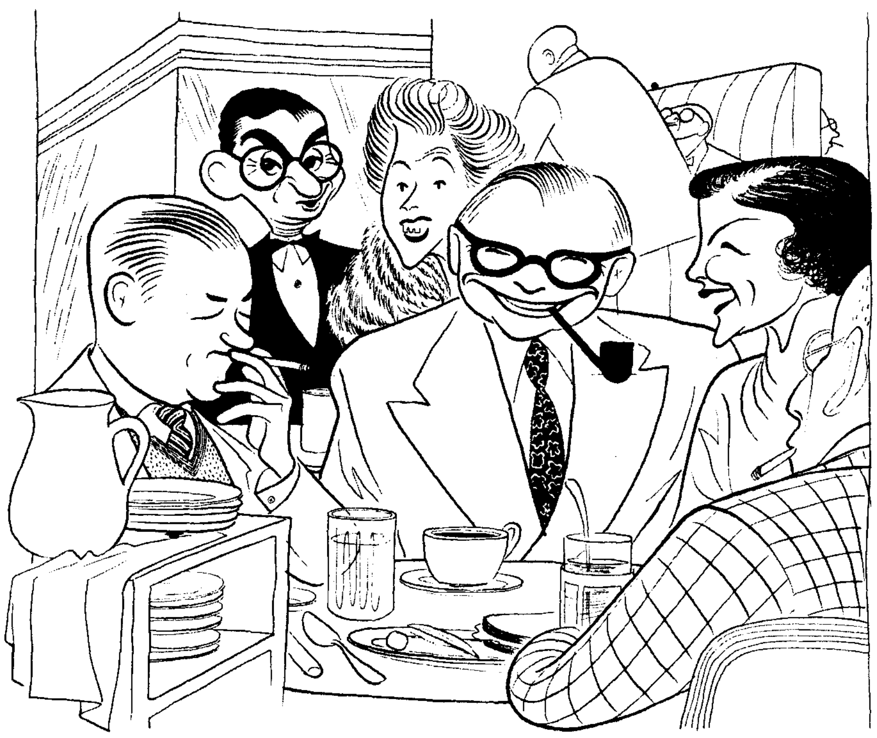
THE CIRCUMSTANCES attending one's attendance at an entertainment can be as entertaining as the entertainment itself. You take for instance my going to witness the sneak preview of White Christmas, the Bing-Crosby-Danny-Kaye-Rosemary-Clooney-Vera-Ellen-Dean-Jagger-Irving-Berlin-Paramount-Famous-Lasky film. To begin with, I was not invited by Paramount to see the picture; I was invited by Bennett Cerf, who for the past seven or eight years has been getting rich by publishing my books. I have a Ford, he has a Cadillac, and he gets invited to sneak previews. That's Circumstance I.

Circumstance II: Paramount decided that the ideal place for a sneak preview was *not* Werba's Jamaica or Loew's 315th Street. Oh, no. Paramount picked the Radio City Music Hall.

Circumstance III: the time. The early show? No. They chose 11:45 P.M., which meant that all those people who were watching Seven Brides for Seven Brothers at that hour would have to be displaced before White Christmas could be run. They were not displaced. Word got around that Danny Kaye and Bennett Cerf and other celebrities were in the theater, so you couldn't have displaced the Seven Brides audience with a stink bomb. Oh, nobody tried that, but I don't think I'm exaggerating.

The picture finally got under way and when it was over, Mr. and Mrs. Cerf and a friend and I walked over to Lindy's and got a table right next to the Irving Berlins. Well, that's what you go to Lindy's for: to get a table next to the Irving Berlins. People line up and stand

AL HIRSCHFELD



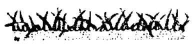
When the preview ended, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Cerf and I walked over to Lindy's, where we got a table right next to the Irving Berlins

Sirs:
Please send one Norelco shaver to my brother George—I tried his and won't give it back

Whirlaway **Action** makes Norelco the *shavingest* shaver

Shakespeare talks about a "shining morning face." Faces like that are a lot more common these days, thanks to wonderful rotary Whirlaway Action — electric shaving's first basic improvement in 20 years, and found only on Norelco. Here's how it works:

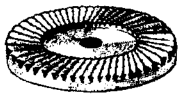
Your whiskers rarely grow in orderly rows like this.



They mostly grow every which way—in whorls, clumps, patches, curves.

That's where ordinary, straight-headed shavers run into trouble. They often have to keep going over and over the same spot. This, like a scraping blade, can be hard on your skin.

It's a different story with Norelco. First, the patented skin-stretcher (no other shaver has one) flattens your skin, upending each whisker. Then the slots in Norelco's stationary skin-guard discs catch these whiskers *no matter which way they grow*—generally the first time over.



Finally, Norelco's rotary-action blades deftly whisk your whiskers away, shaving 'em off skin-close, at 4000 r.p.m.—quietly, without vibration, without heating up.

In other words, Norelco alone is designed to deal with your beard's *natural growth pattern*. The superiority of Norelco's method has been proved by two decades of research in one of the world's greatest laboratories.

Norelco is also the easiest of all shavers to live with. It's designed to fit the hand. It's self-sharpening. Its fine brush motor is lubricated for life. No fumbling with parts while cleaning. Head lifts off easily in one piece . . . a puff of breath . . . snap on again.

One last thing. Weekend stubble is no problem with Norelco, because Norelco cuts longer hairs, which other shavers can't handle. (When your wife starts borrowing your Norelco for her beauty care, get her the Lady Norelco, AC/DC, $22.95.)

Norelco gives you shaving at its modern best—pleasantly, dependably, through years of service. (It's the ideal gift, too!)

15 day FREE home trial. Norelco will give you the smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had, wet or dry. Ask your dealer about the no-obligation home trial.

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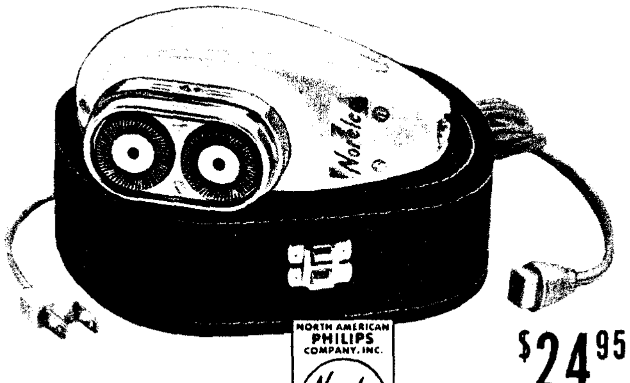
THE OTHER 3 LEADING ELECTRIC SHAVERS

	A	B	C	NORELCO
Close-shaving rotary action	No	No	No	YES
Real brush motor	No	No	YES	YES
Permanent lubrication	No	No	No	YES
Skin stretcher	No	No	No	YES
Quiet operation	No	No	No	YES
Heats up in hand	YES	YES	YES	NO
Effective with long hairs	No	No	No	YES
Self-sharpening	No	YES	No	YES



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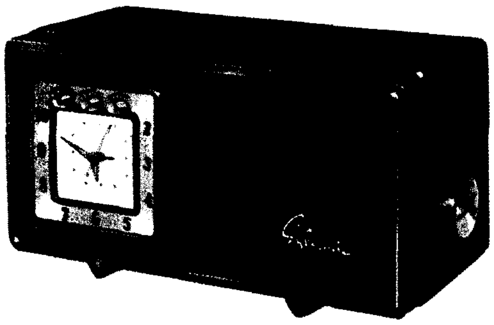

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outside Lindy's for hours in the hope of getting inside and being seated within touching distance of Irving Berlin, and yet there I was and wishing I were at Reuben's, because Irving Berlin is a great talent (I mean that) and I had nothing to say about his picture. Or, rather, I had something to say but I didn't want to say it, so I said nothing. (I wasn't going to stand up *or* sit down and be counted.)

Not that it's a *bad* picture. You'll sit through it if you go. But I'm afraid the saddest commentary on it is that the funniest part of the whole affair is when Crosby and Kaye appear in drag and camp through a number about Sisters. Shall I translate? In the language of show business a man in woman's clothes is "in drag." Camping is when a man overdoes effeminate gestures and speech. If Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye have to camp to get laughs, you ain't got much to start with, and you don't finish with much, either. You see why I wish I'd gone to Reuben's.

White Christmas is photographed and projected in one of the new panoramic processes, this one called VistaVision. I guess I have seen most of the wide-screen devices and I now have an opinion on them. They're all right if you want to show the Battle of Bull Run (first or second) and they would have been just fine for the moving-up sequences in The Big Parade, an excellent motion picture for its time. But in ordinary sequences, just between or among a few persons, they make the actors too big and you too small. You feel no participating intimacy and hence no sympathetic relationship with the characters. Not even in a theater as large as the Radio City Music Hall, which is of a size that should bring the scenes down to some appropriate scale, do you feel anything but overwhelmed. But I suppose I'll have to get used to that.

* * *

"LING FOO GOW riveted his jet orbs on the burly figure that advanced on the narrow sidewalk of cracked asphalt, and with an excessive display of facial contortion, brought the aged lines of his poppy-hued countenance to an intensified scowl."

Thus, the first lines of Chapter I of the story, Habit; and try as I have, these many years, I never have been able to get beyond the intensified scowl on that poppy-hued countenance. Sometimes the telephone rings, and I am interrupted; sometimes I don't even get that far; the noise of Mr. Ling riveting his jet orbs becomes more than I can stand. Again, months later, I try, and then it may be the *excessive* display of facial contortion that upsets me. A little display of facial contortion is all right, but when it becomes excessive—well, it becomes excessive, if you know what I mean.

On two occasions I worked for the author of those lines, and while we talked a little about my work, I never had the grace to talk about his. The author is, of course, Darryl Francis Zanuck, who has not been writing much lately, and I understand his book has become something of a collectors' item. My copy is not for sale, but I do sell quick looks to other authors. The reason my copy is not for sale is a matter of courtesy: I think Darryl Zanuck ought to have first call, and the price is $10,000.

* * *

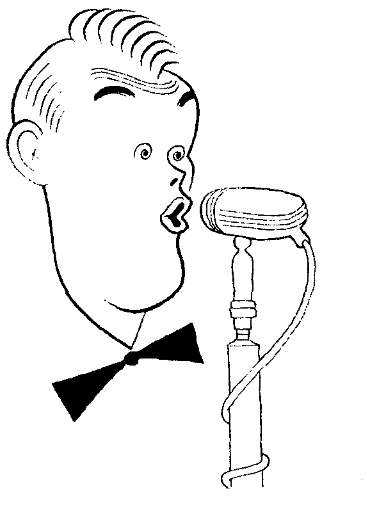
I HAVE a new book out. It is called Sweet and Sour and it is my first nonfiction volume, a collection of pieces that appeared in the Trenton Sunday Times-Advertiser. It is published by Random House, sells for three bucks, and that is all you will hear about the book in this department. Thank you.

* * *

I MAKE my home now in a college town (not Cambridge, not New Haven, but you're getting warm) and among us oldsters it has become standard procedure to deplore the current undergraduate practice of dancing with one girl and one only. In our day, we like to say, dances were more fun, with the girls being cut in on every few steps. Nowadays if your best friend cuts in on you, he's liable to get a poke in the nose.

Well, I am beginning—only beginning, mind you, but beginning—to come around to the undergraduate way of thinking. Not because any undergraduate has convinced me the custom is good, but because I have been listening to Vaughn Monroe's Mambo record and to Patti Page's not-too-recent Tennessee Waltz.

If nothing else, those two songs reveal the weakness in the kind of sentiments expressed in Cole Porter's Friendship. Miss Page proved in waltz time that if you introduce anybody to your darling you are a chump, and now Monroe comes along and repeats virtually the same cynical warning. Either the boys at Cottage Club know something about friendship I don't know, or they are too easily influenced by Page and Monroe. Whatever the reason, it looks like the Paul Jones is doomed, and friendship is on the way out. ▲▲▲



Vaughn Monroe comes along now and repeats the cynical warning

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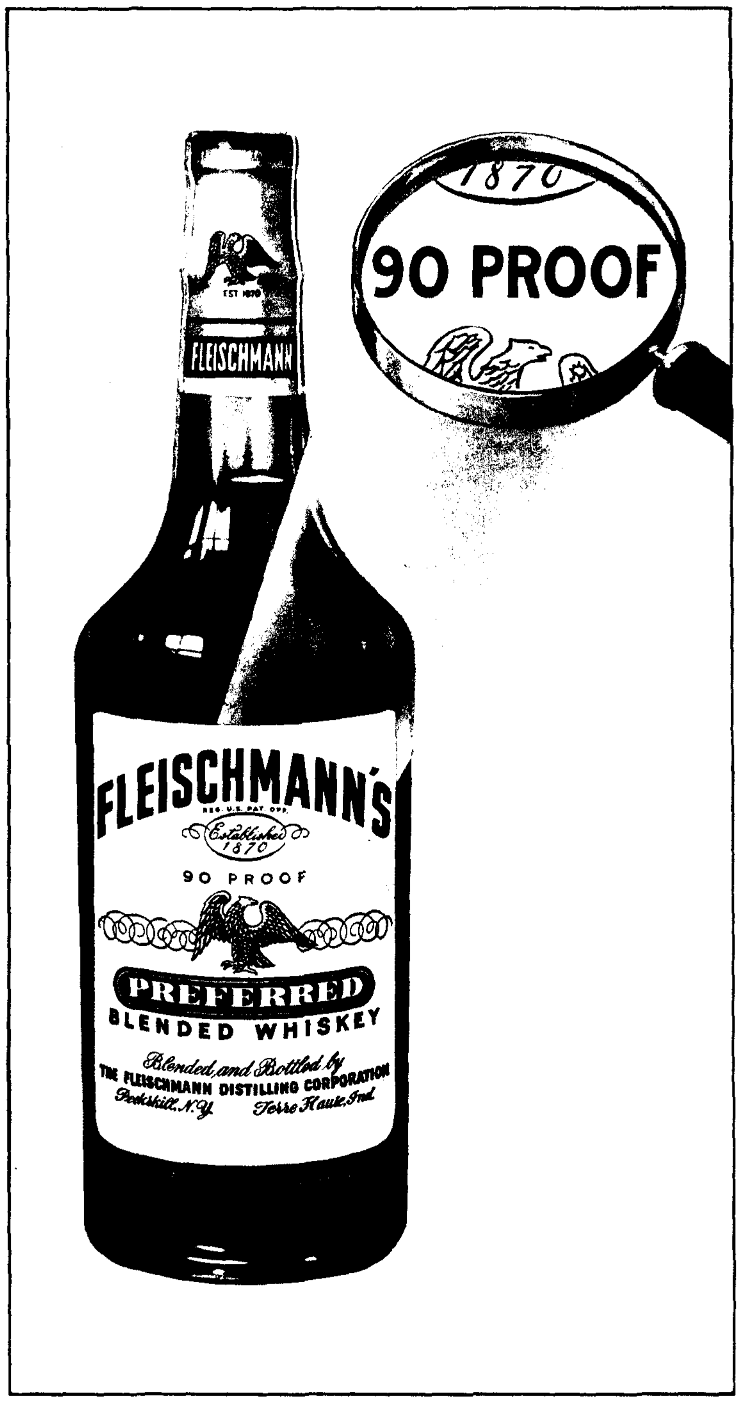
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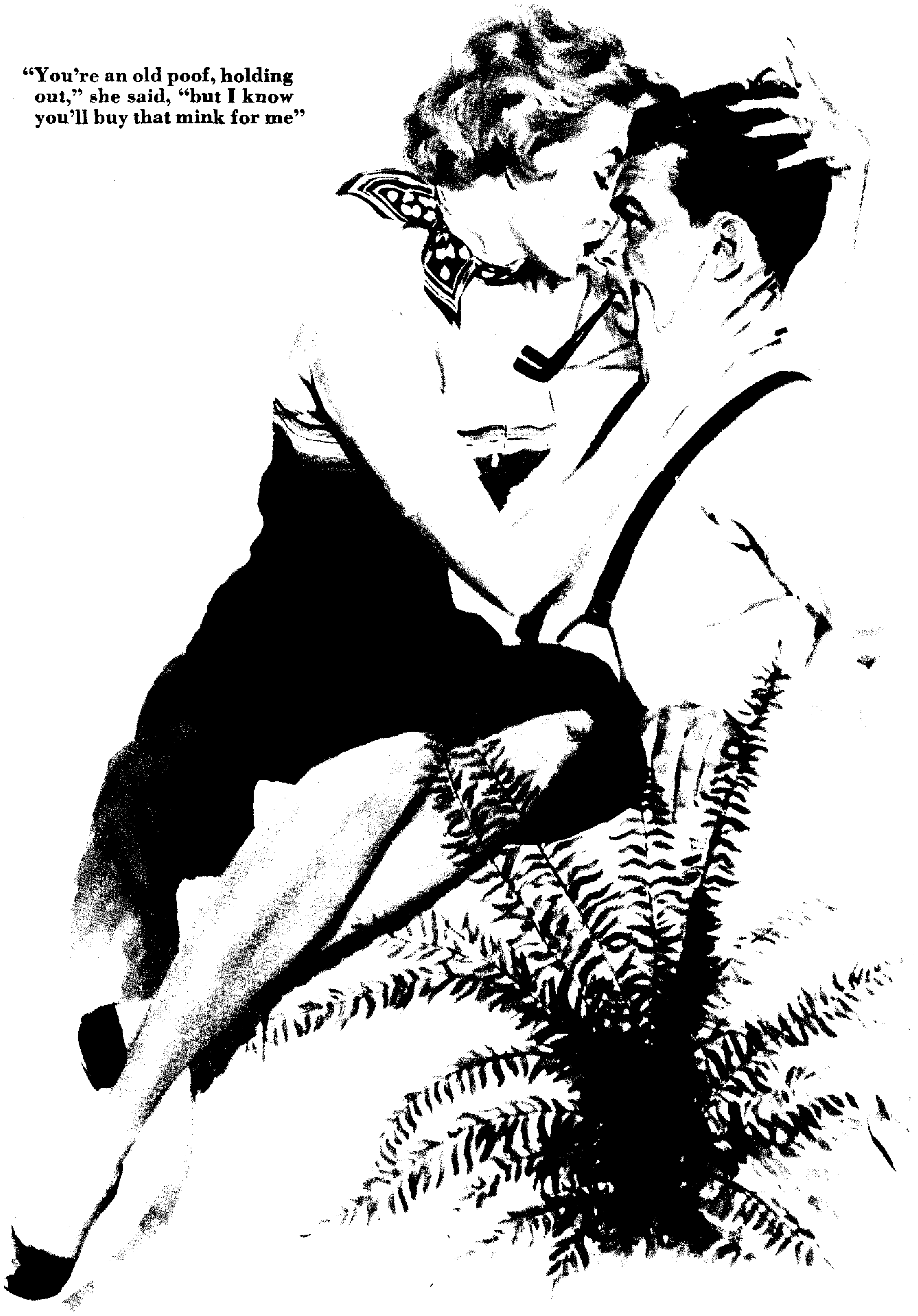
Too Young TO BE A WIFE

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

"You're an old poof, holding out," she said, "but I know you'll buy that mink for me"



By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

BUT you wouldn't think of *marrying* her, his friends said—a kid like that? Why, she doesn't know anything about anything! And remember, *you're* thirty-five years old. Even her brother Nick, whom he'd known for years, said, *"Cecily?* Cecily and *you?* Do you realize what a handful she is?"

"Well," he said to Nick, "I do worry about affording her."

"So would Jock Whitney," Nick said.

Everyone had something to say about the fact that he wanted to marry Cecily Abbott, that charming, extravagant, twenty-year-old child. What everyone overlooked, however, was the fact that he was in love with her.

"You still have time to think about what you're doing, you know," he said to Cecily one evening.

"You're as romantic as an old tub," she said lightly. "I think about what I'm doing all the time. I'm marrying you—even if you are an old tub."

He looked at her then and he was lost—every time he looked at her he was. He had been lost ever since that afternoon at the old Inn in the country when she had sat there quietly in the candlelight, watching him with a little smile.

"A young girl is certainly better off with a young man," he said. "She may not have money, but at least she doesn't have to battle old age. Now take me—you'd think I'd be all set up, rolling in money, but here I am, still trying to get my business on its feet, still counting pennies. No young girl should let herself in for that."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Nick says I need somebody to take care of me." She sighed. "Only I think he means a keeper."

Later she went upstairs to the lounge room of the Inn, and in a few minutes he heard her calling him. She was standing at the head of the staircase, wrapped in a mink coat.

"Do you think she'll be furious?" she said. "Whoever owns it, I mean? It was lying on the couch and I couldn't resist."

He gazed at her tenderly. She looked expensive and beautiful.

"You should save your money," he said. "You'd look wonderful in one your own size."

She studied herself in a mirror. "You know," she said, "I think I would." She turned around. "Don't you think it makes me look sophisticated?" she asked.

"No, you look beautiful," he said, looking at her, wishing that he could wrap her in mink. "Wouldn't you settle for just being beautiful?"

She looked at him then with a new expression on her face; he could feel it reflected in his own.

THEY had been married for about a month when they had their first quarrel. Cecily had run out of grocery money, and when he got home—hot and tired—there was nothing for dinner.

"You carry this little-girl act too far," he said irritably. "You take a guy and enchant him with this charm you've got, and then *wham*—nobody wants a kid around forever, Cecily. It's about time you started to grow up."

A veil of coolness hung between them all evening. When they came back from having dinner out, his anger had vanished and he looked at her and thought: Well, she's really just a kid. She needs encouragement, something to keep her going—rewards, the way you give rewards to kids. *Something.*

By the time Cecily's twenty-first birthday came around a month later, he had thought of that *something.* He gave her a bracelet and twenty-five dol-

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lars. "Now, look," he said, "you're going to start saving money. You remember that mink coat you tried on at the Inn?"

She came and sat on his lap; she kissed him on the nose. "Oh, you'll buy it for me someday soon," she said. "You've just been an old poof, holding out, but I know you're going to buy it for me." She hugged him.

"I am *not* going to buy it for you," he said. "But I *am* starting a savings account for you—a mink-coat account. Whenever I give you extra money, like this twenty-five, you're going to put it in the bank. If you want something, you have to work for it."

"Oh, I don't like banks," she said airily. "Banks *use* your money—did you know they did that?"

"Okay," he said, "use a strongbox then. Maybe I'll make a killing someday on that Horwich project; if I do, I'll give you the balance. Then you can drape yourself in mink and tell your friends you married a wealthy, aging engineer."

Cecily thought about this for a moment, a slight frown on her face. "Well, all right," she said finally. "And if you ever gave me some extra house money, I might save that too."

So he gave her five dollars more a week and a strongbox. And Cecily gave him a whole list of anniversaries that had to be celebrated: the day they'd met, the first night he'd kissed her, the evening he'd proposed. And on each of these occasions he would put extra money beside her plate, saying, "Here's something for the mink."

It was amazing, he often thought, how well his plan for Cecily was working. She was like a child, eager to please him, blossoming under these little tokens of his approval. She was a much better manager now that he'd given her a goal to save toward, and she seemed content.

AND they *were* happy together. His friends marveled because he had married a child and found a wife. That winter, when he had flu, Cecily pampered him with eggnogs laced with brandy; in the spring she got some golf clubs wholesale for his birthday. For business dinners she wore sober black dresses and arranged her bright gold hair in a dignified style.

When they were going to have a baby, she had the layette ready three months in advance. Wonderful clearance sales, she said. And when the baby was born, she found a wonderful woman who worked for practically nothing. . . .

The baby was about a year old when the Horwich deal finally came through. He told Cecily at dinner one evening, smiling at her over some kind of roast beef that—because it came from a different part of the cow—was cheap, Cecily said. "So, go down to Gibson's tomorrow and get the mink coat," he told her.

Cecily was very quiet. "I thought I'd wait till I got finished saving for that myself," she said.

He felt proud of her. He wanted to quote her to his friends, to her brother, to everyone who had said, "Don't marry Cecily."

"Okay," he said. "Use that as a down payment. How much have you got now?"

"Eight hundred and forty dollars," she said. She stood up. "I have to go in and see the baby." She ran into the bedroom, obviously upset.

A few minutes later, he went in and found her standing in the dark. "Please don't cry," he said. "Please don't ever cry. Cecily? There's nothing to cry about, is there?"

"No," she said. "There's nothing."

THE next night he brought home champagne and yellow roses. "Do you love me?" Cecily asked when he kissed her.

"No," he said. "I think you're a monster, a precocious child."

"Don't joke," she said. "Just please say you love me tonight."

"I love you tonight," he said. "I've loved you every night since I've known you. Satisfied?" He started toward the kitchen with the champagne. "Going to model the coat for me?" he called over his shoulder.

"Now?" she said.

He had a sudden choking feeling. He thought of Cecily at the Inn, precious and beautiful. "Sure," he called. "Why not now?"

When he came into the living room, she was wearing a brown wool coat. "What's that?"

"The coat I bought," she said.

"Very funny," he said. "Okay, what is it—the lining?"

She came over and stood before him, her eyes dark and serious. "You know that margarine you've been eating?" she said. "Well, it's butter. And I didn't get those golf clubs wholesale, and Hazel *doesn't* work for nearly nothing, and that black dress I wore to Horwich's *wasn't* left over from college." She stopped and looked away. "And, oh, a lot more that I never told you," she said. "And I won't blame you for being mad. I lied to you, and I've been dreading telling you. All you ever wanted was to dress me up and show me to your friends, as if I were a doll that you wound up." She faced him. "I never wanted that," she said. "All I ever wanted was you. I wanted to be your wife."

He was unable to move. He could only look at her and know that she was right. He *had* wanted her to grow up, but he had treated her like a child. "And you spent the eight hundred dollars," he said.

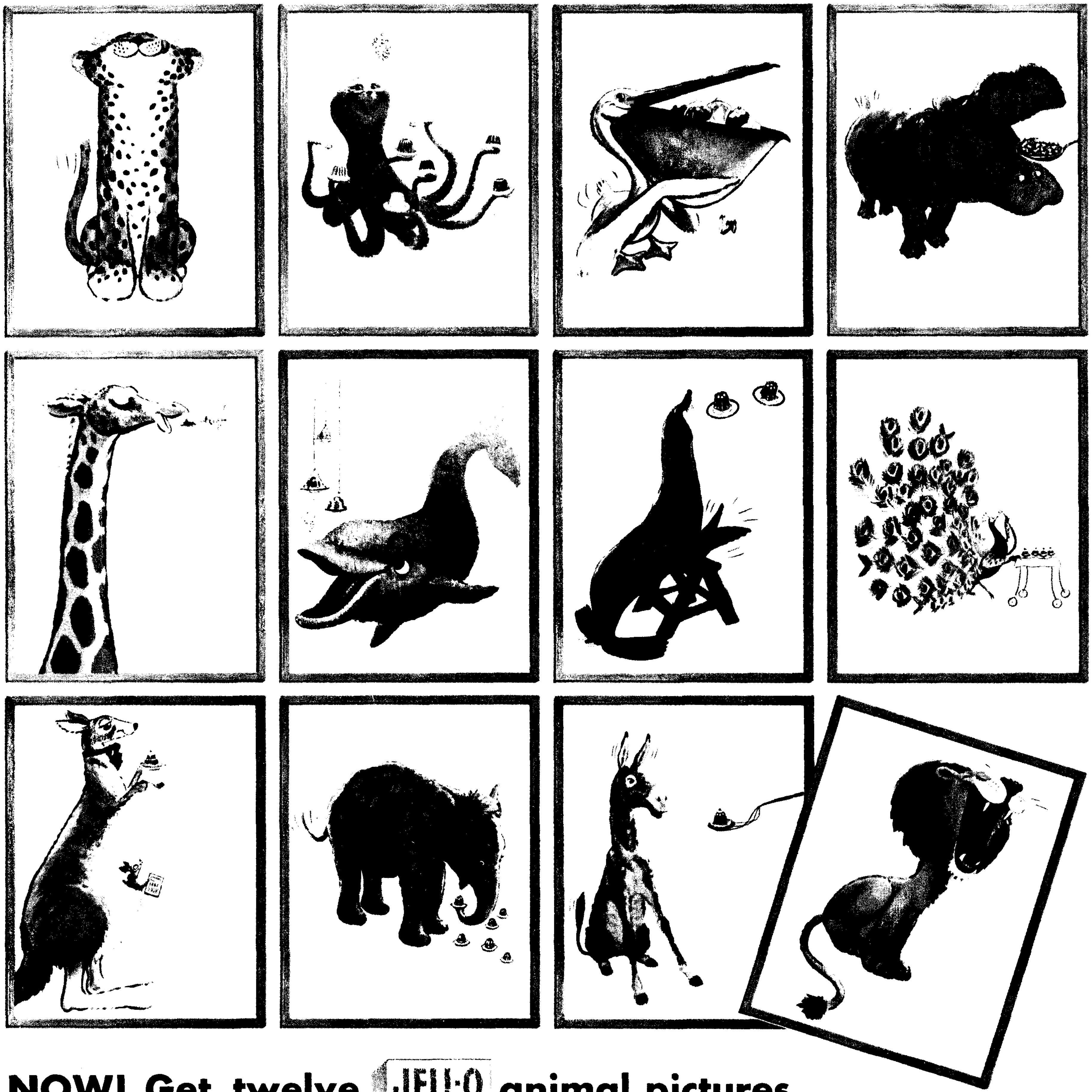
"I wanted everything to be perfect for you," she said. "And I *didn't* want your friends patting me on the head and calling me a kid and feeling sorry for you." She turned her back to him. "You said I enchanted you," she said. "But I didn't want to do only that. When you said I had to work for what I wanted, I began working for you."

He walked across the room to her then, to Cecily his wife, whose love didn't have any age, whose love was as old as his. Once, he remembered, he had known that he loved her when he saw her wrapped in fur, and he had wanted to give the fur to her. And in just that way, every day, she had been giving her love to him. "Look," he said, "I never have been good with words. I can't even say forgive me, love me—"

"Then I don't just enchant you?" she said, turning.

He put his arms around her in the beautiful brown-cloth coat. "I couldn't even tell you what enchantment is, Cecily," he said. "Oh, Cecily, Cecily, I wouldn't know how to say it . . ."

—EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN



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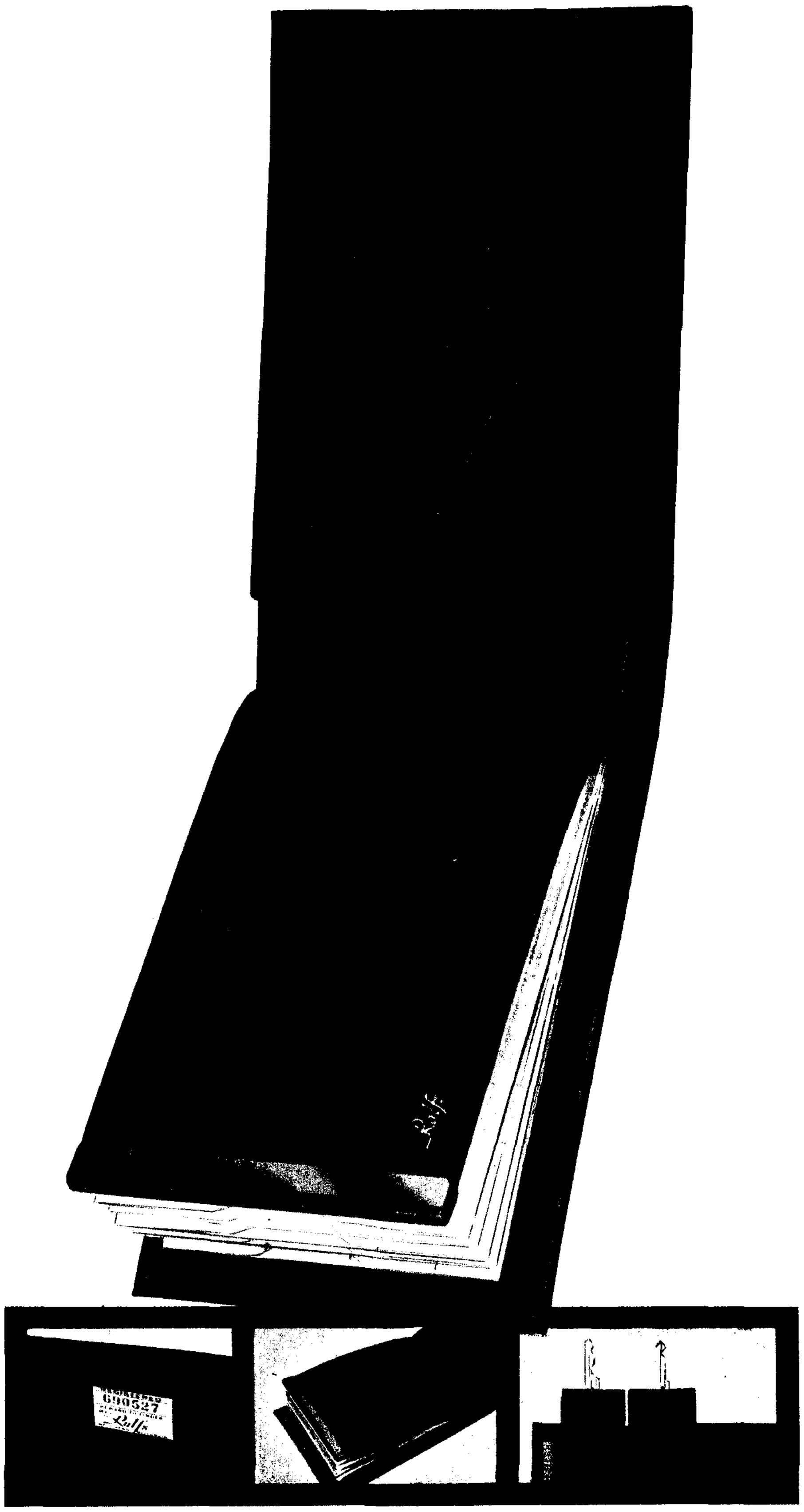

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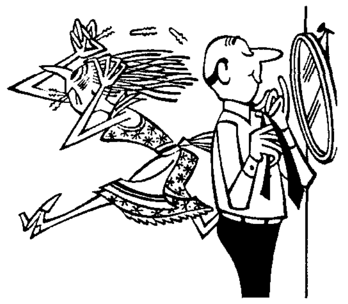
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Trouble in Rhode Island again. After 164 years, she has officially adopted a State bird. Gentleman in Newport, saying his name is Tom Dorr, threatens an uprising noisier even than the one his namesake promoted during the early 1840s—Dorr's Rebellion. The bird selected is the Rhode Island Red. Mr. Dorr claims he expects Joe McCarthy any minute.

* * *

There are certain advantages to being bald. This bald statement arrives from Mr. Cope MacQuillen, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. "For instance," says Mr. MacQuillen, "if some friends come visiting, all you've got to do is straighten your necktie."



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

For the rapidly dwindling minority of you who haven't heard it, a Spokane, Washington, gentleman, Mr. I. Gerber, calmly reports that a manufacturer wrote a merchant that they would not fill his latest order until he had paid for the three previous ones. So the merchant wrote back that he couldn't wait that long and please cancel the order. (Mr. Gerber can do better than that.)

* * *

Very little from Lynchburg, Virginia, this week. Mr. Dave Wright, city editor of the Daily Advance, hopes you'll be satisfied with the news that the Lynchburg Credit Women's Breakfast Club holds only dinner meetings.

* * *

There are times when we wonder mildly what things are coming to. There was the town council, meeting with the citizens of Watson, Missouri, and deliberating far into the night on the desirability of hiring a policeman. And while the devoted fellows were pondering the question, it was announced somebody had stolen the cement blocks in the back of the jailhouse.

* * *

One of the more popular electives at Florida Southern College at Lakeland is fishing. You know—how to catch fish. The student learns how to land the creatures and even how to stuff them and paste them on varnished boards on the dining-room wall. Even how to make hushpuppies, a food much favored by hungry fishermen in Florida. But don't think the course is a snap. Several boys and girls have flunked their flounders and fallen down hard on their barracudas.

* * *

The envelope is large. Double-taped to prevent the escape of its contents. Air-mailed. Important, of course. But inside there is just a small newspaper clipping from an unidentified friend. It says, a party in Reno advertised for a man to do some work and specified that he "must be sober or married." We read a somewhat improbable short story once about a man who was both.

* * *

The mail's full of stories about the election campaign. Such as a letter from Mr. T. Raferty, of Roanoke, Virginia, asking us whether we'd heard of the two candidates who became embroiled in intellectual combat: neither of them was armed.

* * *

The Health Department of Baltimore, Maryland, is giving one sixth of the residents of that city until January, 1956, to take a bath. Names no names, however. The inspectors have discovered that one Baltimore family out of every six has been getting along somehow with neither tub nor shower. They now give fair warning that any family caught without shower or bath, hot and cold, after the above date will have to explain to a judge. As if there wasn't enough to worry about.

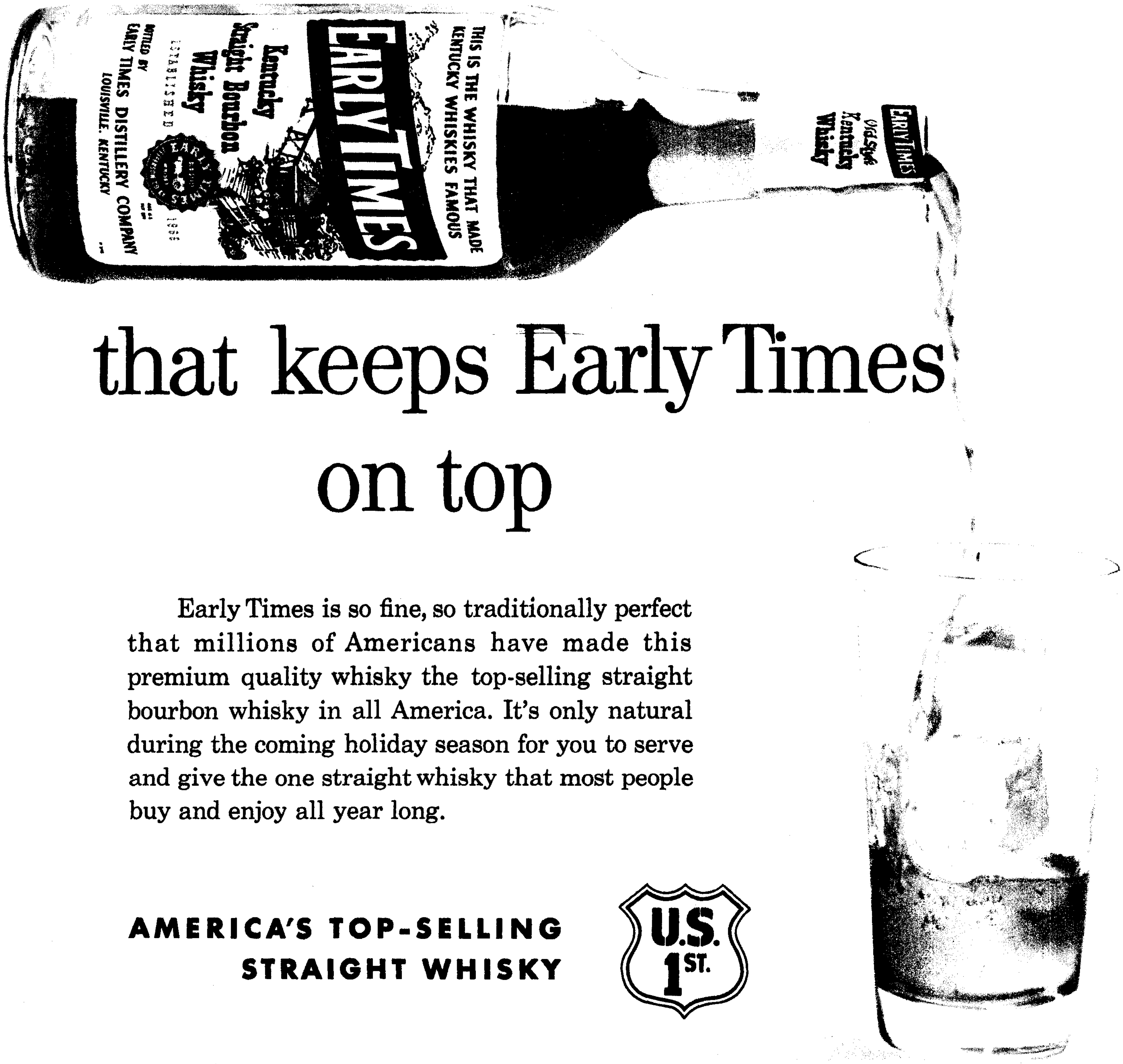
* * *

When a guy has a job like ours, he learns in time not to try to avoid unsolicited honors. We've just been warned, for example, that we are about to be made a VUP by Mr. Isadore Moidel, of Los Angeles. With downcast eyes, indicating a becoming modesty, we tell you that a VUP is a Very *Unimportant* Person.

* * *

It isn't that Mr. Ed Molandus objects to his wife, her mother and his sister-in-law (all of whom live with him in St. Louis, Missouri) going on simultaneous diets. Except that whenever they do, *he* loses from eight to ten pounds. ▲▲▲

It's the whisky in the bottle . . .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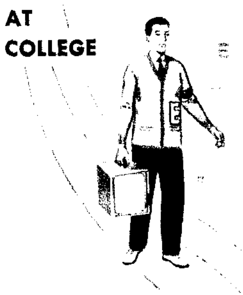

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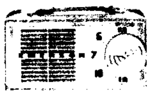

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

MARTIN DAIN

Arthur Lavine and Brontosaurus inaugurate a series on museums

T WAS quite a compliment for photographer Art Lavine: one of the staff at the American Museum of Natural History looked at his pictures of the dinosaur exhibit and said, "I've been in that room many times, but until I saw these shots I never realized how perfectly designed it is."

The remark sort of sums up our goal as we begin the series on The Marvels in Our Museums. We're setting out to prove that these institutions are becoming lively and attractive places. If his photographs are eye openers for museum workers themselves, we may be justified in the hope that they'll be the same for Collier's readers, as Lavine pokes about among the best exhibits in the country, from American Indian to Zeppelin.

Lavine has had a camera in hand since he was a boy in Trenton, New Jersey, when he made a movie called War, in which a lot of ketchup was spilled by neighbors and relatives. In 1943, he received a degree from the University of North Carolina, where he studied dramatics, including his specialty which he calls the "drum dance." At one time he did his drum dance wearing yellow tights with sequins for an audience of coeds who whistled and applauded at the conclusion. The skit was part of a show called Baghdad Daddy.

The war interrupted this kind of thing and spoiled his plans to get a master's degree in cinematography. Instead he went to the South Pacific as an Army photographer and lab supervisor. When he got out, in 1946, he gave up his motion-picture ideas and began his career as a magazine free-lance photographer.

"A museum is a static place," he explained to us, "where nothing can be moved, and I was asked to make it come alive. I was fortunate to have the dinosaur display to start with, because it is a simple design with a dramatic combination of light and shadow. I decided to use the basic lighting of the room for my pictures. I don't think museums have been photographed in color this way before."

We agree. And like the museum official, until we saw these shots, we never realized . . .

ODDING CARTER says the transplanted Germans in Huntsville, Alabama (page 102), told him they find Southerners easygoing. If "easygoing" means "taking it easy," little did they know they were being interviewed by one of the least easygoing of all Southerners.

From Greenville, Mississippi, Carter has established himself at forty-seven years of age among the country's foremost newspapermen, editors, publishers and writers. He and his newspaper, the Delta Democrat-Times, are respected voices through the country, particularly on matters of special interest to the South.

Carter was born in Hammond, Louisiana, was graduated from Bowdoin in 1927, and studied journalism at Columbia. He taught at Tulane University and then worked for the New Orleans Item-Tribune, United Press and Associated Press. In 1932, he started a paper in Hammond and then went to Greenville in 1936. He received a Nieman journalism fellowship from Harvard in 1939. And among other awards, he has won the Pulitzer prize for editorial writing (1946). During the war he edited the Middle East editions of Stars and Stripes, and Yank. He's written eight books and 150 articles, of which the one in this issue is the latest.

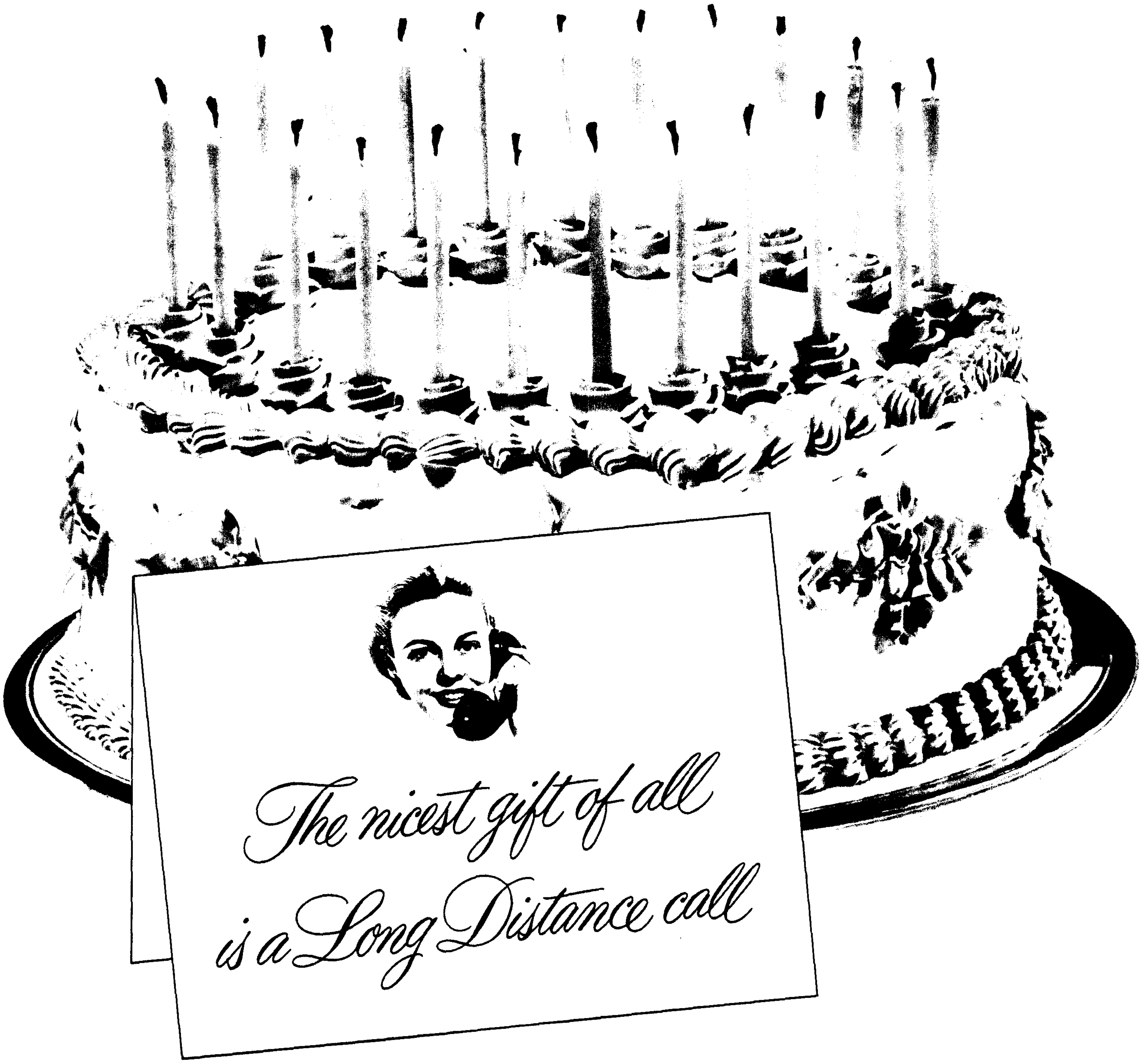
The eldest of his three sons, Hodding III, is a Princeton sophomore, and this summer got his first job as a reporter on the New Orleans Item, just as his father did exactly 25 years ago. It appears that in journalism there will always be a Carter.

AYBE associate editor Howard Cohn is getting into a rut. It was only as recently as the October 15th issue that he told us about Bronko Nagurski and his family. And here we have him interviewing another all-time great fullback, Doc Blanchard, for the story further along in this issue. Next time we hope we can give him a guard, referee or water boy as a change of pace.

The fact is, when the picture below was taken, Blanchard and Cohn were discussing something closer to them than Army football. Two weeks previously each had become a father. Mrs. Blanchard turned up with a girl, Josephine, and Mrs. Cohn with a boy, Bobby. So it's feeding times, formulas and practical nurses that are topics of the day. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

EW MERRIN

Editor Cohn and Coach Blanchard discuss problems of the nursery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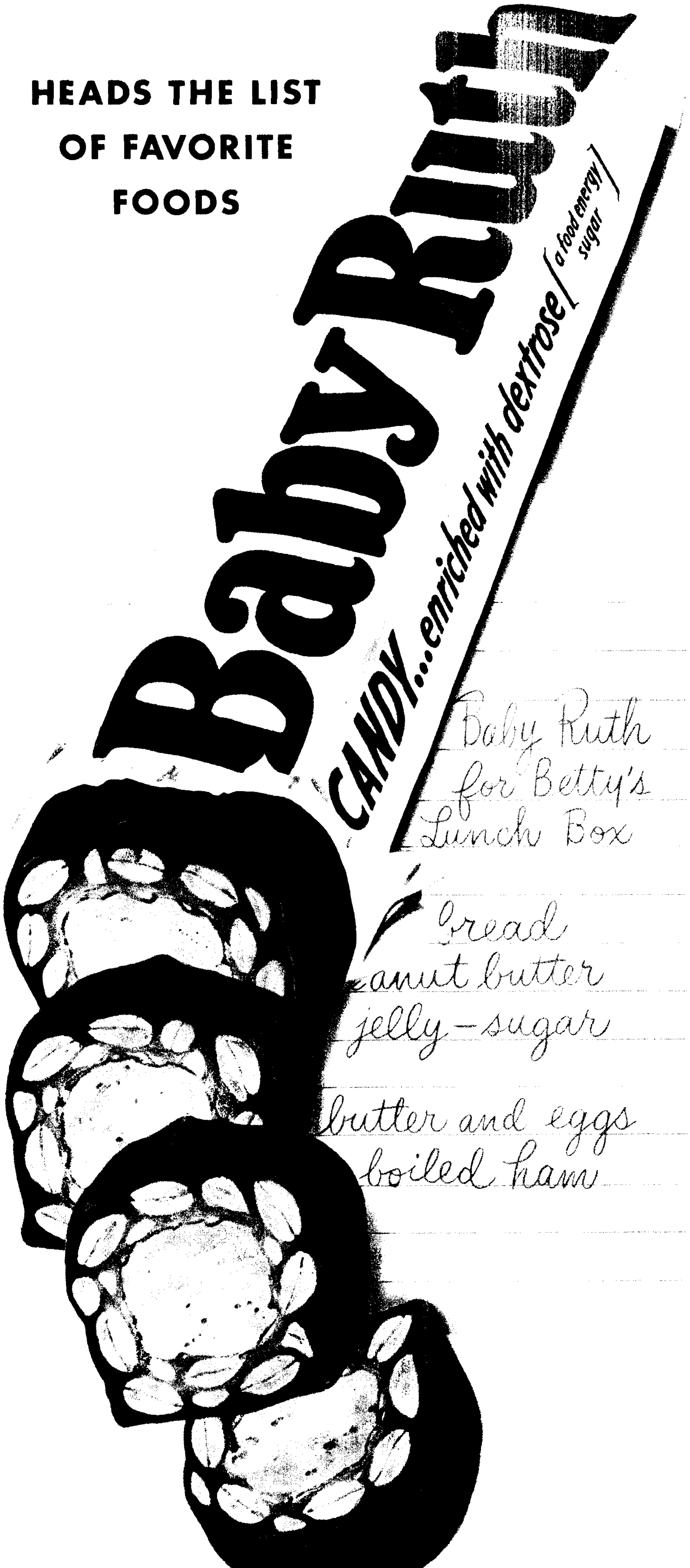

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Letters...

Spanish Sarita

EDITOR: Evelyn Harvey's article Coop Gets Girl, Burt Gets Bullet (Aug. 6th) just reached me. In it, the authoress says that Sarita Montiel is a Mexican actress

This is not true. Sarita Montiel is a Spanish actress, and a good one.

Of course, she has lived in Mexico for three or four years. But nothing more.

JUAN FRAILE TORRES, Sevilla, Spain

Willing to Fight Now

EDITOR: "We Must Be Willing to Fight Now," by Senator William F. Knowland (Oct. 1st), is a realistic appraisal . . . From Lenin to Trotsky to Stalin to Malenkov, the Soviet strategy has not changed; it is and has been to infiltrate and sabotage, to create disorder, suspicion and discontent wherever possible. There can be no peaceful relations with a nation whose ideology conflicts so greatly with ours.

Therefore, let's look at the world as it is and not as we wish it to be. Let's put our national interest above pleasing our synthetic allies and stop the unholy Communist hordes with a show of power if we can, or with all-out war if we must.

ERNEST GARDOS, Sebring, Fla.

. . . For the most part Senator Knowland has assessed the situation accurately, although his solution is to be seriously questioned.

Drawing lines beyond which "they shall not pass," and shaking mailed fists is not going to arrest Red aggression, now or ever. But lining up nations behind us in the interest of a common cause will.

We have failed, thus far, to create and to maintain strong alliances because we have failed to sell people of other nations on the idea that we are enjoined in a common cause.

If our officials will get out and attend labor rallies, student meetings, country fairs; if they will emphasize an exchange of ideas, culture, scholarships and students; and if they see that people abroad take advantage of such help as Point Four aid, those people and their governments will fight Communist aggression without any invitation from us.

But time is short. The Communists already are reaching their minds. We must get to them, too, and quickly, to overcome the Communist influence before, as Mr. Knowland suggests, we lose our advantage. PHELPS PHELPS,
Former U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, New York, N.Y.

. . . I would go the senator one step further: I would hush our pious declaration that we will never drop the first bomb (H- or any other kind) in event of threatened hostilities.

The leaders of the nations menacing us have demonstrated themselves to be lying, treacherous murderers who are sure to pull a sneak punch as soon as they decide it will serve their purpose. The side that gets in that punch is certain to win a tremendous advantage. Such a display of pugnaciousness on our part would sober the apathetic among us, and wipe the sneering smiles off the Red faces in Moscow and Peking.

Let's abandon the peevish *retaliate* for the courageous and aggressive *initiate*. GUY HOLDEN, Indio, Cal.

. . . One point I found disturbing. Senator Knowland writes: "What are we doing in Asia? We are protecting our families, our homes and our civilization . . . I am stating a basic fact of what is known as geopolitics."

Is Senator Knowland aware that this term, geopolitics, coined by Kjellen, defined by Ratzel, was used by the Nazis to justify their actions? In Volume I of his History of Medicine, Dr. Henry E. Sigerist writes: "In their (the Nazis') hands geopolitics became 'applied political geography,' and ultimately it was to prepare and justify Germany's conquest of the world."

JAMES D. HADLEY, University, Miss.

In-Laws

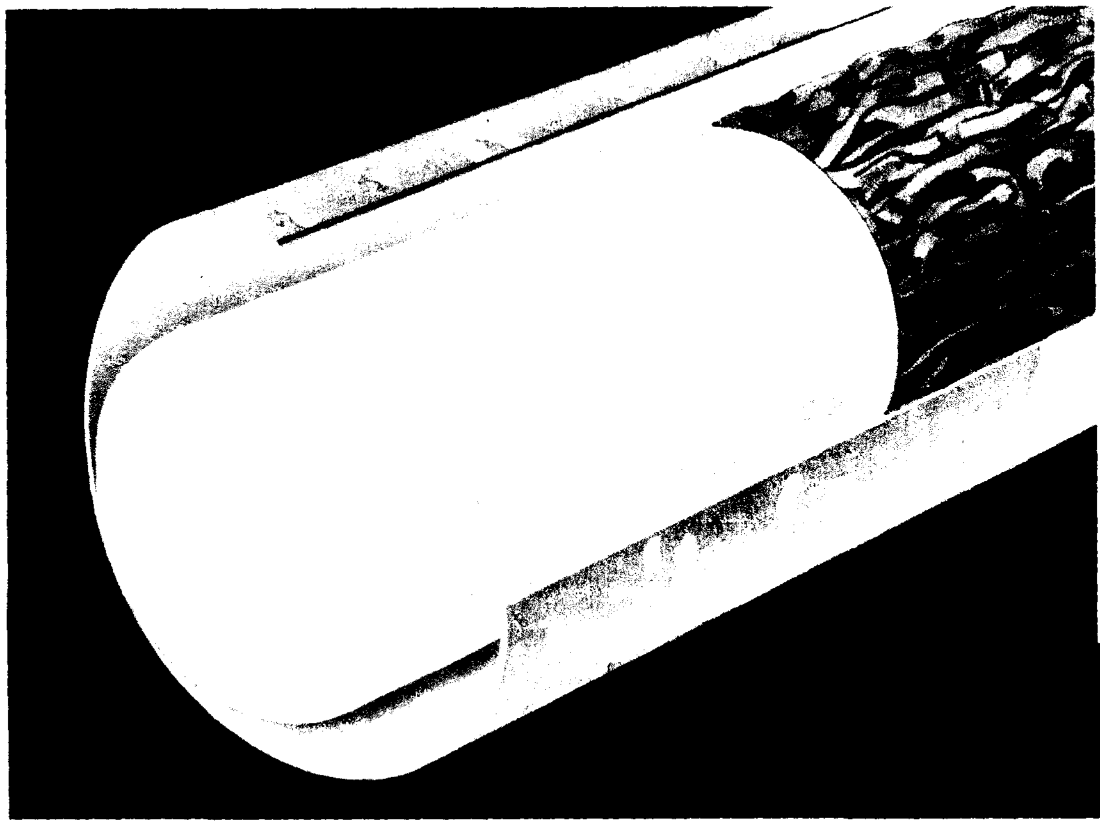
EDITOR: I was interested in How to Get Along with *Any* In-Law (Oct. 1st), but consider the problems faced by the in-laws themselves. Young parents resent grandma's loving baby sitting and also resent it when she doesn't baby-sit. They want her to supply love to baby, which they can't buy from a paid sitter, but they tell her to keep out of the living room, although they'd permit a baby sitter there. Paid sitters can raid the icebox, but grandma is nosy if she does it . . .

MRS. GEORGE K. COLLIER, Miami, Fla.

Maestro Mix-up

EDITOR: In your article Sharpest Ear in America (Oct. 1st), you state: "It took Levin two months to decide that Kleiber's recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was slightly better than Ormandy's because it had greater excitement and tension, with

What have VICEROYS got that other filter tip cigarettes haven't got?



THE ANSWER IS

20,000 Filters

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Only Viceroy gives you 20,000 individual filters to filter your smoke over and over again. It's 100% filter! You get only the full, rich taste of Viceroy's choice tobaccos . . . and Viceroys draw so freely!

Viceroy's 20,000 filters plus king-size length give you *double the filtering action* . . . for only a penny or two more than cigarettes without filters.

Now, Viceroys give you double the filtering action to double your smoking pleasure

New King-Size

Filter Tip VICEROY

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

VICEROY
VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

ONLY A PENNY OR TWO MORE THAN CIGARETTES WITHOUT FILTERS

This goes for game and.... Old Cabin Still

by don herold

Tomorrow and probably for centuries to come, Mother Nature will be providing more game, and the Kentucky folks who make OLD CABIN STILL will keep distilling more of their famous Sportsman's Whiskey.

The Stitzel-Weller people who create OLD CABIN STILL, believe in moderation in manufacture, and they counsel moderation in use of their product.

This fine, old distillery has been in the same family for several generations. It has used the same age-old sour-mash recipe for decades and decades, and the same old fashioned costly methods of distilling. I'd call it "personal" distilling.

The family is in no hurry to produce, and in no hurry to sell. They distill by a grandfather clock—not a stop watch. For a fact, their method of whiskey-making takes a *lot* more time and a *lot* more equipment.

For example, they keep their mashing temperature down to 212°. Higher temperatures would be faster, but they destroy part of the grain oils, depriving the finished product of much of its aroma and flavor.

Another thing, Stitzel-Weller do not farm out or sub-contract a single drop of their distilling. They actually honestly distill, age *and* bottle every spoonful of OLD CABIN STILL under their own eyes. The owner-managers are right there "on location" every day.

So, OLD CABIN STILL is set up for well-bred conservationists who know a good thing and *when* to say *when*. It appeals to sportsmen because it has a full, flavorful, out-door taste, and can be savored in moderate quantities. It's made for men who know that *guns* may be loaded, but *gentlemen* never.

91 PROOF

OLD CABIN STILL

The Sportsman's Choice!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Balanced at the Flavor Proof—91. Distilled, aged and bottled only by Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849.

Conservation through Moderation . . . *with gun, rod or bottle.*

clearer melodic line." It would not have surprised me had Levin decided that all of the 21 (or more) available recordings of Beethoven's Fifth had greater excitement than Ormandy's in view of the fact that Ormandy has never recorded the symphony.

HARRY WILL, Dallas, Texas

We bobbled batons. Levin found Kleiber's recording of Beethoven's Fifth slightly better than Bruno Walter's, not Ormandy's.

Calling Caroline

EDITOR: Bill Fay's otherwise excellent article on the football star J. C. Caroline, Can't You Hear Them Calling Caroline (Oct. 1st), is marred by a major inaccuracy that reflects upon the University of Illinois as an institution of higher education. Mr. Fay said that J.C.'s athletic career was in jeopardy when he failed two physical education courses during the spring semester.

Mr. Fay was wrong when he stated that the courses J.C. had to repeat were Theory of Prescribing Exercise and Principles of Health Education. J.C. actually took a five-semester-hours course in Physiology, a subject that brings to grief many a student who is not an athlete.

As dean of the Summer Session and chairman of the Faculty Committee on Athletics, the committee with exclusive jurisdiction in matters of eligibility, I am in a position to know the facts about J.C.'s summer courses and his eligibility problem. The university requires that students registered in the School of Physical Education "shall not be eligible unless they have carried and passed twelve hours of work in courses which are primarily scholastic in nature . . ."

Someone here, perhaps with tongue-in-cheek, misled Bill Fay.

ROBERT B. BROWNE, Urbana, Ill.

That must be it, because Bill Fay got his information directly from the University of Illinois. Certainly no reflection was intended in any way.

Literary America

EDITOR: I'm a young French student who likes to catch a glimpse of American daily life by reading America's favorite magazines. Some French people used to talk contemptuously about American magazines' "lack of literary value." But I say they've never opened any. Libbie Block's delicate and well-written short story, What Husbands Never Know (Sept. 3d), has a high degree of what we call *tenue littéraire* (literary style). My most respectful congratulations.

HÉLÈNE HIRSCH, Houilles, France

Garbage Mary

EDITOR: You may be interested to know that the present Mary Soo (The Navy's Girl in Hong Kong, Oct. 1st) had a forerunner, a woman also known as Mary Soo, who has, with age and prosperity, assumed formidable dimensions. The elder Mary Soo, it is said, gained her start in this same business and expanded into other and more lucrative ventures—supplying the U.S. Navy with choice Oriental articles of ivory and silk, for example. I've heard that the elder Mary Soo and the younger are mother and daughter . . .

F. P. CORRIGAN,
Long Island City, N.Y.

. . . The garbage collectors were a memorable sight on the USS Walton right after V-J Day. But they weren't the only visitors on ship. Hong Kong's tailors (below) came aboard daily, too, and found plenty of work after setting up shop on the fantail.

H. A. JADERBORG, Lindsborg, Kans.

Tide's Out

EDITOR: Ezra Taft Benson (Benson Turns a Tide, editorial, Sept. 17th) peddled the specter of consumer revolt against the farmer, leading the housewife to believe that the high cost of her groceries was due to "huge subsidies" being handed out to the farmer. We trust she knows better now, for while the Wisconsin farmer alone is taking nearly a $100,000,000 drop in income this year, living costs have not come down . . .

R. A. KOLB, Cedarburg, Wis.

. . . I am a dairy farmer. Flexible price supports have reduced my purchasing power by at least 20 per cent, money I needed for new equipment. If this situation prevails for five years, I will be out of business.

Unless farmers have purchasing power to buy industrial output, the economy is due for a jolt. In the long run, the Benson policy could cost the consumer many times as much as all the price supports, past, present or future.

F. W. BROMLEY, Whitewater, Wis.

Report Cards

EDITOR: In regard to the article Report Cards: EGFU, SNUX or ABC?, by Howard Whitman (Sept. 17th), America grew up on a competitive basis, from the highest office in the land, right down to the roots of every family. Believe me, when we went to school we were never given a better grade than we earned "just so we wouldn't feel inferior." We got what we worked for and no more.

If the basic principles of this great country are not taught in our schools, where are our children supposed to learn them? I stand very firm for the "old-fashioned, but American" way of grading our children in school—with the A, B, C, D and F method.

MRS. INEZ GRAHAM, Dallas, Tex.

. . . Maybe it would do U.S. children some good if they could see how Korean children respect their teachers. When school starts in the morning, the pupils stand at attention and bow to the principal. Before and after school, they stand in formation. Right now they attend classes out-of-doors because there aren't any buildings; yet you don't hear any of them complaining. They have a very high attendance, and you never hear of any disrespect toward the teachers. What has happened to the American school system?

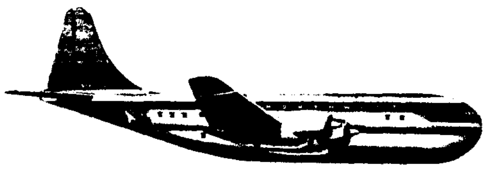
CECIL C. HUNT, APO 24,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Every Entry a Winner in

Imperial's $500,000.00 Contest

you can win a millionaire's vacation for two to Japan

birthplace of World Famous



Imperial cultured pearls

JUST WRITE IN 25 WORDS OR LESS "WHY YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE AN IMPERIAL CULTURED PEARL NECKLACE"

FIRST PRIZE:

2 Glorious Weeks in Japan (for two) (via Northwest Orient Airlines).

You will fly over the blue Pacific in a luxurious Northwest Orient Airliner Stratocruiser...a millionaire's vacation for two...with all expenses paid. Glorious days—magic nights in Japan where you will see all the beauty and thrill to the mystery of the exciting Orient.

300 MORE PRIZES:

Next 50 Prizes—Exquisite Imperial Cultured Pearl Necklaces valued at $100.00 each.

Next 100 Prizes—Beautiful Imperial Cultured Pearl Necklaces valued at $50.00 each.

Next 150 Prizes—Smart Imperial Cultured Pearl Earrings valued at $25.00 each.

A Prize for just entering:

Imagine just for entering this contest you win a magnificent Imperial Cultured Pearl worth $5.00. It will be accepted in trade for $5.00 on the purchase of any Imperial Cultured Pearl Necklace or it can be set in specially designed Imperial jewelry mountings.

Just follow these easy rules:

1. Write in 25 words or less why you would like to have an Imperial Cultured Pearl Necklace.
2. All entries must be made on official entry blank and returned in person to the store name shown thereon.
3. Contest closes January 15, 1955 and all entries must be submitted to the store on or before that day. Winner to be announced March 1, 1955.
4. Contest will be judged by an independent board of fashion experts on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judges' decision will be final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of the Imperial Pearl Syndicate and none will be returned.
5. Contest open to all residents of Continental U. S. 18 years of age and over except the employees of the Imperial Pearl Syndicate, their advertising agency and their families. Contest subject to all state and federal regulations.

See the selected franchised Imperial jeweler in your vicinity. He will be happy to provide you with an official entry blank for this fabulous Imperial contest. At the same time you can see on display these lovely Imperial cultured pearl creations, as well as other breath-taking Imperial jewelry styles . . . and you will be thrilled at their moderate prices.

IMPERIAL NECKLACE: An elegant necklace of selected and finely matched IMPERIAL Cultured Pearls, in classic graduation with white gold filigree clasp set with gleaming diamond **$50***

IMPERIAL EARRINGS: Two beautifully matched IMPERIAL cultured pearls mounted in 14-karat white gold, enhanced by two sparkling diamonds in richly styled Tiffany setting **$50***

IMPERIAL RING: Smartly styled ring in 14-karat white gold set with an exquisite IMPERIAL cultured pearl and two brilliant diamonds **$35***

Other IMPERIAL cultured pearl necklaces and jewelry creations up to **$7,500***

IMPERIAL Cultured Pearls are the only cultured pearls registered and insured for your protection.

*Plus Federal Excise Tax

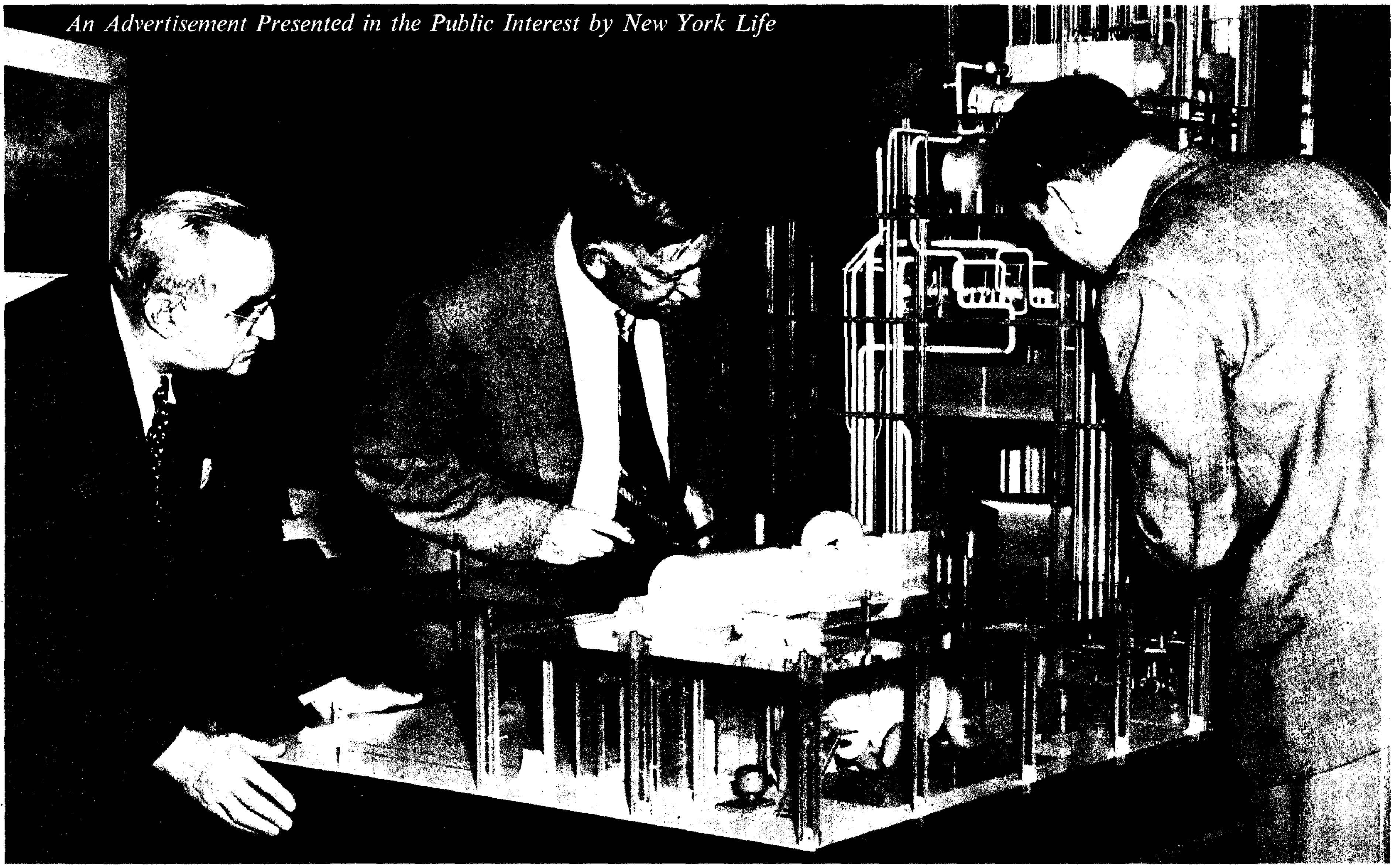
Today's Jewels of Fashion—Tomorrow's Cherished Heirlooms . . . nature's miracle grown in living oysters.

Imperial Cultured Pearls

IMPERIAL PEARL SYNDICATE, INC. • Fifth Avenue, New York
Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANKS AVAI[illegible] SELECTED IMPERIAL PEARL SYNDICATE FRANCHISED JEWELERS

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life



Courtesy: Combustion Engineering, Inc.

Sometimes, salesmen work for over a year to close a single sale. But that contract may amount to millions of dollars which makes the time and effort well spent. Above, for example, a highly trained sales engineer points out the features of a multi-million-dollar power installation, using a model which in itself cost over $10,000 to construct.

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A SALESMAN?

by Robert A. Whitney

PRESIDENT, NATIONAL SALES EXECUTIVES, INC.

(As told to OSCAR SCHISGALL)

IN THE year 1754—twenty-two years before this country declared its independence—seven of the British Colonies sent representatives to a meeting in Albany, New York. They were a distinguished group, with Benjamin Franklin among them; and they drew up a plan whereby the American settlers would have a Congress, a President, and other features of an independent government—all under the rule of the British King.

When the representatives took the plan back to their colonies, however, it was unanimously rejected.

So they launched a selling campaign, selling the people of America the idea of a democratic government headed by a Congress and a President. In the long run of history this selling campaign was so successful that a new Nation and a new concept of human liberty grew out of it.

At the risk of sounding over-exalted, such are the terms in which I like to think of salesmanship: a profession that operates at the highest level of human endeavor.

I realize there are those who still consider selling as the simple transaction of handing an article to a buyer in exchange for some coins. If all true modern salesmanship were as unimaginative a vocation as that, our warehouses would soon fill up with unsold merchandise; our factories would have to cease production for lack of outlets; our economy would come to a standstill. For, as has so often been pointed out, no item of production is profitable until it is sold.

Because selling merchandise to the consumer is what keeps industry active, I see salesmen as key-men in our economy. For selling has become far more than inducing somebody to buy a specific article. It has become the art of *creating a nation-wide, even a world-wide, desire.*

Make people *want* something, and they will flood your plant with orders: that is the philosophy that animates modern selling.

We built the world's greatest automotive business not only by the selling of individual cars, but by making millions of people want to own cars.

A great deal of selling is done on an "across-the-desk" basis. Here, the salesman's chief selling tool is his knowledge of and his belief in the merits of the product or service which he sells.

To bring to American homes the marvels of comfortable living we know today, salesmen first create a demand, then satisfy it. With the aid of intelligent advertising and promotion, appliances, clothing, home furnishings and myriad necessities and conveniences are sold to the public on a personal basis in the nation's retail outlets.

We built the television industry not only by selling sets, but by creating a nation-wide desire for TV.

Similarly, I could go over the roster of all American industries to indicate what I mean when I say selling has become the key factor in our modern economy.

This explains why selling now offers one of the highest career potentials in our time. The last census of the Department of Commerce showed that there are more people earning above $5,000 in the selling profession than in any other; three times as many, indeed, as among lawyers, the second most prosperous group! Today one can point to scores of salesmen who earn $100,000 a year or more.

That is hardly surprising. Never in its history has the United States offered greater opportunities to those 8,000,000 Americans who sell. Why do I say this? For several reasons:

1. This country now has more money to spend than it has ever had before. At the consumer level it is spending about $250 billions a year.

2. America is growing at the rate of more than 11,000 people a day—which means the needs and wants of 11,000 additional people must be satisfied daily by intelligent selling.

3. Half of the 37,000,000 married couples of this country are *young* couples—married less than 13 years—with young children. These families demand thousands of new items in every conceivable field of production. It was largely salesmanship which created this demand. Now salesmen will be able to reap the reward.

4. By many years of intelligent selling techniques—in which I include marketing, advertising and general promotion—America has been conditioned to want the latest in technological advances; the most recent miracles of electronics, of transportation, of better home comforts. In fact, a prosperous America demands the latest and the best, and today's salesman will profit handsomely from that demand.

5. Americans, many of whom now work only 40 hours a week or less, have more leisure than ever before. And leisure means, among other things, *time to look around and buy.* Besides, those very leisure hours have created a vast new market for hobby goods, musical supplies, do-it-yourself equipment, and a thousand other wants for periods of relaxation.

All things considered, we see that the selling profession stands on the threshold of its most rewarding years.

Moreover, in variety of opportunity, in flexibility of occupation it is unmatched by any other profession. The young man of today can make selling exactly what he wants it to be—a job of selling some specific article or a job of selling ideas and desires to an entire nation. And his compensation will rise in ratio to his efforts.

One other thing I must point out: A selling career is something wholly symbolic of American free enterprise. To sell in a competitive market is the mark of true democracy—of man's right and privilege to compete on equal terms with his fellow men. If you require proof to underscore this thought, simply remember this: *There are no salesmen in Russia!* In the Soviet States, where government dictates even what one may buy, there is no room for competitive selling.

Not long ago, when a group of members of the National Sales Executives attended a sales convention in Europe, one of the world's leading statesmen came to some of the sessions. He listened quietly as speaker after speaker told of American ingenuity, enterprise, methods. Then he rose and said that he'd always thought mass production was the secret of America's greatness—but he knew other countries had mass production, too. He thought it was because we enjoyed working hard and because we had huge natural resources—but other countries including his own could boast of those, too. But listening to all the speakers, that day, he had finally discovered what really makes America great—*we make people want things!*

What, in my opinion, are the qualifications for being a successful salesman in our day? I would list several:

1. Imagination. By this I mean the ability to deal with unexpected situations in effective and original ways.

2. Curiosity about people. A salesman must enjoy knowing people, studying them, understanding what they require for greater enjoyment of life.

3. A broad, diversified education—by which I mean an education that creates widespread interest in many facets of living. And salesmanship is a continuously educational process which enables the salesman to always meet new challenges. It is never static.

4. Enterprise—that quality some of us call energy, the determination to get ahead.

5. Integrity. A salesman's greatest asset is his personal honesty.

As to the compensations of a selling career, they are many indeed. Apart from the dollar-and-cents profits, there is always the great satisfaction of *achievement.* For every new sale is a tribute to a salesman's ability. The field is infinite in its variety and its rewards.

I think every salesman has the right, in our time, to regard himself as a member of a great and overwhelmingly important fraternity—the fraternity of men who are trying to sell not only consumer goods of all kinds, but great philosophic concepts of democracy as well. And compensation comes in true relation to the standard of selling which a man chooses for himself. Here is one field in which *nobody* has ever set a limit on potentials!

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Selling is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming *and* Chemistry. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 11-C, New York 10, N.Y.
The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

THE ELEVENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

DON'T BE PUSHED AROUND THIS WINTER!

Your car will start fast with patented

FIVE-RIB CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

Sure it'll start!
I've got
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Stop in at your neighborhood service station or garage displaying this poster—it's the sign of dependable Champion service.

Whatever the weather . . . just touch the starter and your full-firing Champion Spark Plugs go to work!

Champion's exclusive FIVE-RIB insulator design protects you against electrical "flash-over" due to dampness—a major cause of hard starting.

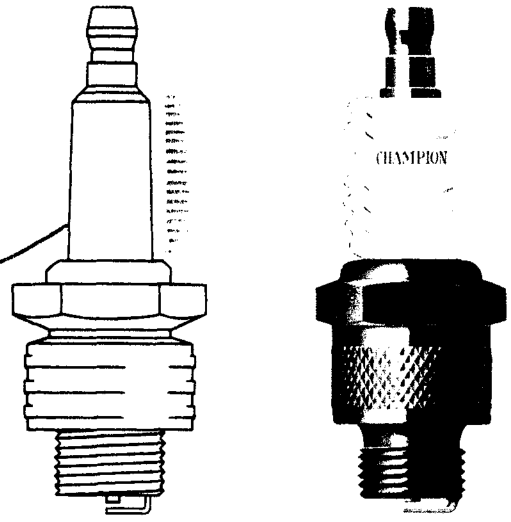
Compare a FIVE-RIB Champion with an ordinary spark plug and you'll see why.

Champion's insulating surface is greater because of its ribbed construction. Exterior electricity is diverted and spent before it can short out a damp plug. Tests prove this gives you as much as forty percent more protection than smooth insulator types under the same conditions.

Get the jump on Winter now. Let your Champion dealer install a set of FIVE-RIB Champions when your car has its Winter change-over.

You'll get going — and get where you're going — with Champions!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



INSIST ON FIVE-RIB

CHAMPIONS

Let's Be Realistic about
THE UNITED NATIONS

By AMBASSADOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

U.S. Representative to the United Nations

It wasn't set up to make the world a Utopia. It was set up to keep the peace and save us from the horrors of World War III. How well has it succeeded? What of the future?

IN a couple of trips across the country during the last 18 months I've run into some astounding misunderstandings about the United Nations. Some of them are based on unfounded fear, others on equally unfounded hope.

I found the fears a lot easier to deal with. Citing the facts seemed to do the trick every time:

- The UN did *not* drag us into Korea.
- A cost of less than 16 cents per year per capita is *not* a drain on the American taxpayer in Year 9 of the atomic age.
- American citizens *cannot* be dragged into international courts.

The hopes were tougher to cope with for the simple reason that it is always more difficult to disabuse wishful thinkers. A thousand years of history haven't been enough to discourage this breed. They have obviously been oversold on what the UN is all about.

When our Congress ratified the Charter of the UN it gave us a contract with 50 other countries to get to work on the job of keeping the peace. It did not and could not—and no sensible person expected it to—include a guarantee of an automatic peace-producer and problem-solver.

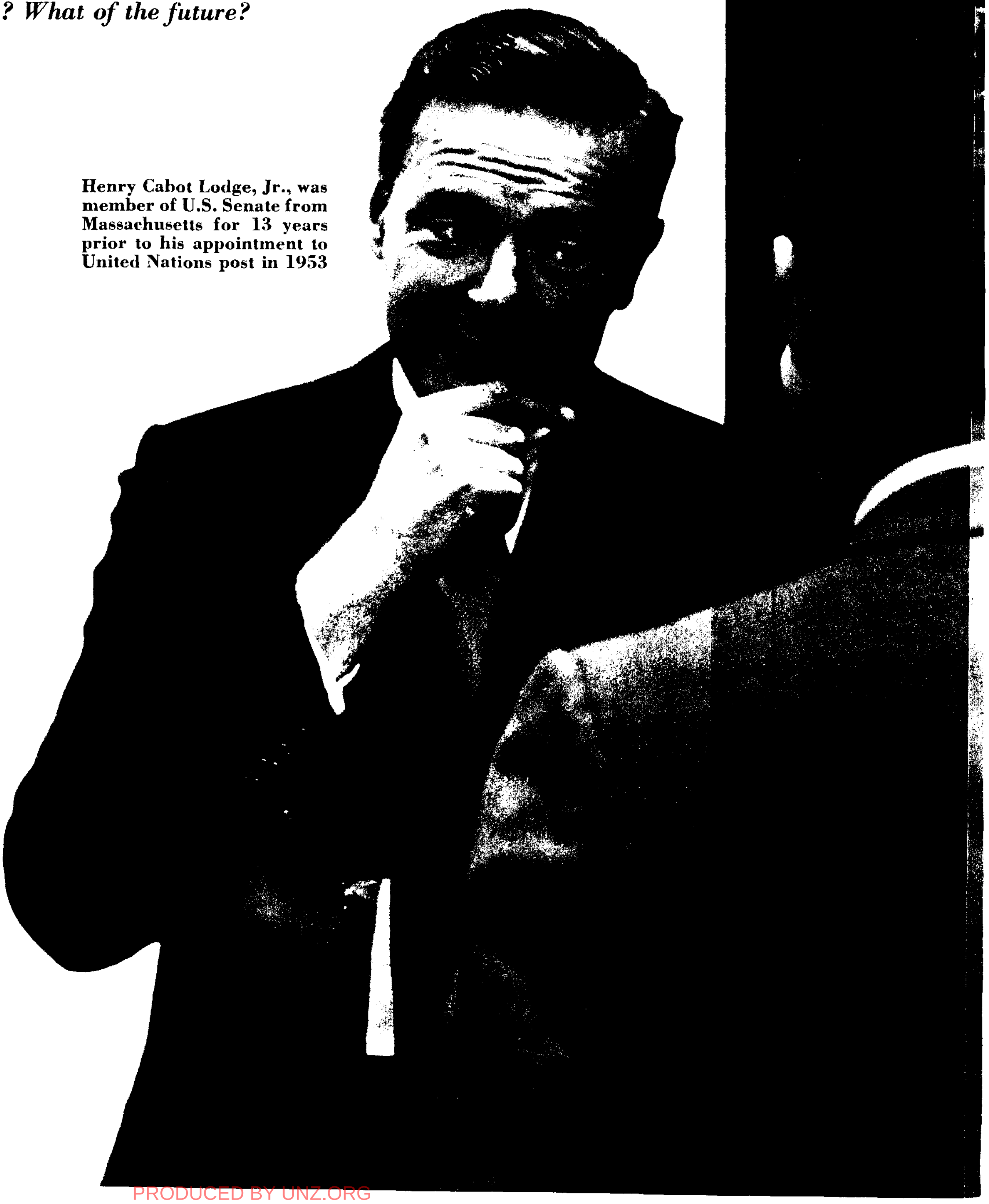
Serious harm has been done the UN by the extreme enthusiasts who expect it to produce steak dinners and college educations and free elections for every inhabitant of every hamlet on every continent in the world—whether they want it or not. These optimists—however well-meaning—do not stop to worry about how this is to be done, except possibly through some magic combination of Uncle Sam's bank roll and elocutionary abracadabra, in unspecified amounts. Such excessive optimism has backfired, as it inevitably does, and has given the UN a black eye it does not deserve.

Winston Churchill had the right idea of what the UN was about when he said that it was set up not to get us to heaven, but only to save us *from hell.*

That is: to save us from the horror of World War III.

The primary, the fundamental, the essential purpose of the UN is to *keep the peace.* Everything it does which helps prevent World War III is good. Everything it does which does not further that goal, either directly or indirectly, is at best superfluous.

When we judge the UN's performance by this



Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was member of U.S. Senate from Massachusetts for 13 years prior to his appointment to United Nations post in 1953

Can Russia's abuse of the veto be curbed? Maybe, Lodge says. "A massive

sound standard, we find that it has built up an impressive record in its first nine years.

First and foremost, the UN has stood—and still stands—between us and World War III. What other power on earth could have removed Soviet troops from Iran in 1946 without the firing of a single shot? In Israel and Kashmir, right now, hostile armies face one another across very narrow divisions. Feelings are inflamed and passions high on both sides of the line; but the shooting has stopped. What power on earth but the power of the UN could possibly have stopped it?

Continued fighting in either of these explosive areas could easily have touched off a new global war. If the UN had done nothing else but transfer these two critical disputes—with friends of the United States on both sides, in both places—from the battlefield to the conference table, it would have justified everything we've put into it.

The problems of Kashmir and Israel persist, and may go on for a long time, with peace observers and mediators and possibly even more angry meetings of the UN Security Council. But if I ever meet anyone who wants to do away with the UN—though I don't meet many these days—I just want him to tell me, first, who would keep the lid on violence in Kashmir and in Israel, if there were no UN.

As for Korea, nobody's satisfied with the situation there right now; but that fortunately includes the Communist invaders, who would have preferred an easy conquest of the Republic of Korea. A Communist Korea would have been such a convenient jumping-off point for Japan. It would have demonstrated so dramatically the helplessness of small countries against lawless aggression. But there was a UN, and so these Communist plans were canceled out.

To its everlasting credit, the United States, with the Republic of Korea, played a major role in hurling the Communist aggressors back to their starting line in North Korea. But would any American have wanted to do without the heroic troops—the equivalent of two divisions—sent by 14 other UN member nations to support that historic struggle against international gangsterism?

It is true that Korea is still divided. It is true that we still need too many of our boys too far from home to help supervise the hard-won truce, and that our military budget, even after recent cuts, still totals many billions of dollars.

UN Not to Blame for Divided World

But we can't blame the UN because we're forced to live in a divided world any more than we can blame the thermometer when the weather gets hot. These are the facts of life as they are today—and as they will be until the Soviet Union gives up her drive to rule the world.

The Communists picked up not one square foot of territory in Korea. They gained not a single new captive worker. In fact, they lost all the thousands who chose liberty and refused to go back to their Communist masters. Compare Korea with the situation in Indochina, where the influence and power of the UN was not brought to bear.

What power on earth other than the UN could have sealed off Greece's northern borders against her Communist neighbors and made it possible for her new democratic government to establish peace and order for the first time since 1940? The Greeks did the main job themselves because they were willing and able to fight for their own liberties; but the Greeks will be the first to tell you that they probably would still be fighting in the mountains if UN observer teams along the borders had not put an end to the steady Communist infiltration from the north. This situation in Greece is a good example of the way in which the UN works best: when its members are ready and willing to back up votes and resolutions with men and money and material, and when it provides decisive moral backing to help those who help themselves.

The same yardstick used in judging the UN's political and military achievements can be applied to its economic programs. Do they help people build a life worth fighting for, and the will and the strength to defend it if the need should arise?

Some programs of some of the specialized agencies seem to me to be pretty farfetched by this standard. I suppose I'm as much in favor of culture as the next man, but I find it hard to see what the publication of art catalogues and manuals on the cleaning and preservation of ancient monuments has to do with keeping the peace.

But how about this for a bargain for everyone, at only 25 cents for Uncle Sam for every dollar spent? Doubled and tripled food production in regions where UN technical-assistance programs have introduced new methods and better seeds. Hundreds of thousands of man-hours of farm labor made available in food-short areas, yet no extra mouths to feed, as a result of UN malaria-control programs.

In Indonesia, farmers learned long ago to produce edible carp in their rice paddies. Now, with UN technical help, they are teaching people in nearby Thailand how to get both carp and rice from the same amount of land and the same amount of labor to produce the valuable protein food so rare in rice-eating countries.

In the 3,000 islands of Indonesia itelf, where air travel is essential, UN technical assistance has provided expert help in everything from pilot training and airport management to route planning and rate fixing.

Incidentally, the International Civil Aviation Organization, which co-operated in this program, is also a UN agency. It is the ICAO which makes it safe for us to fly all over the world with the com-

Ambassador Lodge has a busy day at United Nations headquarters in New York City. It ranges from giving his autograph to

mobilization of world opinion could make itself felt even in the Kremlin"

forting knowledge that all airports use the same signals and the same safety devices.

In all the technical-assistance programs, the recipient country contributes at least as much as it receives. Many countries which ask for and receive expert assistance have skills of their own to export. For example, in the same year in which 22 experts were sent to Egypt, that country sent out 26, skilled in such fields as census taking, accounting, and cholera and VD control.

Every increase in production helps the producers to build a reality beside which phony Soviet promises have as much appeal as a menu card attempting to pinch-hit for a steak dinner.

Every increase in production also means a decreased need for outside economic aid. Therefore it is easy to see why these particular UN programs are also of direct assistance, financial if not technical, to the American taxpayer. In this case, at least, our self-interest clearly goes hand in hand with the normal American instinct to get into every fight against hunger and disease.

Most UN difficulties result from the Soviet Union's unrelenting efforts to prevent any kind of effective action, and to talk it to death. Russia and her satellites have used up an inordinate amount of the speaking time and 60 out of the 61 vetoes in UN history. This situation is a hazard we will have to face for as long as it takes the men of the Kremlin to decide that they can get along better in a community of nations than in a permanent armaments race.

Some UN difficulties have also grown out of inexperience or mismanagement or false starts of various kinds. This can be corrected.

The elimination of American Communists on the UN staff has been organized, and a workable arrangement with the UN has been set up to make sure no new ones slip in.

The American contribution to the UN budget has been brought down from 39.89 per cent to 33.33 per cent, which is fair for a country of our size and wealth, while assessments for the Soviet Union and her satellites are going up—not up enough, of course, but at least heading in the right direction.

We are getting better use than ever before out of the greatest loud-speaker in the world, the UN speakers' platform, to broadcast the true horror of Communist enslavement of the satellite countries, of prisoners of war, of the millions of sufferers in forced labor camps and of the Russian people themselves.

The UN contribution of troops in Korea might have been greater if we hadn't made the mistake of refusing manpower from countries which didn't have the dollars to support it. That is a mistake which will not be repeated. We Americans have already announced that we will do our part to provide logistic support for any troops offered hereafter in the tragic event that UN members are again forced to fight against criminal aggression. More countries will thereby have a chance to back up their votes with the manpower which gives such votes weight on the scales of history.

Charter Permits Soviet Abuse of Veto

Some UN difficulties are written right into the Charter. For example, I believe it is a crime for the Soviet Union to be able to use her veto to keep out of the UN 14 countries—all of them, according to the standards set up in the Charter, unquestionably "peace-loving." But the Charter provides that privilege, and it will be hard to change because Charter revisions are themselves subject to the veto.

But not impossible. The Charter probably is coming up for review within the next year or two. A massive mobilization of world opinion could make itself felt even in the Kremlin.

But Charter changes are not where the future of the UN will be determined. The best lawyers might write the best of all possible Charters and it would still be no more than a lifeless skeleton, unless it were given life and force by the real, tangible support of a majority of its member nations.

When President Eisenhower asked me to take my present job he knew that I shared the feeling about the UN which he had expressed in his inaugural address. He told me then that it was an important part of my job to share with my fellow Americans that faith and that determination to make the UN work.

After hundreds of man-hours spent listening to Communist lies and coping with Communist maneuvers, I've probably seen the worst of the UN.

I've also seen a lot of words and time wasted; but then I've seen a bit of time wasted in the United States Senate, where there are no Communists. That's the way free nations work and *must* work together.

An organization in which every country appeared to agree with us would give us a dangerously distorted view of the world we live in. Disagreement underscores the UN's essential vitality and the realism of its attack on real problems. Only through free and open debate is public opinion formed, truth discovered and moral power generated.

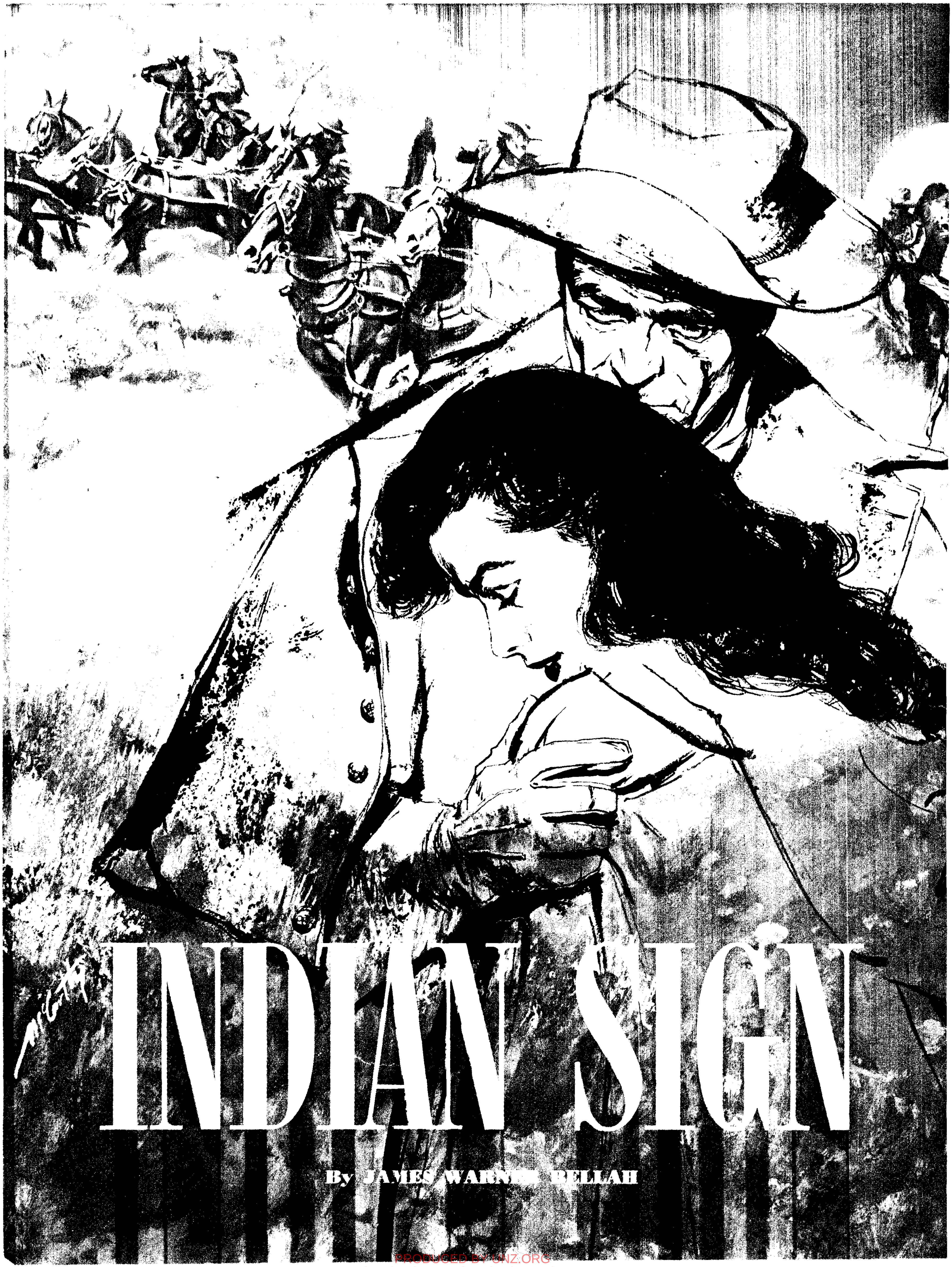
The other day I heard a story about a woman who bought some golf clubs and returned them a week later because, she complained, "They don't work."

There's no complaint department to which we can take the UN to try to change it for a better model. We *have* to make it work.

The UN is far from perfect. There is a lot it can't do. But there's also a lot it can do. Right now it is the most important barrier we have between us and World War III. ▲▲▲

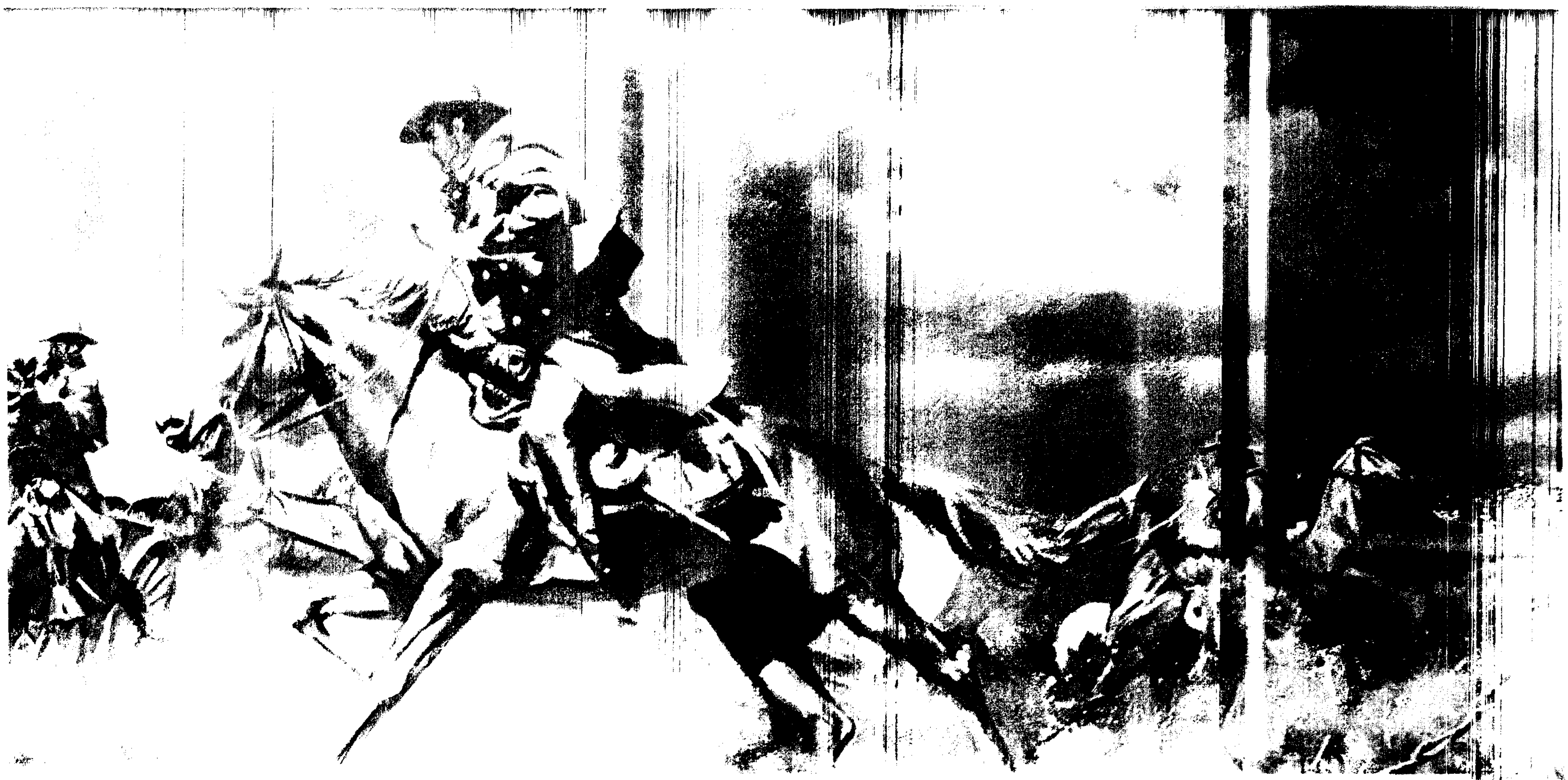
sight-seers to a corridor conference with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and discussing U.S. policy with a colleague

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



INDIAN SIGN

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH



Lane knew this raw and dangerous country was no place for a woman. But Kitty had come for a purpose—a terrible purpose she could never reveal

A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

S LIEUTENANT DISBRO came out of the troop office to take the formation, he heard wagon wheels to the east. With frost in the ground, you can hear wagon wheels for miles. Then, as he turned the corner of B Troop's corral, he got a clear view of the Bledsoe Road and of the wagons as they topped the long divide. There were ten of them. When you expect the paymaster only, a convoy of ten heavy commissary freight wagons gives you pause.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw in the distance Trooper Magoffin's daughter Molly, sashaying toward the area in a red skirt: a maverick filly loose in the corral. Even now two of his men were in the hospital, cut to ribbons from a bottle-stump mill over her.

Lane Disbro took First Sergeant O'Meara's report—all present or accounted for—and stood waiting for Major Pharr to cross the area on inspection. You can feel odd-numbered men like Richard Ambrun Pharr at fifty yards' distance. They cut into your back like October wind through a sweat-sogged shirt. And you can hate such men.

It had turned cold again since noon, and the breath of the B Troop horses was clouded white on the frosty air, like drifting gun smoke, so that Disbro had to look closely to see the faces of his men. They were recruits, for the most part—snowbirds enlisted for a winter's feed, jail scum and skid-road flotsam. And again Disbro saw Trooper Magoffin's daughter. She had a bundle of laundry for Officers' Row, but seeing B Troop standing to, she deliberately turned off to mince the length of the line.

"Afternoon, Major Pharr," she said, and her eyes flashed. Pharr was a lean and hungry wolf of a man—handsome as a well-honed knife blade, turned to a hair in burnished brass and dubbin, with only the hard and shining crystal of his eyes to show his love for the bottle. He raised his hand to his kepi visor, and his lips twisted in a bleak smile. Just as he did it, her laundry bundle dribbled open, and a gust of wind tore at it, strewing the B Troop line with pieces of washed linen. The nearer horses shied and lashed up, and one trooper went down like an oat sack under the hoofs. The rest of the men were sawing on halters and swearing blue billy to bring their mounts down—a slovenly display.

The girl sprang toward Pharr. She and the major scuffled for a moment, with his arm half around her, their feet caught in a net of clean shirts; and there wasn't a man in the troop who did not get the clear implication of that move of hers for the major's protection against the thrashing horses.

Major Pharr let her go, smoothed his blouse and walked slowly across to Lieutenant Disbro, his eyes clouded black. "That's it, mister," he said. "Your troop remains on the post for horsemanship instruction. Instead, I'll take Hostetter's A Troop north tomorrow to investigate this Comanche threat."

The wagon convoy Disbro had seen was coming through East Gate as Pharr spoke. Pharr turned and stared across as Sergeant Major Winbigler directed the lead wagoner to carry the head of the column on down the main service road in back of Officers' Row. "What now, Sergeant Major?" Pharr called.

Old Winbigler doubled across the intervening distance, halted puffing, with the pumped blood scorching his face, and saluted. "Meat convoy, sir—pork." He indicated the manifests in his left hand. "In two serials, ten wagons each. Second serial due sometime tonight. Two hundred barrels of pork, sir—all the way from Philadelphia—Civil War surplus, it looks like. To be stored here until further notice."

Major Pharr walked over and leafed through the manifests. Lane Disbro saluted. "File from the right and lead down to the riding ring!" he ordered. Then he broke stance and walked toward First Sergeant O'Meara.

"Looks like the Indian sign's still on B Troop, sir," O'Meara said.

AT FIVE, after a grueling day in the saddle, half of B Troop marched on—as the new guard, with Lieutenant Disbro as officer of the guard. When he came into Headquarters after guard mount, the building was empty. Disbro leafed through the Kansas City newspaper that had come with the first serial of pork. There was one item of interest:

Lieutenant Colonel, brevet Brigadier General, Norwood Buell has been given command of the provisional brigade organizing at Big Foot in the Corkscrew River country. It is to consist of the 9th and 18th Infantry Regiments and two mountain howitzer batteries, together with a cavalry force. This expedition is a move to counter the threatened uprising of the Sioux Nation, who are dissatisfied with existing treaty stipulations and reported to be organizing another coalition of tribes that some observers believe may reach as far south as the Comanche country.

"It *has* reached that far already—with Comanches in the district north of us," Disbro said.

He went into the inner office and lighted the lamp. He tilted the tin shade to throw light on the wall map of the district.

Every time he looked at the map, the vast challenge of this Western country came in upon him like a shout—screaming to him not to be just a policeman all his life, but to get out and take the country in his two hands and break it for the civilization it would one time know.

The glory that had snared him into the

(Continued on page 92)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

The stage's most triumphant musical

Laurey (Shirley Jones), Curly (Gordon MacRae)

OKLAHO

By EVELYN HARVEY

SOME 4,200 beautiful, and not-so-beautiful, mornings ago Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d made the forenoon something special to sing about in an imperishable musical called Oklahoma!. In the 11 years since, hardly a day's gone by when the piece hasn't played somewhere in the 48 states or a handful of foreign countries. The tunes—Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin', People Will Say We're in Love, The Surrey with the Fringe on Top—are as familiar as folk songs. And the horse-drawn romance of Laurey and Curly, the miseries of pore Jud Fry, and the cow-country cutups of Ado Annie and the dallying peddler Ali Hakim have become, to many people, as real as American history and twice as much fun.

Well, 8,000 performances and a $45,000,000 take are a respectable career for any musical. But, folks, Oklahoma! is far from through. The great corn-belt classic is being made into a movie. Its authors, with their producer, movie-wise Arthur Hornblow, know they're gambling against the illusions of an established audience.

In such a case, no property is foolproof. So they, and Academy Award-winning director Fred Zinnemann (High Noon, From Here to Eternity), have thrown every scrap of taste, imagination and ingenuity at their disposal into its making. About 50 per cent of the film is being shot against the purple ranges and rich blue skies of Arizona's San Rafael Valley—that's right, Arizona—in a startling new process called Todd-AO, launched by showman Michael Todd, which produces a single seamless image on a huge, curved screen. The cast of 200, including newcomer-star Shirley Jones, has been picked to preserve the spontaneity of the original. How well they succeed, 20,000,000 Oklahomaphiles! will be ready and willing to judge.

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

hit tries a new medium, in a setting as big as all outdoors

Agnes de Mille's trend-setting ballet, Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin', is reworked to fit a broader-than-footlights frame. To the original ingredients—a joyful song, exuberant dance patterns—has been added vivid background of Arizona rangelands. Right, Giggling Gertie (Barbara Lawrence), Curly, and the surrey-with-the-fringe-on-top

The Goon Girls: Jane Fischer, Lizanne Treux

An Arizona valley blossoms into an Oklahoma farn

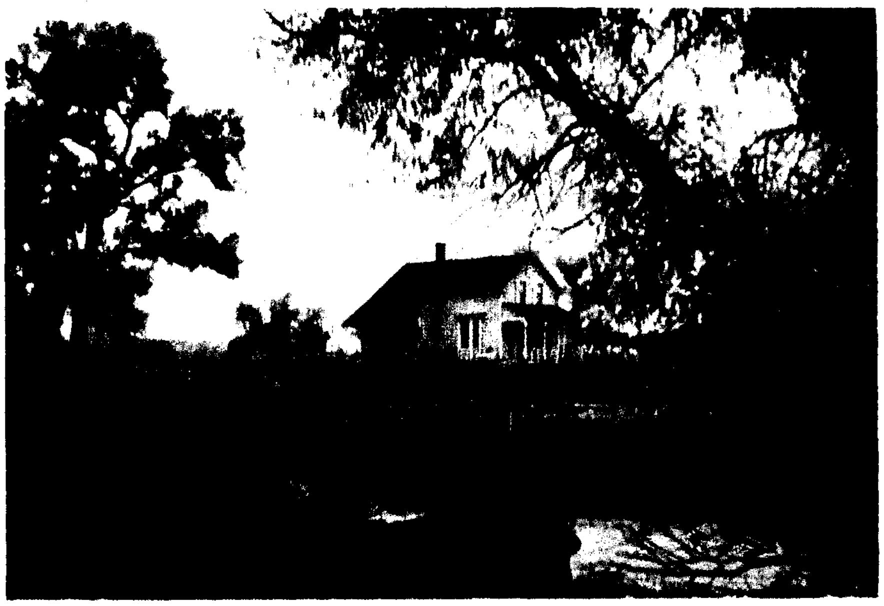
Last summer, when location shooting started, bigwigs, cast, crew and 70 trucks full of props and equipment headed out the studio gates into the Southwest. Their goal? A 1,000-acre tract of open country around Nogales, Arizona, where Aunt Eller's farmhouse had been specially built some 35 miles out in the middle of nowhere. And in Elgin, 50 dirt-road miles from the Nogales base in another direction, studio carpenters dressed up a spur-line depot for just one sequence.

A good six months in advance, a peach orchard had been set out, fields of wheat were planted and carefully nurtured to reach exactly the right degree of maturity by shooting time. Five thousand flowers, of which only two dozen were real, were planted strategically about the hot Arizona fields. The grass around the farmhouse wasn't up to scratch, so the lawn from a Nogales motel was scooped up and transported, sod by sod, to Aunt Eller's place. The corn? Height was vital to bear

Cast and backstage principals get together in Aunt Eller's back yard. Front, left to right: Ado Annie (Gloria Grahame), Ali Hakim (Eddie Albert), Jud Fry (Rod Steiger), Laurey, Curly, Giggling Gertie, Will Parker (Gene Nelson), Aunt Eller (Charlotte Greenwood), Goon Girls. Second row, from left: director Fred Zinnemann, Oscar Hammerstein 2d, head cameraman Robert Surtees, and the producer, Arthur Hornblow

U.S. MAIL
BAGGA

Homecoming Will Parker gives welcoming neighbors the true pitch about the goings on in Kansas City. In background is rented antique train



Shooting was seriously delayed by daily rains which turned dirt roads into quagmires, filled moat in front of farm, isolating cast from set

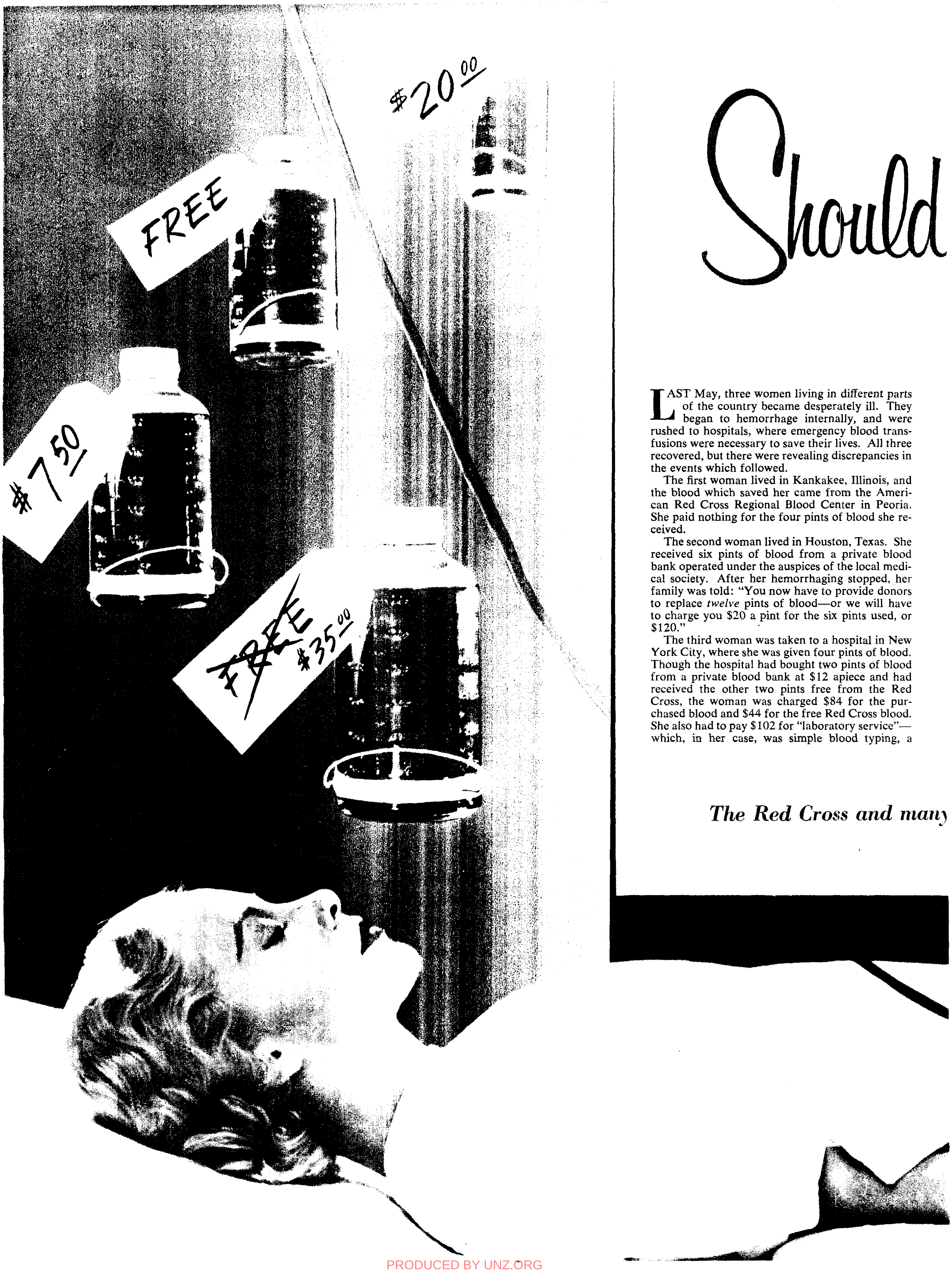
out the lyric "as high as an elephant's eye." Starting from seed, local expert Louis Gerlach proceeded, with special plowing, heavy irrigation and doses of ammonium nitrate, to bring it to a vigorous eight feet. Total cost was estimated at $8.95 per ear.

But the ultimate crop wasn't tall enough for close-ups. So Gerlach found a field of 13-foot corn, planted the stalks in boxes and had a mammoth, movable cornfield ready for any scene any time.

Why all this fuss in Arizona and not in the title state? "Because," says Hornblow, "Oklahoma has too many oil derricks, airplanes and people. And we'd been told that in this section of the country the clouds were particularly photogenic. They were. But it also turned out that Arizona's fluffy white clouds were no mere movie props. For 10 days straight, they opened up at noon, stranding the executive-and-star-filled limousines for hour upon expensive hour. As one company wag said, "The mud was as high as a Cadillac's eye."

Four local Cornwall brothers won bit parts

In dance on station platform, Charlotte Greenwood goes, like the lyric of Rodgers and Hammerstein song, "just about as fer as she can go." Movie is filmed in Todd-AO process and CinemaScope, will road-show in spring



Should

LAST May, three women living in different parts of the country became desperately ill. They began to hemorrhage internally, and were rushed to hospitals, where emergency blood transfusions were necessary to save their lives. All three recovered, but there were revealing discrepancies in the events which followed.

The first woman lived in Kankakee, Illinois, and the blood which saved her came from the American Red Cross Regional Blood Center in Peoria. She paid nothing for the four pints of blood she received.

The second woman lived in Houston, Texas. She received six pints of blood from a private blood bank operated under the auspices of the local medical society. After her hemorrhaging stopped, her family was told: "You now have to provide donors to replace *twelve* pints of blood—or we will have to charge you $20 a pint for the six pints used, or $120."

The third woman was taken to a hospital in New York City, where she was given four pints of blood. Though the hospital had bought two pints of blood from a private blood bank at $12 apiece and had received the other two pints free from the Red Cross, the woman was charged $84 for the purchased blood and $44 for the free Red Cross blood. She also had to pay $102 for "laboratory service"—which, in her case, was simple blood typing, a

The Red Cross and man

Blood Banks Make Money?

By **BILL DAVIDSON**

routine procedure which takes no more than a few minutes—bringing her total bill to $230.

Do these stories make you think that the blood supplies of America are controlled partly by idealists, partly by human leeches? To a shocking degree, that's true.

It would seem that nothing could be less complicated than the elementary humanitarian procedure of providing human blood to save human lives—but there's no field of medicine where there is so much confusion today. Besides the almost unbelievable disparity in prices, the national blood situation involves greed, politics, danger to health, trade in human suffering. It also involves individual sacrifice and nobility of purpose.

An Over-All Plan to End the Chaos

There are good blood banks and bad blood banks. In some areas, there is strict medical control; in others, *anybody* can go into the blood business, much as anybody can open a delicatessen. There are plans that would continue the chaos, and one over-all plan that offers great hope of ending it.

The chaotic blood situation has led to unprecedented bitterness in medical circles, with ugly charges and countercharges disrupting normally serene medical conclaves. Dr. Albert Wolf of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital told me, "I have never heard such vitriol in my years of practice."

Typical was a meeting of the Harris County Medical Society in Houston, at which a local doctor addressed himself to Dr. David N. W. Grant, respected medical director of the American National Red Cross and former Surgeon General of the Air Force. The local doctor sputtered, "No dirty socialistic bureaucrat from Washington is going to come down here and tell us what to do." At this meeting, the local medical society voted to cancel its agreement to allow the Red Cross to establish a Regional Blood Center in Houston, maintaining that the Red Cross promotes socialism by adhering to a policy of giving blood without charge to all residents of an area.

A few days later, the conservative Houston Post pointed out with irony that the Red Cross board of governors included such rabid "socialists" as Union Pacific board chairman E. Roland Harriman and Sears, Roebuck vice-president Charles H. Kellstadt.

But there are even nastier charges than socialism, involving the unpleasant terms "profiteering in blood" and "trafficking in human misery." The Red Cross, of course, is a nonprofit organization, and so are most of the excellent, doctor-supervised institutions like Seattle's King County Central Blood Bank, the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank in San Francisco and the Junior League Blood Center in Milwaukee. Such groups obtain all or most of their blood from free voluntary donations and they charge no more than the cost of collecting and processing it. "On the other hand," says Dr. Paul L. Wermer, secretary of the Committee on Blood of the American Medical Association, "there is no doubt that a few less scrupulous blood banks have been profiteering. This is deplored by all national organizations concerned with blood collection."

Exploiting "Skid Row's" Derelicts

Many of the profiteering charges involve so-called "skid row blood banks" which can be found in every major city. Bums come to these establishments and sell their blood as often as they can get away with it for $5 or $6 a pint. The blood bank, in turn, sells the blood to hospitals for $15 or $20 a pint. Many of the hospitals then charge the patient whatever they can collect—sometimes as much as $100 a pint.

Surprisingly often, the skid row blood banks are attached to reputable universities and hospitals. One, known as "The Butcher Shop" to the derelicts along New York's Bowery, is directed by a distinguished researcher. Although he is salaried and has never been accused personally of profiteering, a profit is certainly made by the institution which employs him.

Experts all over the country refer to this blood

doctors say no. But often greed or politics forces patients to pay sky-high prices

WESLEY BALZ

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

The American Red Cross has opened 44 Regional Blood Centers, which provide blood without charge. This center is at Peoria, Illinois. Nurse Ramona Dusch is checking the medical history of donor Jack Lewis

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Laboratory technicians at Peoria center test samples of blood to find out the blood group and Rh factors. White-gowned technicians (counterclockwise from top right): Blanche Davis, Verla Rother, Mary Beckman

bank and others like it as "the sewer phase of our profession." In New York, derelicts have collapsed in the street and have been rushed to city hospitals in a critical state, after having made repeated donations of their blood—with the blood banks apparently unaware of (or indifferent to) the fact that the men were being bled almost to death. The situation became so serious that in 1947 the Journal of the New York State Medical Society published an outspoken article which said: "These patients show certain common features. All were men, indigent, unemployed or unemployable. They were all residents of either municipal lodginghouses or cheap Bowery hotels. Eleven were chronic alcoholics. The small sums they received, five dollars a pint, were usually spent not on food, but on the purchase of more alcohol. Six patients had, as their primary diagnosis, lobar pneumonia, and one had the diagnosis of bronchopneumonia. There was one fatality in this group. . . . He had given twelve transfusions in four months." (Reputable blood banks do not consider it safe for a person to give blood more often than once every three months.)

How Safe Is an Alcoholic's Blood?

A number of safeguards have been set up since then, but skid row vagrants frequently manage to evade them. And since "The Butcher Shop" alone still supplies more than 100,000 pints a year for transfusions in hospitals as far away as Egypt and Turkey, the question naturally arises, "How safe is the blood of an alcoholic Bowery bum?" Most hematologists say that there is no danger—that if it can pass rigid tests set up by the National Institutes of Health, it is indistinguishable from the blood of a healthy, clean-living person.

Other doctors point out, however, that there are no known tests for malaria or jaundice—both of which can be transmitted to patients in blood transfusions. These doctors say that the only way to find out if a donor's blood may be infected with these diseases is to ask him if he ever had them. "Now do you suppose a Bowery bum is going to admit he had jaundice," they ask, "if it means he's going to lose five dollars?" The same situation may come up when friends or relatives offer to replace blood given to a patient by a private blood bank. There, too, a donor may lie if he knows a heavy financial penalty will be levied on the patient if the blood is not replaced on a two-pints-for-one or even a three-pints-for-one basis.

One Rochester, New York, physician told me, "If I ever have an accident in New York City, where there is both Red Cross and private blood, I hope they can move me back to Rochester before they give me a transfusion. In the Rochester area, we have only Red Cross blood, donated by volunteers. Unpaid volunteers don't lie about such serious matters as jaundice and malaria."

Organized Medicine States a Principle

Organized medicine has avoided taking a stand on these as-yet-unresolved health questions, but there has been no mistaking its concern with the serious charges of profiteering. In June, 1952, the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association voted approval of the following principle: "Since blood is derived from human beings only, our aim should continue to be directed at having no profit from trafficking in whole blood itself; however, all services rendered cost something and are paid for by or on behalf of every recipient of such services. The service charge should cover all costs of the operation, including depreciation and expansion reserves, but the realization of profit for the support of other institutional needs should be discouraged."

I asked Dr. Wermer, secretary of the A.M.A.'s Committee on Blood, to interpret this resolution for me, and he said, "It simply means that we feel you can't put a price on part of a human body—and that's what blood is. Therefore, buying and selling blood for profit, except when rare types can't be obtained in any other way, is unethical. As for service charges—covering the collection, storage and distribution of blood, equipment, maintenance and so on—costs vary from locality to locality, but $7 to $12 a pint seems fair in most parts of the country. If a blood bank charges much more than that, I'd say the money is being applied to something else."

It is difficult to run down that "something else." Most private blood banks label themselves nonprofit, but such a designation may mean only that the bank itself cannot show a profit at the end of the year. But it can earn hundreds of thousands of dollars and funnel the money off into other channels. Blood bank personnel can vote themselves handsome salaries, they can assign the money to questionable "research," pay the bills of affiliated organizations, give vague "grants" to co-operating doctors—in short, do almost anything they want with the money.

One Virginia hospital openly stated that it made $300,000 from its blood bank last year and that the profits were applied to other functions of the hospital. At a recent meeting of the American Association of Blood Banks, Dr. Wermer was asked from the floor whether it was proper for blood banks to channel blood money into other functions, such as paying janitors' salaries in hospitals to which the banks are attached. He replied, "Even if the money is spent for worth-while purposes like research, it's unethical if the research has nothing to do with blood."

An A.M.A. investigating commission looked into such a situation in Miami, where the excellent, nonprofit Dade County Blood Bank was associated with a profit-making blood-serum firm—most of whose profits went, in turn, to a third, nonprofit, research outfit. The same doctors were on the board of directors of all three corporations. The commission found no evidence of wrongdoing, but said "widespread doubts and uncertainties" existed and recommended discontinuing the interlocking directorships and interchange of staff personnel.

Profiteering Is Still a Major Problem

Although still smarting under the commission's recommendation, one of the Miami doctors admitted that profiteering in blood was one of the biggest problems faced by the medical profession. "Over 4,000,000 pints of blood are used by civilians in the United States every year," he said. "That's a multimillion-dollar business."

Like other industries, the blood bank field has attracted people of various backgrounds. The principal source of blood in Long Island, New York, for example, is Edward J. Madden, executive director of Inter-County Blood Banks, Inc. Madden—who has fought a successful battle to keep the Red Cross out of Long Island's Nassau County and to limit the distribution of Red Cross blood in Queens, on the ground that he can do the job better—had no previous blood bank experience before he got into the business in June, 1942. He was seen often at Florida race tracks, and at one time owned a stable of race horses (one of which he named Plasma).

Madden says he is in blood-banking strictly for humanitarian purposes and that he and his wife both work for the establishment without salaries. His income, he says, is derived from real-estate holdings in Florida. The blood bank is a nonprofit corporation, supervised by a reputable hematologist, Dr. John M. Scannell, and it enjoys the support of three county medical societies.

Madden willingly offers his books for inspection. He showed them to me, and I noted that he suffered a loss of $60,500 supplying blood last year to indigent patients at Meadowbrook Hospital in East Meadow, Long Island. I also noted that he has an over-all annual surplus of $10,000 to $30,000, which he says "goes to establishing other blood banks."

blood bank last year, then used the money to pay other expenses. Was it ethical?

For each pint of blood administered, Madden demands a replacement of two pints of blood or a fee of $35. His books indicate that seven persons in ten replace the blood; the rest pay cash. In 1953, the cash fees totaled nearly $300,000. These figures serve as background for a curious incident in which Madden was involved in 1950.

Scene of Horror at a Train Wreck

On November 23d of that year, a Long Island Rail Road train crashed into the rear of another crowded train near the Jamaica station, and 77 persons were killed. Dr. Marcus Kogel was then New York City's Commissioner of Hospitals and he rushed to the grim scene to supervise the rescue and treatment of 159 injured survivors. As Dr. Kogel tells it, "The disaster operation was proceeding smoothly and we had plenty of blood from agencies set up to handle such emergencies, when suddenly a man named Edward J. Madden appeared. Without any authority from me, he grabbed the radio facilities and broadcast a call for volunteers to come in and donate blood. Soon the already chaotic area was clogged with thousands of well-meaning citizens answering his appeal. Some 3,000 donors turned up at Madden's blood bank in Jamaica and he collected 400 pints of blood from them. We used none of it."

Reporting on the same incident, The New York Times wrote editorially: "The brutal truth is that neither the radio appeal itself (which was not issued by the Red Cross) nor the generous rush of thousands of citizens to give their blood served any immediately useful purpose. On the contrary, traffic jams were created, sorely overtaxed hospitals were crowded with unnecessary donors and the atmosphere of semihysteria naturally generated by any major disaster could not help but be intensified . . . It can hardly be said that the public was victimized, for the blood given that night eventually was or will be used; but there seems to have been no necessity for the Inter-County Blood Bank to have added to the excitement and the confusion by issuing its radio appeal."

I asked Madden what happened to the 400 pints of free blood he collected. "We gave 100 pints," he said, "to hospitals caring for the train-wreck victims."

"And what about the other 300 pints?" I asked him.

"They went into our general blood pool," Madden explained; "but every donor got a credit of a half pint of blood in case he should ever need a transfusion."

Since only one person in 83 ever requires a transfusion in the New York area, Madden that day gained about 296 pints of blood—worth more than $10,000 at Madden's standard price of $35 a pint.

Many doctors resent the intrusion of lay people into the blood bank business; but Madden has plenty of defenders in the Kings County, Queens County and Nassau County Medical Societies in New York. Why?

The answer goes back to a basic dispute about blood, stemming from two wholly divergent philosophies in the medical profession.

One group of doctors holds that blood is just another therapeutic agent, like penicillin or aspirin, and that the patient should pay for it just as he pays for other medical supplies.

A second group, led by doctors in the Red Cross and the American Medical Association, believes that blood is something special—a part of a human being, in Dr. Wermer's words—and that no one can put a price on it.

In the Early Days of Blood-Banking

The roots of the controversy lie in the history of blood-banking—a development so new that in 1940 one big Chicago hospital gave fewer than 100 transfusions, compared with nearly 5,000 in 1953.

Blood banks were not established in the United States until the mid-1930s, when a method of preserving blood was first discovered. Before that, hos-

Blood at ARC's Peoria Regional Center is stored in this refrigerated room at ideal temperature of 40 degrees. Officials try to keep at least 500 pints on hand, but in summer the supply dwindles to 250. Technicians Verla Rother (left) and Mary Beckman label the blood

pitals maintained lists of "walking blood banks"—paid donors whom they called in for the complicated procedure of transfusing blood directly from the veins of the donor to those of the patient.

Some hospitals early sensed the money-making possibilities in blood and charged distraught families as much as $500 a pint for emergency transfusions. Other hospitals found it difficult to get blood and insisted that a patient's family replace all blood used—on as much as a four-pints-for-one ratio—or pay a heavy penalty fee. Some hospital blood banks found it easier to pay derelicts $5 a pint than to hound relatives. A few institutions ran their blood banks on low-cost, humanitarian grounds. In general, a hospital's blood bank policy depended on which school of thought it favored—the "blood-is-just-another-drug" school, or the "blood-is-part-of-a-human-being" school.

But then came World War II, and almost overnight the hospitals lost their control of the situation. The armed forces needed millions of pints of blood to treat shock and wounds on the battlefield, and the handful of hospital blood banks just were not capable of delivering that volume. So at the request of the Army and the Navy, the American Red Cross began to establish blood donor centers in 1941. Everyone knows the magnificent story of the wartime Red Cross blood centers.

More than 13,000,000 pints of blood were given freely by the American people to the Red Cross from 1941 to 1945 (and later, 6,000,000 more were donated through the Red Cross for our troops in Korea and for civilian defense against atomic attack).

But the war also opened a Pandora's box of trouble in the blood bank field. Here and there so-called "community blood banks" sprang up, using the Red Cross technique of soliciting free contributions of blood for use in all local hospitals. Some even worked under contract to the Red Cross in collecting blood for defense. Then medical officers came back from the wars convinced of blood's value as a lifesaver in shock, accident and hemorrhage cases. They, too, pushed the development of blood banks in their home towns. The development, unfortunately, followed the patterns already laid down in their localities, so blood banks of all varieties mushroomed helter-skelter, each following its own methods of collecting and distributing blood.

ARTHUR LAVINE

Private blood banks, where men sell their blood for $5 a pint, are found in "skid row" of many cities. By time blood reaches the patient, the price may be as high as $100 a pint

An Urgent Appeal to the Red Cross

The final contribution to the chaos came in 1947, when the Red Cross asked a commission of 50 prominent physicians to study the national blood bank situation. The doctors reported that many communities had little or no blood for civilian use—that thousands of Americans were dying unnecessarily each year for lack of blood. They urged the Red Cross to re-establish the blood-banking facilities it had operated so successfully during the war. The Red Cross agreed to go into the civilian blood business, but only in communities where no other adequate blood banks existed, and only where the local medical society approved.

On January 12, 1948, the Red Cross opened the first of 44 so-called Regional Blood Centers, each located in a major city but serving doctors and hospitals in a large surrounding area. That's when the howls began to go up from some of the private blood banks. For, though arrangements vary in different communities, the Red Cross insists on two basic principles: that blood be furnished only on a one-for-one replacement basis, and that the patient receive the blood without charge. This is not "free" blood because the costs are borne by the American public through their regular contributions to the Red Cross. Nevertheless, some doctors running local blood banks sent up the cry of "socialism" and began their attempts to force the Red Cross out of the blood business. In most communities, however, there was harmony. There are places today where the program is running so smoothly that doctors and lay people alike were amazed to learn from me that there is controversy and bitterness in other parts of the country.

The Tragic Death of a Rural Mother

Rochester, New York, for example, provides a picture of hope for the rest of the nation. In 1947, every hospital in Rochester had its own blood bank, but the blood was expensive and the supplies were limited. In the rural areas, there was virtually no blood at all. One of Rochester's distinguished physicians, Dr. Albert D. Kaiser, says, "I remember case after case where people died because the right kind of blood wasn't available at the right time. I particularly recall one woman in Albion, New York, who had severe hemorrhaging one night in childbirth. They didn't have any blood available in the nearby hospitals. We had to send 40 miles for a technician to test the blood of donors, and we didn't get blood until 6:00 A.M. By that time it was too late. The woman had died."

In 1946, all the hospitals of the 12-county Rochester area banded together into a Regional Coun-

"To make the best—
begin with the best."

The Tomato that ripens from the inside out—
the Campbell Tomato

There was a time when it wasn't easy to know when to pick a tomato. Some of the best varieties were downright deceitful. They looked ripe and red on the outside when they were still tough and green on the inside.

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So today it's no trouble at all to know when to pick the *Campbell Tomato.* And when you taste that vine-ripened flavor in a Campbell tomato product, you'll be glad we pick lots of them. And we think, perhaps, you'll nod your head approvingly the next time we say: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

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Tomato Soup *Tomato Juice* *Tomato Ketchup*
Pork & Beans with Tomato Sauce
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Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Meat
Franco-American Spaghetti (Tomato Sauce with Cheese)

cil and Dr. Kaiser was asked to investigate the medical needs of the group. He says, "Every hospital outside of Rochester itself told me, 'Give us blood. We can't afford to run blood banks or to hire technicians, but we need blood badly.' Doctors returning from the service added to the clamor. Among them was Dr. Herbert R. Brown, Jr., the Navy commander whose blood bank on Guam saved thousands of lives in the Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions. He suggested the same kind of central blood bank that he had run in the Pacific.

"It was then that the Red Cross stepped in. They offered to finance and run a Regional Blood Center here, provided they got the concurrence of the local medical societies and hospitals. They got that concurrence. The co-operation was complete and none of us has regretted it since."

TODAY, the Regional Blood Center in Rochester serves 43 hospitals in an area of 5,000 square miles. Every person who lives in that area gets all the Red Cross blood he needs, without charge. The blood is provided by voluntary contributions of the citizens of the area and they have never failed to meet their quota.

How do Rochester's doctors and hospital officials feel about the Red Cross blood center? Dr. Frederick W. Bush, the president of Rochester's Monroe County Medical Society, says, "In the light of its performance, how can I do anything but endorse the program as it operates here in Rochester?" Joseph Henry, executive director of the Rochester Regional Hospital Council, told me, "The attitude of the hospitals is that the Red Cross blood center is the best thing to come down the pike." Dr. Kaiser, who has held every position and won every honor in the local medical society, declared, "If we ever go back to the old commercial blood bank basis, the people would be furious and the doctors would suffer."

I spoke with Mrs. Dorothy White, a nurse who used to run the profitable private blood bank at Rochester General Hospital, and she said, "In the old days we had to keep searching for donors—often in the middle of the night. It was a difficult, nerve-racking business and I'm glad to be rid of it. The new system is wonderful. Now I just open the refrigerator. It is always kept stacked with all possible blood types by the Red Cross."

The Rochester experience is not unusual. I heard similar stories at other Red Cross blood centers and in cities like San Francisco, Milwaukee and Minneapolis, where there are fine central blood banks that are run without profit by civic-minded residents of the community.

In many areas, however, the picture is not so bright. In Chicago, for example, there is no central blood bank and the Red Cross has not been allowed into the city by the medical society, except to collect defense blood in wartime. The local medical society feels that there is enough blood for civilians and that overcharges and other abuses are not their concern. There are more than 50 private blood banks in Chicago, each operating in a different way. One of the main sources of supply is from the men along West Madison Street, Chicago's skid row. Fees to patients range from $7.50 to $100 a pint, with replacement rates varying from a one-pint-for-one to a four-pints-for-one basis. If a citizen of Chicago wants to contribute a pint of blood for defense today, he must travel 50 miles to one of the Bloodmobiles operating from the Red Cross Regional Blood Centers at Peoria, Illinois, or Madison, Wisconsin.

In Houston, so much rancor was stirred up by the fight between the Red Cross and the Harris County Medical Society that the city lagged behind in blood collections for our troops in Korea and for civil defense. Houston's doctors abrogated their agreement with the Red Cross, charging (in addition to the "socialism" accusation) that the Red Cross was taking too much time to open its blood center. Instead, they signed a contract with Southwest Bloodbanks, Inc., which operates out of Phoenix, Arizona.

The executive director of Southwest Bloodbanks, Inc., is W. Quinn Jordan, a former worker in the Arizona State Welfare Department, who was appointed in 1946 to investigate the failing Salt River Valley Blood Bank, run by the Maricopa County Medical Society in Phoenix. During his investigation, Jordan became so interested in the possibilities of blood-banking that he decided to take over management of the Salt River Valley establishment. In a short time, he had built up a thriving enterprise serving 4,000,000 people in eastern California, Arizona, southern Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana and northern Mexico.

Mr. Jordan runs an efficient, ethical outfit, but it cannot live up to the A.M.A. principle against trafficking in human blood because it purchases much of its blood from down-and-outers and charges patients $20 a pint if they do not replace on a two-pints-for-one basis. The Houston Post wrote that the Southwest bank is "merely a facility for the buying, processing and selling of blood"; and the ultraconservative Houston Chronicle declared that while most people are opposed to socialism, they also are tired of paying usurious prices for blood and that it would seem that the Southwest Bloodbanks' rates are "still rather steep for persons of moderate means."

NEW YORK CITY has an equally confused situation. There are Red Cross blood centers in Manhattan, the Bronx and Brooklyn, but they do not provide coverage to everybody, as in Rochester. The local medical societies will permit them to collect blood only for defense, for the city hospitals and for indigent city patients in private hospitals. As an afterthought, the county societies also allowed the Red Cross to set up a "credit system," whereby employee groups and other organizations can contribute blood to the Red Cross, against which any member of the group can draw whenever blood is needed. Some of New York's private blood banks have credit systems, too, but they operate on a two-pints-for-one basis. In other words, you have to contribute two pints of blood in advance in order to get one when you need it. If you have no credits, you can be charged fantastic prices for blood in New York City.

The Blood Banks Association of New York State, a voluntary clearinghouse for blood organizations, has become very sensitive about public reaction to charges of blood profiteering; recently it came up with a new "assurance plan." Under this plan, if you contribute one pint of blood, you or any member of your immediate family can each get four pints of blood for one year, if you need it. The trouble is that only a small percentage of the contributors will ever need it, and some probing New York newspapermen figured out that there was a mathematical certainty of a tremendous surplus, which could be sold by the blood banks at a profit of several million dollars.

When this aspect of the program was disclosed, Dr. William M. Markel of the Red Cross promptly resigned from the association's board of directors. In an exchange of letters with the association, Dr. David N. W. Grant, medical director of the American National Red Cross, wrote, "As the program of the association developed, we have been concerned about some of the actions taken by it and its representatives. We are particularly concerned about the assurance program sponsored by the association that contemplates selling a large percentage of the blood collected, while nowhere in the brochure of the association is this fact given to the public."

BUT the antagonists in blood feuds are not always the doctors and the Red Cross. Often the feuding involves doctors versus doctors, or doctors versus hospitals. In Miami, for example, some hospitals revolted against the excellent doctor-run Dade County Blood Bank in 1952 and established their own blood facilities. When asked for the reason, one of Miami's most prominent physicians told Miami Herald associate editor John Pennekamp, "The hospitals had to pay the blood bank each month for the blood they used. As the use of blood became more general, these checks became larger. So they decided to go into the blood bank business and thus retain for themselves some of the checks they were paying out."

What has been the reaction to such behavior? Some of it has been very costly for the nation. The federal government knows that vast quantities of blood plasma and blood derivatives must be stockpiled to save lives in the event of an atomic or H-bomb attack. Unless these blood products are available to fight shock and replace lost blood, millions of Americans will lose their lives during the first days of any new war.

The Red Cross (with the help of a few private blood banks under contract to it) is the only agency authorized to collect blood for defense. The government reports that blood donations are falling off. Why? Partly, it seems certain, because many people think that *all* blood banks are operated by the Red Cross, and when they hear of unscrupulousness by private blood bank owners they think the Red Cross is trafficking in their blood. Nothing could be further from the truth, but several people told me they had stopped contributing blood for defense "because the Red Cross sells blood."

The Red Cross, on its part, is weary of the bickering and the innuendoes, and would, where feasible, like nothing better than to have other organizations take over.

Even the most rabid opponents of the Red Cross agree, however, that no one else can muster the vast army of volunteers necessary to do the blood-recruiting job for a national emergency—or to supply civilian blood in widespread areas that can't possibly be covered by private blood banks.

The wrangling and the profiteering and the skid row operations have not done the medical profession any good, either. There is a mounting tide of public indignation. Typical is the indignation of Republican Congressman Robert B. Chiperfield of Illinois, whose wife was taken to a hospital in Chicago for an operation which required many blood transfusions. The Chiperfields are residents of the area covered by the Red Cross Regional Blood Center in Peoria, and so are entitled to Red Cross blood without charge. The hospital in Chicago accepted seven pints of the Red Cross blood to replace the seven pints administered to Mrs. Chiperfield —*but then they billed the congressman for seven pints more, at forty dollars a pint.*

Representative Chiperfield hit the ceiling. He wrote furious letters and spoke out against trafficking in blood. He considered blocking public grants to the hospital. The hospital eventually refunded his $280. But think of the lasting bitterness that similar actions have engendered in people who do not have the retaliatory power of a congressman.

Is there any hope of ending the bitterness and making some order out of the blood bank chaos? Fortunately, some of our wiser medical heads have stepped in to end the confusion. In June, 1953, Dr. Robert Lee Dennis, of San Jose, California, proposed to the House of Delegates of the A.M.A. "the establishment of a co-ordinated national blood bank program organized by the American Medical Association, the American National Red Cross and other qualified organizations interested in blood-banking."

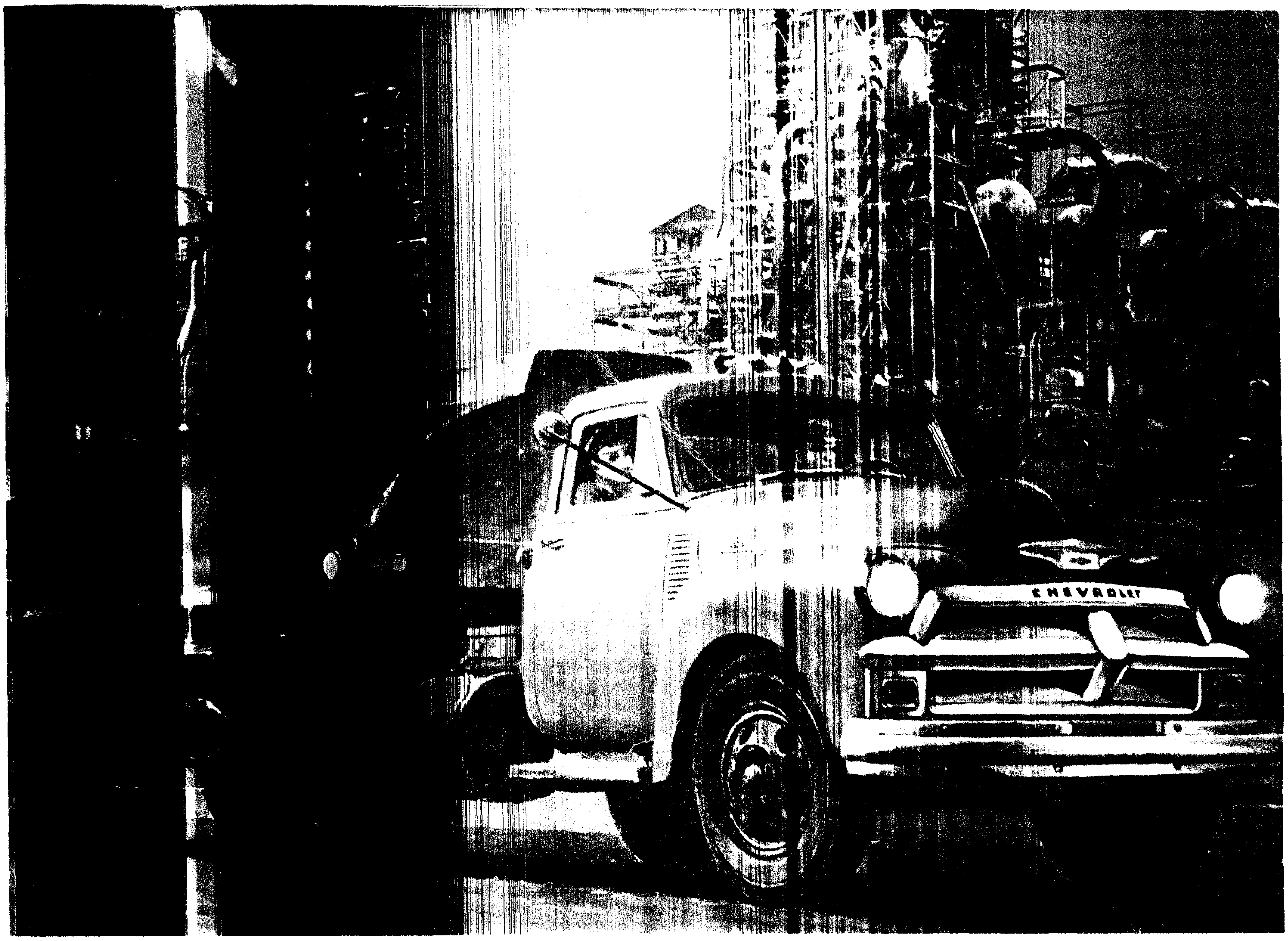
The resolution passed, and led to meetings among representatives of the A.M.A., the Red Cross, the American Hospital Association, the American Association of Blood Banks and the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. A plan for a National Blood Foundation was agreed upon and approved in principle by all five organizations this year.

The goals of the foundation plan include: (1) free exchange of blood among all members on a one-unit-for-one basis, (2) elimination of profiteering, with only a service charge to the patient based on the actual costs of collecting, processing and distributing the blood and (3) a system of accreditation and inspection, with all member blood banks required to meet health standards fixed by the government's National Institutes of Health, and ethical standards which are basically those of the A.M.A.

I DISCUSSED the proposed foundation with Dr. Paul Wermer of the A.M.A. He said: "It simply means that the Red Cross and the private blood banks can work side by side in a national network that will supply the needs of all the people. Since needs vary from community to community, the local medical, hospital and blood-banking groups will decide what type of banks they want, but for the first time there will be standardization through an all-important accreditation feature. We have no police power, but we'll rely on public co-operation. We'll make people aware that, for their own protection, they should insist on accredited blood banks only. In that way, we should eliminate most of the abuses in the blood field today.

"The A.M.A.'s essential interest is providing enough safe blood at the lowest possible cost to our patients. This plan is the best method of achieving that objective."

Will the new Blood Foundation become a reality? It's still touch and go. Only one thing is certain: if the plan doesn't go through, you and I and our children will be paying blood money for years to come. ▲▲▲



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A New Way to Help

All over the U.S., mental patients are being taken to parties, dances, picnics. It's not just fun; it's medicine—this show of human kindness is helping them regain useful lives

HOSPITAL psychiatrists are tapping the community, with remarkable success, for new sources of an ancient but long-neglected medicine for mental disease—the milk of human kindness. Channeled through a dynamic program conducted by the Veterans Administration medical department for its 51,000 patients with neuropsychiatric disorders, the remedy is pouring into mental hospitals in ever-increasing amounts directly from the hearts of dedicated men and women in the community. As a result, more and more mental patients are being restored to normal and useful lives—lives that otherwise would waste away in psychiatric wards.

This mobilization of human kindness in behalf of hospitalized patients is being organized by the Veterans Administration Volunteer Service (VAVS). It has already enlisted 700,000 volunteer workers in communities surrounding VA hospitals, and these people are donating a total of 5,000,000 hours a year toward the treatment and comfort of 110,289 patients in the VA's 172 medical institutions, including 38 psychiatric facilities. Some 40 national and 400 local organizations are co-operating in this growing program, and it is having its most striking success with mental patients.

The VAVS program extends far beyond mere hospital visiting to "cheer up the boys" (though this is part of it); it reaches deep into the community with a network of "off-hospital" activities in which the patients *participate* in normal community affairs. The major goals, in so far as they affect psychiatric patients, are:

- To help forge links between the hospital wards and the outside world.
- To help crack, gently, the shell of the inner world of fantasy to which the "lost ones" have retreated.
- To ease the burden on overworked, undermanned professional staffs. (Despite their great contribution, however, volunteers can never replace trained professional personnel.)
- To help restore the mental patient's shattered faith in human beings.
- To help generally in "resocializing" or "re-educating" the patient to resume normal life.

I saw the VAVS program in operation at the VA hospital for neuropsychiatric cases in Palo Alto, California, where more than 1,000 volunteers recruited from local civic, veterans, women's, fraternal and sports organizations contribute a total of 150,000 hours of service annually. What I saw was inspiring.

I saw cheerful men and women volunteers bustle around barbecues and picnics given off the hospital grounds for mental patients, some of whom had not left the hospital for 10, 15 or 20 years. I saw

Between visits from the volunteers, life hangs heavy for these chronic patients in the Veterans Administration hospital in Palo Alto, Calif.

"The Lost Ones"

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

Mrs. Mabel Fine, a San Jose, Calif., gold-star mother who has been coming to hospital for four years, feeds patient in geriatrics ward

Chronic patients eagerly look forward to weekly ballroom-dancing classes, taught by instructors of local Arthur Murray dance group

Miss Lois Moran, who stars in the TV serial Waterfront and lives in a nearby town, lead a group of neighbors in a dance session with "regressed," or deteriorated, patients who needed desperately to know that there were people who cared about them.

I was told of many other activities arranged and conducted by volunteer groups—deep-sea fishing parties off Santa Cruz, outdoor sketching classes, sight-seeing tours, trips to sporting events. Still other volunteers come to the hospital regularly to serve refreshments, play music, sing, read, mend patients' clothes, even lovingly feed men with neurological disorders that paralyzed or palsied their hands. "The volunteers are a godsend to us," says Dr. John J. Prusmack, manager (superintendent) of the Palo Alto VA hospital. "They are doing wonders with and for the patients."

Like most mental hospitals, Palo Alto has several "locked" wards—for patients who might harm themselves or others, or who have deteriorated too far to be allowed to wander about.

It is the locked-ward patients, most difficult of all for nonprofessionals to work with, who need help most. At the Palo Alto hospital, they get a major share of attention from the volunteers. For example, every month through most of the year, the Santa Cruz chapter of the Disabled American Veterans invites an entire locked ward—the psychiatrist, nurses, attendants and other staff members along with the patients—to an all-day picnic at its lovely lodge in the woods near Felton, about 40 miles from Palo Alto.

I attended one of the DAV picnics at the lodge. Twenty-four patients from Ward 16—a locked ward of chronic, regressed men whose average stay in the mental hospital was about 10 years—were guests. It was hard to believe that the men who sank so contentedly into the deep leather chairs in the lodge, puffing away at cigars and cigarettes, dressed in neat business and sport suits, were the same patients I had seen two days earlier in Ward 16. Here, in the lodge, they looked like any group of clubmen enjoying a stag outing in a woodland retreat. In Ward 16, I had seen them slumping on bare benches, gazing emptily into space or mumbling excitedly in speech none of the others could comprehend.

Later the patients sat outdoors at rough tables under the shade of redwood trees and ate baked chicken dinners. While some exchanged pleasantries with their friendly hosts, Mrs. Mildred Carmichael, head nurse of Ward 16, remarked to me:

"There's Joe, handling his knife and fork perfectly. In the hospital, he invariably wolfs his food with his fingers. Tom, there, whom you see passing the bread platter, is a grabber at the ward table—always trying to snatch food from his neighbor's plate. That patient who's conversing with the DAV man sitting next to him—why, usually, he talks schizophrenic gibberish at the table. It's wonderful to see this transformation when the patients get a break off-hospital."

Largely as result of such volunteer work, the atmosphere in Palo Alto's chronic wards has changed. The patients have become more relaxed, more lively, more socialized. Sparks of interest first kindled by volunteers—a responsive smile, a nod of the head, a word, a friendly gesture—have been followed up by the professional staff in lighting the will to get well, a vital consideration in the recovery potential of mental patients. In fact, patients who had never been expected to get well have begun to leave the hospital in significant numbers.

I talked with one recovered patient, a World War II veteran who had been hospitalized for three years and was scheduled to leave the hospital the next week. Here's what he said:

"The volunteers did wonders for me. They have taken me out for dinners, to parties with their families and friends, to picnics and square and folk dancing. Several are trying to find employment for me on the outside. They played a great part in my recovery, and I will never forget them."

The expansion of volunteer service is bringing a new look, a new hope, in mental hospitals. It is reaching into the dreary wards of the forlorn and helping bring the forgotten ones back into normal community life. It represents one of the most significant advances in the mental health movement. Individuals and organizations seeking effective ways of helping their fellow men might do well by joining the volunteer army.

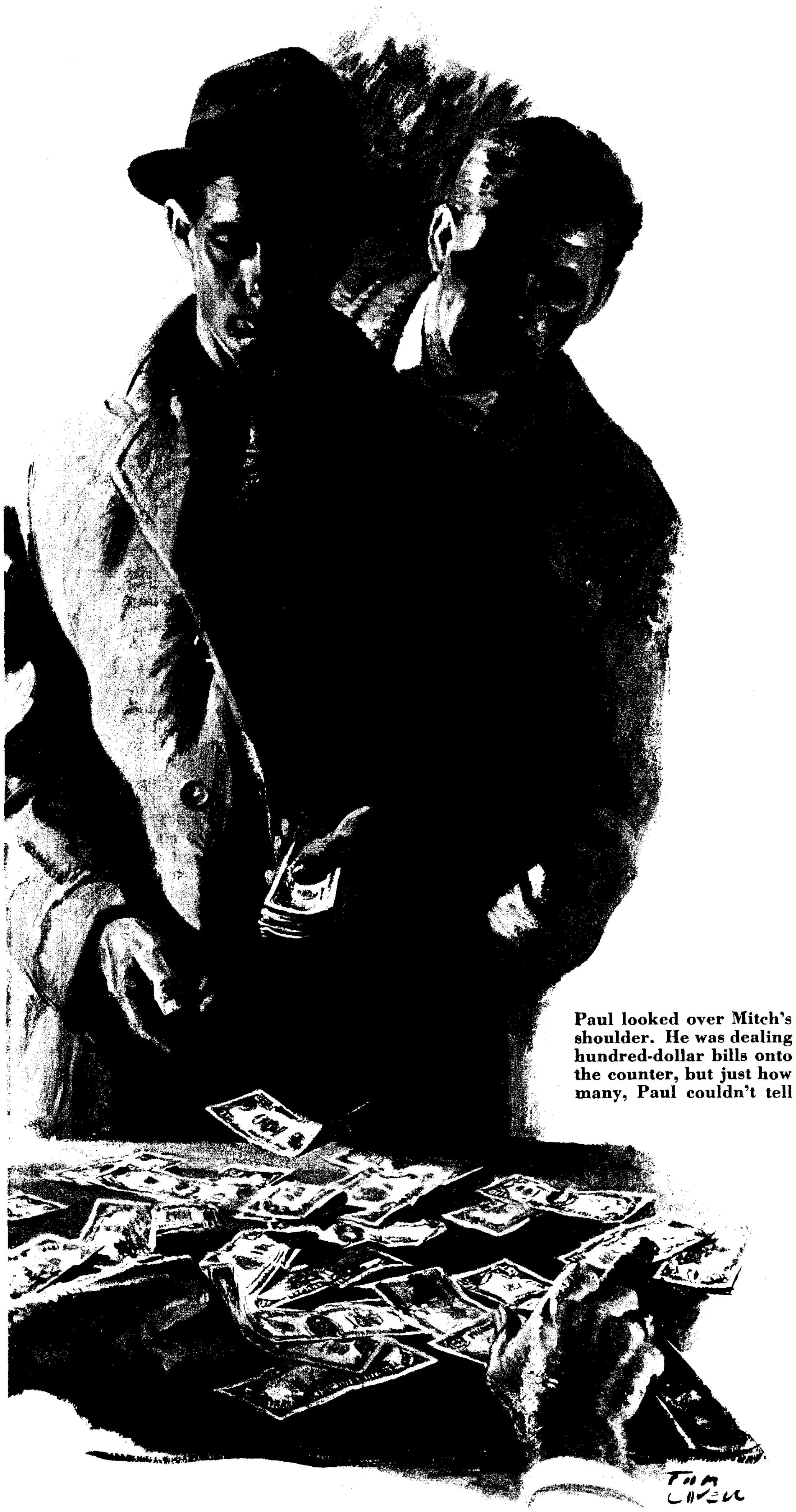
Twenty-six patients leave Santa Cruz, Calif., on Elks-sponsored fishing trip

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

The BIG WIN

Paul wanted this victory for his team; he didn't care what it cost him personally—his job, his reputation, his whole future

By BONNER McMILLION



Paul looked over Mitch's shoulder. He was dealing hundred-dollar bills onto the counter, but just how many, Paul couldn't tell

The Story: In his first year as high-school football coach at Coulton, a small town in west Texas, PAUL WATSON got his team to the state semifinals. And if he could win there, he would be in a position to realize the next step in his ambition—head coach of Burrington College. Now, though, Paul had to play politics with R. V. REAGAN, a local businessman and the father of Paul's quarterback, BOBBY. Reagan didn't like the way MITCH MITCHELL—a local gambler whose son, ROBIN, was on the team—hung around the gym; and he doubted that the town would favor DONNIE QUILLEN, the only Negro on the team, as a replacement for Bobby, who had been hurt in practice and might not be able to play in the semifinals. Paul agreed about Mitchell, but as "MR. JIM" HEDRICK, assistant coach, pointed out, Donnie *had* to be tried at quarterback. Then HENRY BOLIN, a big-time gambler and owner of a motel near San Antonio, tried to blackmail Paul. Bolin had a picture showing Paul and another teacher, HELEN JENKINS, in front of one of the motel cabins. Paul and Helen had stopped there for coffee one night, but the implications were damaging. Bolin told Paul that unless he lost the semifinal game, Paul's wife, GRACE, and Coulton school officials would receive prints of the picture. At first Paul agreed, stalling for time, but then he told Mitchell, whom he figured to be Bolin's local representative, that the deal was off. Even at the risk of wrecking his career, he would not throw the game. To add to Paul's troubles, Mr. Reagan told him the town was up in arms over a Negro's replacing Bobby; but when Paul put the question to the team, they voted to keep Donnie. Finally, on the night the town gave Paul a testimonial dinner, Mitch convinced Paul that he was not involved in Bolin's blackmail scheme, and he offered to help—he thought he could outbluff Bolin and get the pictures. Mitch admitted he was interested in the team because of Robin, and in the school because of Helen Jenkins—whom he was going to marry. It was too late for Paul to tell Mitch that Helen was the woman involved with him in Bolin's threat. He went with Mitch to see Bolin.

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS

THE minutes dragged—twenty, now thirty—and suddenly a car skidded to a stop outside. Bolin and two men got out, slamming the doors. Bolin led the way to the motel office. Paul leaped to his feet, but Mitch remained seated. Bolin stopped in the door, looking past Paul at Mitch. "Well, well," he said, "if it ain't the king of the galloping dominoes." He called over his shoulder, "Come on in, boys. They're harmless." Then he barked at the attendant, "Take a break, Hammerhead."

The attendant stood aside while Bolin's companions entered. One was thin and tall; the other was dark and stocky and bald.

"Well, Slim and Quincy!" Mitch said. "I thought you boys would be on television by now."

Bolin rapped on the counter like a judge bringing his court to order. "Let's keep it nice now," he warned. "I don't like to lose my temper."

Mitch seemed to take notice of Bolin for the first time. He smiled, closed his magazine and tucked it neatly in the rack. Then he got up and walked to the counter.

"How much you betting Saturday?" he said to Bolin. "Five thousand? Ten?"

Bolin looked at him. "Did you come all the way over here just to ask me that? I could have told you by telephone that it ain't none of your damned business."

"Let's call it ten," Mitch said. "That makes the picture worth ten thousand dollars to you—in case you win. Have you placed it yet?"

"Don't make me mad, Mitchell," Bolin said. "I want you to stay healthy. I've got three thousand bucks to win back from you."

"Any time you're feeling lucky," Mitch told him mildly, "you can bring your own dice. But I'd say you haven't bet anything yet. You won't until Friday, until the odds settle. So here's something you ought to consider, Bolin. A bet's a bet even when you've got everything fixed. You might win. On the other hand, you might get double-crossed. If you want something for that picture, you'd better take what you can get—now—tonight."

Bolin looked at Paul with a cold, measuring stare. "You've taken up with bad company, Watson. I can't say I like that." His voice was gently admonishing. "You ain't going to do no double-crossing."

Mitch said, "Tell him, Paul."

"You can go straight to hell, Bolin," Paul said, and he felt good.

Bolin looked as if he had been slapped. "I'll ruin you, Watson,"

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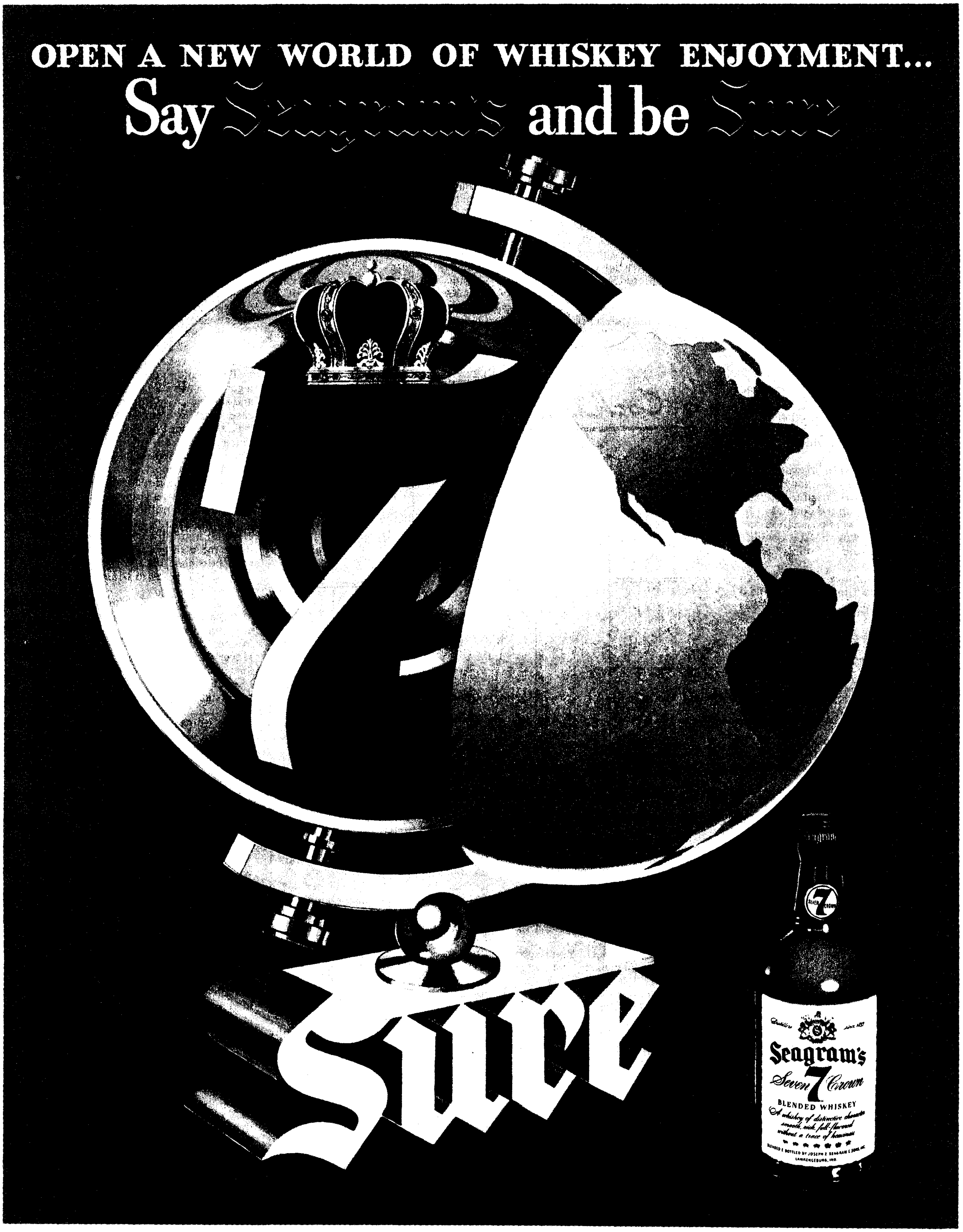

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he roared. "I'll run you out of this state! And you, Mitchell, get out of here. Watson and I understood each other until you butted in!"

"Sure," Mitch said. "But that picture's not going to be worth anything to you Saturday. I'd like to see if it's worth anything to you now." Opening his overcoat as he talked, he reached a hand inside.

Quincy, the fat gunman, reacted instantly. His hand darted under his coat, and Paul saw the blue butt of a gun in a shoulder holster. Mitch saw the movement, turned and laughed. He went over to Quincy with his arms raised. Quincy, looking somewhat pained, patted him cautiously, then turned to Bolin and shrugged.

MITCH reached back inside his coat and brought out a roll of bills as large as a baseball. Quincy whispered, "Juduss!" and moved closer. Mitch walked over to the counter, smoothing the crisp, new bills. Bolin had shown no outward interest but he was waiting, reserving judgment.

"You can start counting," Mitch told him, and began tossing bills on the counter, slowly, one at a time, like a dealer in a card game. Each bill, as it was dealt, made a tiny, whisking sound in the dead-silent room.

Paul moved forward to watch, unable to resist, and saw that the bills were all hundreds. He tried to estimate the stack and pick up the count, but he was too late. They were past a thousand now—nearly at two—but he couldn't be sure. He glanced at Bolin's face; it was impassive.

It seemed minutes before Mitch stopped. The wad in his hand looked undiminished, but the counter was strewn with bills. Mitch was looking at Bolin, gauging him, and Bolin said, "I'm still counting."

Mitch peeled more bills off the stack, each a little slower. He was wavering. His face looked worried and unsure. Suddenly he said, "Hell, Bolin, that picture's not worth anything," and reached for the money.

Quincy gasped, "Hank!"

Bolin's hand shot out and landed on the money, and he grinned. "That's as high as I can count."

"The picture," Mitch said. "Let's have it."

Bolin glared at him for a moment, then sighed and stood up. Behind him, embedded in the wall, was a small safe. He unlocked it and brought a Manila envelope to the counter. He handed it to Mitch and said, "It's all there. The negative and eleven prints. I mailed one of the prints to your friend Romeo."

Paul stared desperately at the envelope. His eyes never left it as Mitch picked it up and unfastened the clasp. Mitch reached inside, feeling the contents, and Paul tensed himself for the instant when Mitch would bring out the pictures and see that the woman in them was Helen Jenkins. He glanced at Mitch and saw that he was looking not at the envelope but at Bolin. Then he realized, in a surge of relief, that Mitch didn't want to see the pictures, would never look at them.

Mitch handed him the envelope. "Check it," he said. "Tell me if you think it's all right."

Paul thumbed the pictures quickly. "All right," he said.

Mitch put the remainder of his money in his pocket. "Okay, Bolin," he said, "a deal's a deal. Don't try to cross me."

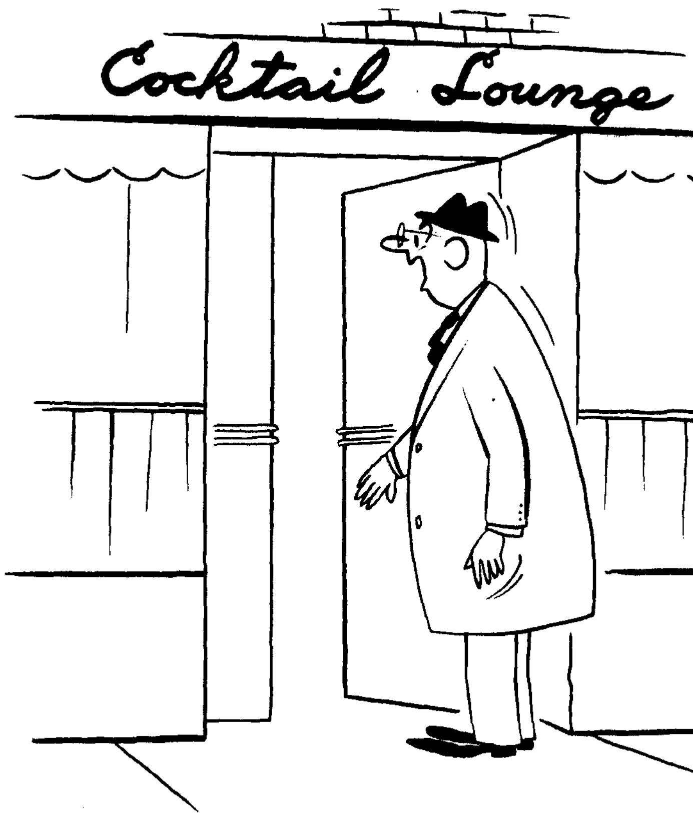
"Cross you?" Bolin said. "I don't even know you. Get out of here."

Mitch drove fast, as always, until they got into the downtown traffic. Then he relaxed and exhaled sharply. "That was real easy. I figured he'd go for a play like that. Bolin's just not a gambler. He's too scared—too afraid he'll lose."

Paul's mind was still dizzy, lingering on the vision of Mitch tossing hundred-dollar bills onto the counter. It was hard to believe, even with the envelope clutched in his hand, that Bolin no longer represented a threat to him. He looked at Mitch, wondering how, if ever, he could thank him. "How much did it cost you?" he asked.

Mitch lifted his shoulder. "I wasn't counting. What difference does it make? We got what we wanted."

"What difference does it make?" Paul was aghast. It wasn't possible to be casual about hundred-dollar bills. "It makes a big difference to me. I've got to pay you back."



COLLIER'S "Is my daughter in there?"

Mitch laughed. "On your salary—with a baby due any day?"

"It'll have to be in installments," Paul said, "but I'll pay back every cent. I'll never be able to thank you."

"Forget it. I feel noble as hell right now. Let me enjoy it."

"And I feel like a heel. You're going to get your money back whether you want it or not."

"To be honest about it," Mitch said quietly, "you just don't want to be in debt to a gambler—any gambler—isn't that it?"

"No, that isn't it at all."

"Then forget it," Mitch insisted. "Stop trying to be noble. Bobby Reagan's dad crams a bond issue down the voters' throats and gets a new gymnasium for Coulton. Morris Anderson's president of the Quarterback Club. Every man in town does what he can to help the team along. See what I mean?"

Paul nodded. "But, Mitch, five thousand—ten thousand dollars—"

"Forget it," Mitch said.

When they stopped for coffee on the far side of the city, Paul still had the envelope in his hand. "Are you saving that for your scrapbook?" Mitch asked.

"What?" Paul noticed the envelope and grinned. "I'd forgotten about it."

Mitch got out his cigarette lighter, flicked it, and Paul held a corner of the envelope in the flame.

FRIDAY morning Bobby Reagan came to Paul's office before classes to show him how well his knee had recovered. He jogged, did knee bends, went through the motions of punting. "See," he said happily, "good as new."

Later Paul called Dr. Morgan. "I didn't tell him he could play," Morgan said. "I merely told him the knee had responded sufficiently to stop treatment."

"Then you think he shouldn't play Saturday?"

Paul heard the doctor sigh. "Paul, Bob Reagan seems to think that if he asks that question often enough, he'll finally wear me down. I'm not going to assume his responsibility in the matter. But if Bobby were my son, I wouldn't let him play."

That afternoon R. V. Reagan showed up at the football field—along with several hundred other people. The crowd had heard the report that Bobby was back, and when they saw him trotting onto the field with the rest of the squad they whistled, shouted and began milling and talking excitedly. Reagan observed this with businesslike calm; his face showed no expression, but his eyes never left the field.

After calisthenics, Paul took Bobby aside and worked with him for some time. If the knee were weak or pained, he knew he would notice it even though Bobby tried to conceal the fact. But the boy was as loose and agile as ever. It was hard to believe that he had ever been injured.

Paul sent him to join the squad and walked over to the side line. "Well, what do you think?" Reagan asked.

"He seems okay to me," Paul said. "I'm no doctor. He's your son, Mr. Reagan. What do you think?"

"Well," Reagan said, "Doc Morgan seems to think it's all right. Of course, we don't want to take any risks with the boy, but the way I see it, Doc knows his business. He wouldn't okay it if he wasn't absolutely sure. And a lot of people are going to be disappointed if Bobby misses that game. They never will forgive you if you hold him out on the slim chance he might get hurt again."

Paul looked at him. "I'm not holding him out," he said. "You're his father. It's strictly up to you."

Reagan shook his head. "No, Paul, it's not my decision. Morgan's the doctor. You're the coach. Morgan said yesterday that the knee was well. You see Bobby out there. Can you see anything wrong with him? Can all those people see anything wrong with him? No. Then what are you going to tell them if you don't let Bobby play?"

After an hour on the field and another hour around the dressing-room blackboard, Paul dismissed the players and started to walk home. The air was crisp and clear, and before he knew it he was whistling.

This wouldn't do. On the day before a game he was supposed to be wretched and subdued. Optimism was a fatal disease in his profession, but the feeling was there and he couldn't shake it. Since Wednesday night, when Hank Bolin had ceased to be a menace and became a memory—since two hours ago, when he had realized, ignoring the risks, that he was going to start Bobby Reagan at quarterback—the week had lost all portents of doom. Now, at the eleventh hour, it was possible to regard the game clearly for the first time. It was possible, though unlikely, that Coulton was going to win.

WHEN he reached his house, a car he didn't know was parked at the curb and two men were waiting for him in the living room. One was Doyle Haverland, a name Paul had known as long as he had known the meaning of football. Doyle Haverland had won three state championships before Paul was born. As head coach at Burrington College, his teams had been the first in the Southwest to gain national acclaim. Now, as a semi-retired director of athletics, he was a living legend. It was strange to meet him, of all places, in his own living room. The other man was Wilson Buckner, chairman of the athletic committee at Burrington.

"We've been hearing a lot about you, Watson," Buckner said, shaking hands.

Grace came in then, carrying a tray with cups and a steaming pot of coffee, and the three men began to talk casually of football. But after a while, when Paul had begun to think their visit had no point, Doyle Haverland looked at his watch and said, "Paul, you know why we're here, of course. We're looking for a new head coach at Burrington. Ben Davis is planning to resign."

Paul knew about Ben Davis. The man had had three bad seasons in a row. Few coaches did that without planning to resign.

"We'll be accepting applications after the first of the year," Haverland said.

"Don't be so darned formal, Doyle," Buckner interrupted. "We're scouting for a new coach, and we think you might fill the order, Paul. Personally, I think the wing and spread is silly as hell, but if you can make it work at Burrington the way you have here, and if you want to apply for the job—"

"Who's being formal?" Haverland said. "Paul, we'll put it this way. We have to take applications and hold interviews. But if you want the job, I think it's yours, with the understanding

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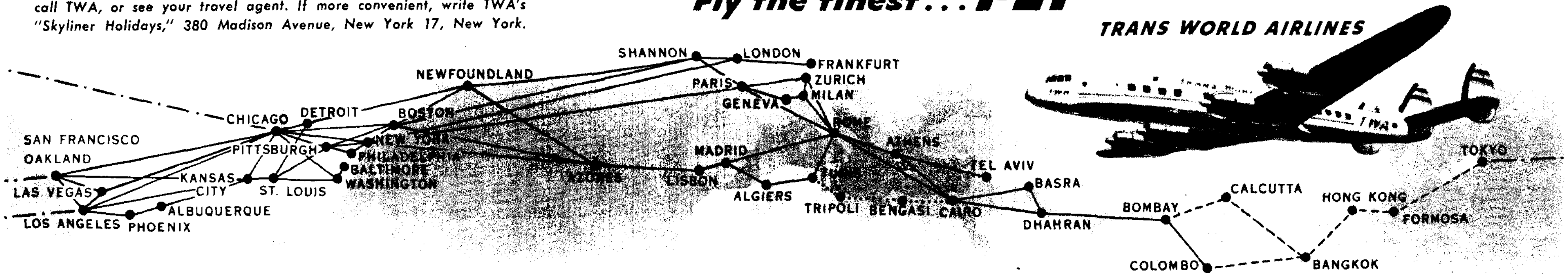
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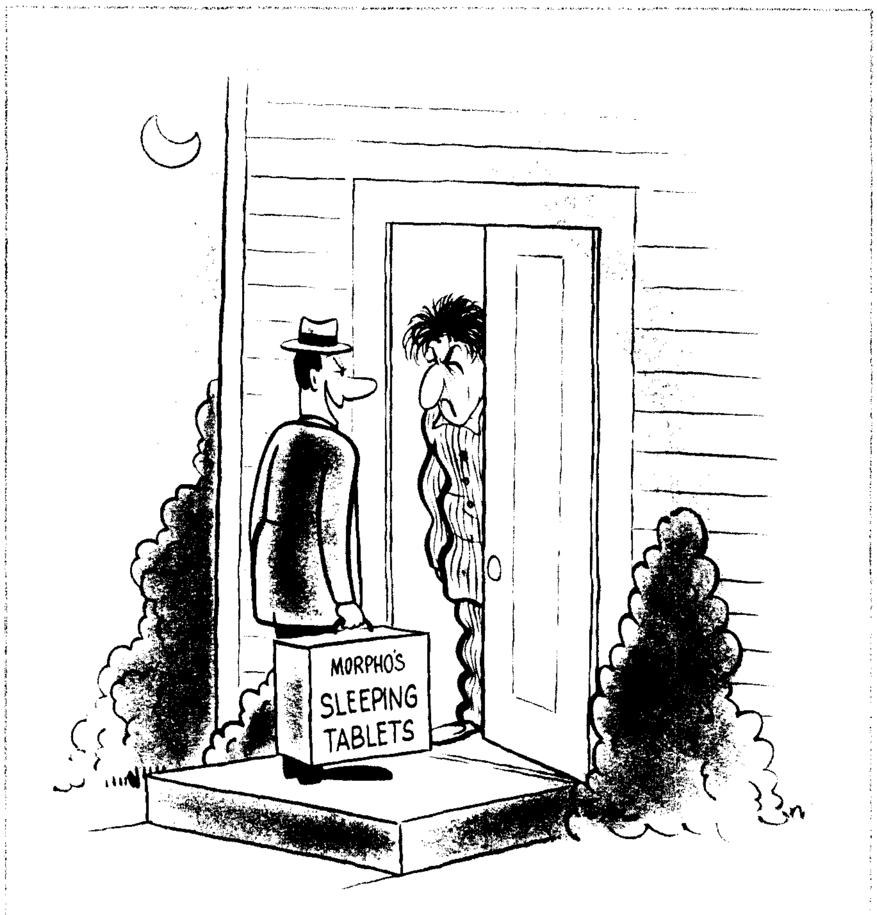


COLLIER'S "Good evening, sir—did I wake you?" SID GORDIN

that if, for some reason, you should miss getting it, you're not to accuse me afterward of having promised it to you. Do you understand? It's a big break for you if it works out. It's not an easy job"—Haverland shrugged—"but if we didn't think you were the man for it, we wouldn't be here."

Watching them drive away, Paul felt Grace's arm encircling his waist. He looked down at her. "Just like that," he said. "At six o'clock on Friday—just like that."

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she said softly, "it's not true. I'm not going to believe a word of it."

THE house was quiet and dark now, and for several seconds he held Grace tight in his arms, stroking her hair, letting his mind grow familiar with this vast new turn of fortune. He couldn't understand it—he could only marvel at it—but there was something rare and privileged about his life now. People went out of their way to aid and honor him. They gave him banquets. A man spent thousands of dollars to get him off the rack, and refused to be thanked for it. A young boy came back, indifferent to danger, anything, to carry the ball for him. Now an elder of the game had materialized out of the thin December air and touched him on the shoulder. It was too much. Football wasn't that important.

"You've come a long way, Paul," Grace said, "in such a short time. It doesn't seem possible that you started coaching only six years ago, that we weren't married then. Remember how you used to ride the bus to Fort Worth every Saturday from Moultree, where you coached that first year?"

"I remember," Paul said. "Twenty-six boys in high school. No equipment, no field."

"So we moved on." She pushed free of him and crossed the room to turn the light. "Then came Ainsworth and a district championship. What was wrong with Ainsworth?"

He grinned and made a face at her. "Too small. Had to keep moving, getting ahead."

She smiled and sighed. "Then Bradbury, and I was just getting to like it there when we came to Coulton. In a way it's been a long six years, hasn't it—living in rented houses, always knowing we'd move on again? But you said if we kept winning and moving, getting better and better jobs, we'd finally come to what we wanted. And we have, Paul, much sooner than we expected."

"Yes, much sooner." He dug his hands in his pockets, wondering why he should suddenly be glum. "The trouble with me—all coaches," he said, "is that we're a band of hired assassins. We make big talk about team spirit and winning for the school. But what team? What school? Whichever happens to be hiring us that season. And the truth is, we don't give a damn for the school, the players, the game. All we want to do is win at any price and then move on to bigger and better seasons."

Grace shook her head. "You've got the Friday blues, darling," she said. "It's the end of the world."

"No, you're wrong this time. I'm not worried about the game now, because to me the game isn't important any more. We've already got what we wanted out of Coulton. If we lose tomorrow, it won't keep us from moving on to Burrington. End of the world?" He laughed curtly. "Just the end of my self-respect." . . .

SATURDAY was a lofty day, cloudless, with a trace of breeze that ruffled the stadium pennants and put a crisp edge on the bright December air. When Paul arrived at Alamo Stadium at quarter of one, only the vendors and gatekeepers were on hand. Far away in the wide valley the skyline of San Antonio was softened by winter haze.

He parked and stood waiting for the bus to arrive. Timing was extremely important today. Thirty minutes to dress, thirty minutes to warm up, ten minutes for the pregame ceremonies.

No time to dawdle, no time to think. They were small boys from a small town, accustomed to small and friendly fields, and they had to arrive at kickoff in exactly the right frame of mind. Twenty thousand people could frighten the bravest among them.

He wasn't a coach who believed in pregame oratory. Games were won on the practice field, not in the dressing room. He knew from his own experience that a player wanted to be busy with small matters before a game—shoelaces, tape, the strap on his helmet—and he wanted to be left alone.

The players went quietly about their dressing. If they were worried, they had yet to show it. Their talk was perfunctory and businesslike; their faces were calm.

Ernie Gillis gave way finally, as he always did. He was a demon on the field, all fire and courage, but the prelude to a game invariably sickened him. Watching him, Paul saw his face grow pale, and then suddenly the boy clamped a hand over his mouth and ran toward the shower stalls. Paul nodded to the team manager, who hurried after Ernie. The players had grown deathly silent now. A few gazed weakly toward the showers.

"Snap it up!" Paul bellowed. "You've got ten minutes to finish dressing!" . . .

Promptly at one twenty, Paul went to the door, saying, "All right, let's move." He signaled for Bobby Reagan and Arlis Anderson, the team captains, and opened the door, slapping them on the back as they went out. In single file the other players followed. Above him he heard a long cheer and a burst of music from the Coulton band.

Going up the ramp into the brilliant sun, he saw the filling stands across the way. He had played before larger crowds than this, but no college game had ever generated this wild spontaneity. College crowds were, in a sense, like college players—semiprofessional. But now this small audience had set his nerves on edge.

He paused at the field's edge, dug his hands in his pockets and hunched his shoulders. For the next twenty minutes he had nothing at all to do. This, probably, was the most agonizing period of a coach's life, the warmup before a game, when he stood by helplessly and remembered all the things that hadn't been done at practice.

And then at last it was a quarter of two and the game officials came onto the field to introduce themselves. More handshaking then, and Paul called for Bobby and Arlis. The crowd had grown tensely quiet. Even the sight of the team captains meeting at mid-field was sufficient to command its whole attention.

He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes. The broadcast would have started now, and he thought of Grace and Helen Jenkins back in Coulton seated by the radio.

AT THAT moment he noticed Donnie, staring at the crowd, the look of fear on his face unmistakable. Paul called the boy over. "Hold out your hands."

Donnie extended his hands, palms upward. His fingers were trembling violently. "I can't help it, Coach," he said miserably. "I did like you said. I kept moving. I tried not to look at the crowd."

"Okay," Paul said. He set his elbows tight against his sides, braced himself, and thrust out his palms. "Hit me."

Donnie tightened his lips, took aim, and smacked one fist against Paul's palm, then the other. "Harder," Paul said. "You're scared to hit me."

Ernie Gillis saw them and came on the run, grinning eagerly. "Want me to rough him up a little, Coach?"

"Yes. Knock a little sense into him."

Ernie threw a vicious block that sent Donnie sprawling. Donnie leaped to his feet, injured and aroused, and he and Ernie lunged at each other, low and hard, banging their shoulders together.

Bobby was trotting back from mid-field and Paul went to meet him. "Good luck, Coach," he said. "We get the ball."

"That's a break," Paul said. He put an arm around the boy's shoulder. "It's going to be a long game, Bobby. The team has a hard afternoon ahead of it. Take your time. You might try your trappers first and your wing-arounds. But watch Donnie. He's going to be nervous. You also might try the spread early, because I think they're worried about it. One final thing: I don't want you running with the ball at first."

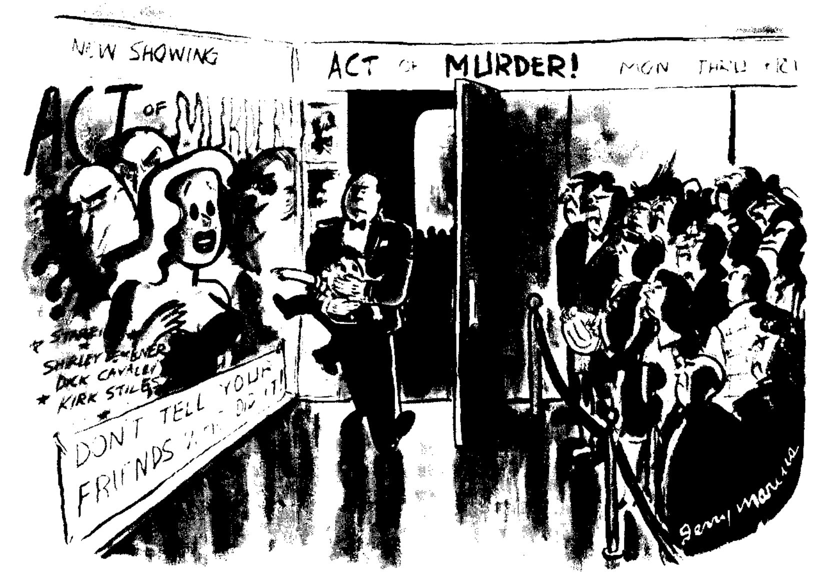
"But, Coach—"

"Not until we're sure about that knee," Paul interrupted.

"The knee's all right, I tell you."

"You heard me, Bobby."

The Bryan starters were already on field. Paul signaled his starters together. They huddled around him quickly, placing their hands on top of



COLLIER'S "She did it, sh—" JERRY MARCUS

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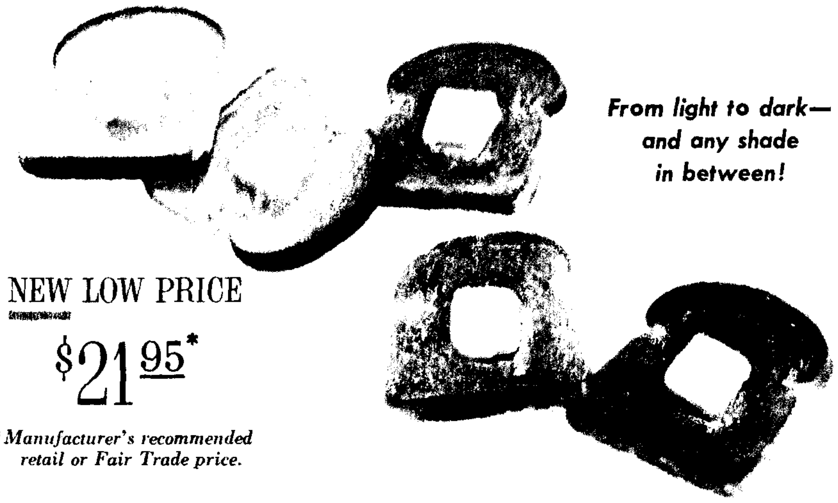

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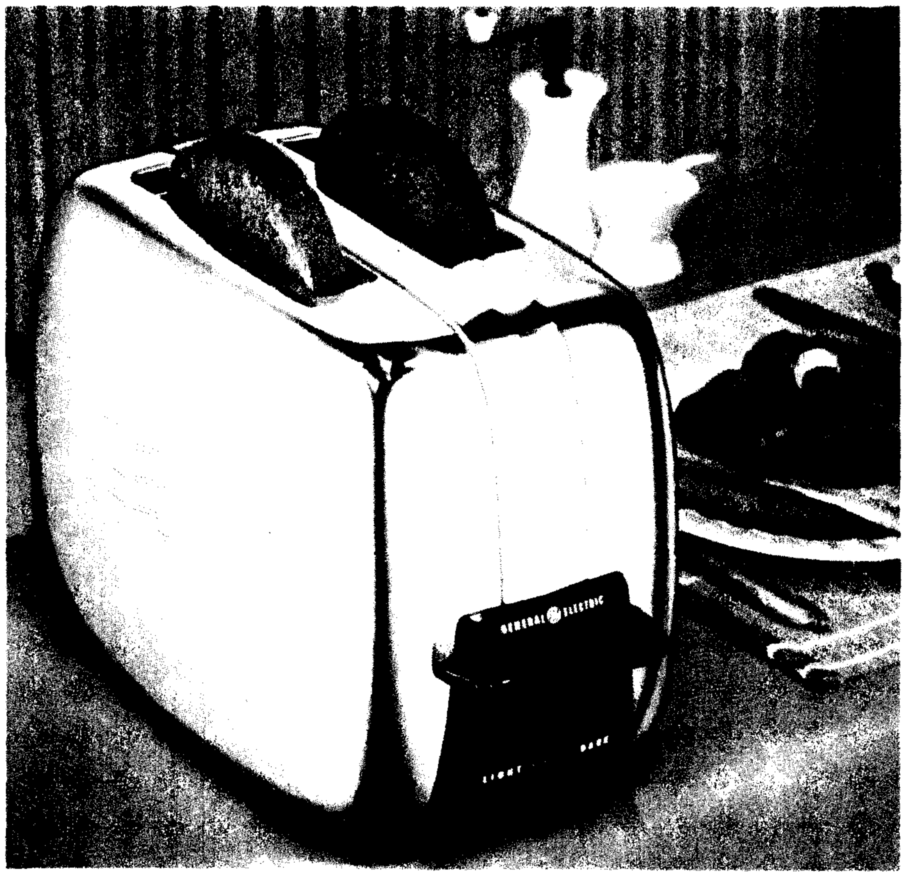

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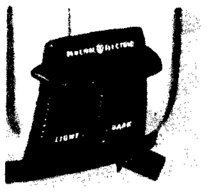

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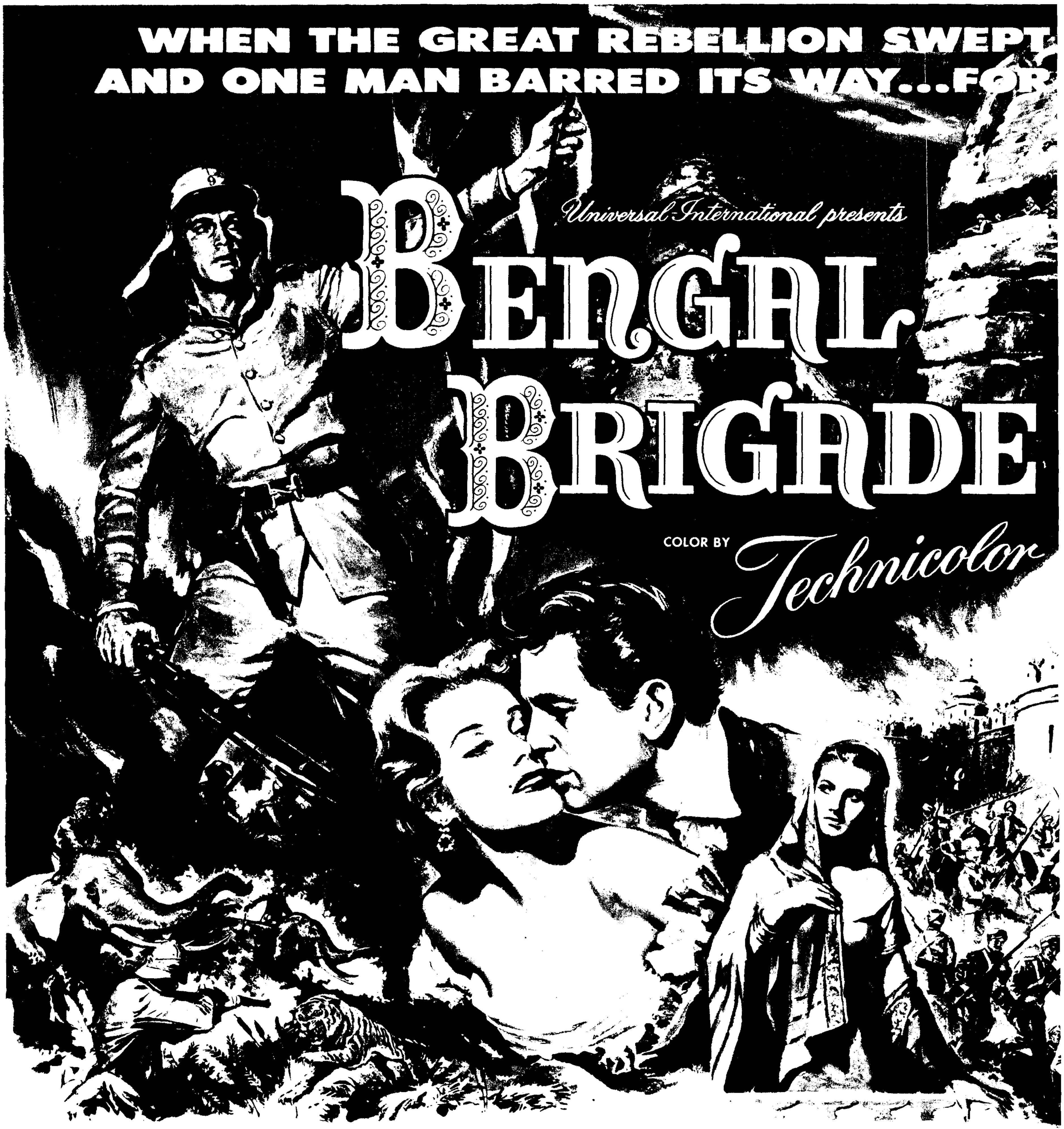
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AUBURN...WAR EAGLE
BIRMINGHAM...EMPIRE
BREWTON...RITZ
CULLMAN...RITZ
DECATUR...PRINCESS
DOTHAN...MARTIN
ENTERPRISE...LEVY
EUFAULA...MARTIN
EVERGREEN...PIX
FAIRFAX...FAIRFAX
FAIRHOPE...FAIRHOPE
FLORALA...MARTIN
FLORENCE...NORWOOD
FOLEY...FOLEY
FT. PAYNE...DE KALB
GADSDEN...PITMAN
GREENVILLE...RITZ
GUNTERSVILLE...LAKE
HUNTSVILLE...GRAND
JASPER...JASPER
LANETT...LANETT
MOBILE...DOWNTOWN
MONTGOMERY...PARAMOUNT
OPELIKA...MARTIN
SCOTTSBORO...RITZ
SELMA...WILBY
SYLACAUGA...RITZ
TALLADEGA...RITZ
TALLASSEE...WEST MT. VERNON
TROY...ENZOR
TUSCALOOSA...BAMA
TUSKEGEE...MACON

ARIZONA

GLOBE...APACHE DRIVE-IN
PHOENIX...INDIAN DRIVE-IN
TUCSON...MIDWAY DRIVE-IN
YUMA...MESA DRIVE-IN

ARKANSAS

BENTON...ROYAL
BRINKLEY...IMPERIAL
CLARKSVILLE...STRAND
CONWAY...CONWAY
CROSSETT...CROSSETT
DERMOTT...ALLIED
EL DORADO...RIALTO
EUDORA...MACK
FAYETTEVILLE...OZARK
FORREST CITY...IMPERIAL
FORT SMITH...TEMPLE
HELENA...PARAMOUNT
HOPE...SAENGER
HOT SPRINGS...PARAMOUNT
JONESBORO...STRAND
LAKE VILLAGE...NEW
LITTLE ROCK...CENTER
MAGNOLIA...CAMEO
MALVERN...RITZ
MARIANNA...IMPERIAL
MENA...LYRIC
MORRILTON...RIALTO
OSCEOLA...MURR
PARAGOULD...CAPITOL
PINE BLUFF...MALCO
POCAHONTAS...IMPERIAL
ROGERS...VICTORY
SILOAM SPRINGS...SPOT
WYNNE...IMPERIAL

CALIFORNIA

ANTIOCH...STAMM
ARLINGTON...ARLINGTON
BAKERSFIELD...CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY...OAKS
CHICO...SENATOR
COMPTON...COMPTON DRIVE-IN
COSTA MESA...MESA
EL CENTRO...CREST
EUREKA...STATE
FRESNO...WILSON
GARDENA...VERMONT DRIVE-IN
HANFORD...FOX
HIGHLAND...BASELINE DRIVE-IN
LONG BEACH...STATE, TOWNE
LOS ANGELES...EDWARDS AND STUDIO DRIVE-INS
MADERA...MADERA
MARTINEZ...STATE
MARYSVILLE...STATE
MERCED...MERCED
MODESTO...COVELL
MONTEREY...STATE
NORTH HOLLYWOOD...VICTORY DRIVE-IN
OAKLAND...T & D
OROVILLE...STATE
PETALUMA...CALIFORNIA
PICO...WHITTIER DRIVE-IN
REDDING...CASCADE
RIVERSIDE...DE ANZA
SACRAMENTO...ESQUIRE, DEL PASO, TOWER
SALINAS...VOGUE
SAN DIEGO...SPRECKLES
SAN FRANCISCO...UNITED ARTISTS
SAN JOSE...UNITED ARTISTS
SAN LUIS OBISPO...OBISPO
SAN MATEO...MANOR
SAN RAFAEL...RAFAEL
SANTA ANA...PAULA DRIVE-IN
SANTA CRUZ...DEL MAR, RIO
SANTA ROSA...CALIFORNIA
STOCKTON...ESQUIRE
TULARE...TULARE
VALLEJO...EL REY
VENTURA...MAYFAIR
VISALIA...FOX
WATSONVILLE...CENTRE
YUBA CITY...SUTTA

COLORADO

ALAMOSA...RIALTO
BOULDER...BOULDER
BRUSH...EMERSON
COLORADO SPRINGS...TRAIL
CRAIG...WEST
DENVER...PARAMOUNT
DURANGO...KIVA
FORT COLLINS...AGGIE
FORT MORGAN...COVER
GLENWOOD SPRINGS...GLEN
GREELEY...STERLING
HOLLY...HOLLY
LA JUNTA...MESA
LONGMONT...FOX
LOVELAND...RIALTO
PUEBLO...MAIN
ROCKY FORD...GRAND
STERLING...FOX
TRINIDAD...FOX

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT...LOEW'S POLI
DANBURY...DANBURY DRIVE-IN
DERBY...CENTER DRIVE-IN
HARTFORD...STRAND
MANSFIELD...MANSFIELD DRIVE-IN
MERIDEN...CAPITOL
MIDDLETOWN...PALACE
NEW BRITAIN...PALACE
NEW HAVEN...ROGER SHERMAN
NEW LONDON...GARDE
NORWALK...NORWALK DRIVE-IN
NORWICH...PALACE
PLAINVILLE...PLAINVILLE DRIVE-IN
SOUTH MANCHESTER...STATE
SOUTH NORWALK...EMPRESS
TORRINGTON...PALACE, SKYVUE DRIVE-IN
WATERBURY...STATE

DELAWARE

BRIDGEVILLE...SIDNEY
DOVER...CAPITOL
GEORGETOWN...AYERS
HARRINGTON...REESE
MILFORD...MILFORD
SEAFORD...LAYTON
WILMINGTON...QUEEN

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON...RKO KEITH'S

FLORIDA

BRADENTON...PALACE
BROOKSVILLE...DIXIE
CHIPLEY...VANCE
CLEARWATER...CAPITOL
CRESTVIEW...FOX
DAYTONA BEACH...EMPIRE
DE FUNIAK SPRINGS...RITZ
DELAND...ATHENS
EUSTIS...STATE
FERNANDINA...ILAN
FT. LAUDERDALE...GATEWAY
FT. MYERS...LEE
FT. WALTON...STAR
GAINESVILLE...FLORIDA
GREEN COVE SPRINGS...COVE
HOLLYWOOD...FLORIDA
HOMESTEAD...SEMINOLE
JACKSONVILLE...FIVE POINTS
LAKE CITY...LAKE
LAKELAND...POLK
LEESBURG...PALACE
LIVE OAK...ALIMAR
MARIANNA...RITZ
MIAMI...CARIB, MIAMI, MIRACLE
MILTON...SKYLINE DRIVE-IN
NAPLES...NAPLES
OCALA...MARION
ORLANDO...ASTOR
PANAMA CITY...RITZ
PENSACOLA...FLORIDA
PLANT CITY...CAPITOL
PORT ST. JOE...PORT
QUINCY...LEAF
ST. AUGUSTINE...MATANZAS
ST. PETERSBURG...PLAYHOUSE
SANFORD...RITZ
SARASOTA...FLORIDA
TALLAHASSEE...FLORIDA
TAMPA...PARK
VALPARISO...JET
WEST PALM BEACH...SURF

GEORGIA

ALBANY...ALBANY
AMERICUS...STRAND
ATHENS...STRAND
ATLANTA...PARAMOUNT
AUGUSTA...IMPERIAL
BAINBRIDGE...MARTIN
COLUMBUS...BRADLEY
CORDELE...CRISP
DALTON...WINK
DOUGLAS...MARTIN
DUBLIN...MARTIN
FITZGERALD...GRAND
GRIFFIN...IMPERIAL
JESUP...STRAND
MACON...GRAND
MARIETTA...STRAND
MILLEDGEVILLE...CAMPUS
PELHAM...PARK
QUITMAN...ILEX
ROME...DE SOTO
SAVANNAH...WEIS
STATESBORO...GEORGIA
THOMASTON...RITZ
THOMASVILLE...ROSE
TIFTON...TIFT
VALDOSTA...RITZ

IDAHO

ALAMEDA...CREST
BLACKFOOT...NUART
BOISE...PINNEY
CALDWELL...ROXY
COEUR D'ALENE...WILMA
GOODING...SCHUBERT
IDAHO FALLS...RIO
KELLOGG...RENA
MOUNTAIN HOME...CANYON
MULLAN...LIBERTY
NAMPA...PIX
PAYETTE...CHARM
REXBURG...ROMANCE
ST. ANTHONY...ROXY
TWIN FALLS...ORPHEUM
WALLACE...WILMA
WEISER...STAR

ILLINOIS

AUBURN...R
AURORA...PARAMOUNT
BENTON...CAPITOL
BLOOMINGTON...CASTLE
CANTON...GARDEN
CARLINVILLE...MARVEL
CARTHAGE...WOODBINE
CENTRALIA...ILLINOIS
CHAMPAIGN...ORPHEUM
CHARLESTON...WILL ROGERS
CHICAGO...ROOSEVELT
CHRISMAN...EMPIRE
DANVILLE...FISCHER
DECATUR...LINCOLN
DIXON...DIXON
EDWARDSVILLE...LUX
EFFINGHAM...HEART
ELGIN...RIALTO
FAIRFIELD...STRAND
FLORA...TOWN
FREEPORT...PATIO
GALESBURG...ORPHEUM
GREENVILLE...BOND
HERRIN...EGYPTIAN DRIVE-IN
HIGHLAND...LORY
HILLSBORO...ORPHEUM
JACKSONVILLE...ILLINOIS
JERSEYVILLE...JERSEY
JOLIET...RIALTO
KANKAKEE...LUNA
KEWANEE...WANEE
LA SALLE...MAJESTIC
LAWRENCEVILLE...AVALON
LINCOLN...VOGUE
LITCHFIELD...CAPITOL
MACOMB...LA MOINE
MARION...ORPHEUM
MATTOON...MATTOON
MCLEANSBORO...CAPITOL
MT. VERNON...GRANADA
OLNEY...ARCADIA
OTTAWA...ORPHEUM
PEKIN...PEKIN
PEORIA...PALACE
QUINCY...GLEN
ROBINSON...LINCOLN
ROCKFORD...TIMES
SALEM...SALEM
SHELBYVILLE...ROXY
SPRINGFIELD...ROXY
STERLING...STERLING
STREATOR...PLUMB
TAYLORVILLE...CAPITOL
TUSCOLA...STRAND, TUSCOLA DRIVE-IN
VILLA GROVE...GEM
WAUKEGAN...GENESEE
WEST FRANKFORT...STRAND

INDIANA

ALEXANDRIA...TOWN
ANDERSON...PARAMOUNT
BATESVILLE...GIBSON
BEDFORD...VON RITZ
BLOOMINGTON...INDIANA
COLUMBUS...CRUMP
CRAWFORDSVILLE...STRAND
DELPHI...ROXY
ELKHART...ORPHEUM
ELWOOD...ELWOOD
EVANSVILLE...VICTORY
FT. WAYNE...JEFFERSON
FRANKFORT...ROXY
FRANKLIN...ARTCRAFT
GARRETT...GALA
GREENCASTLE...VON CASTLE
INDIANAPOLIS...CIRCLE
KENDALLVILLE...STRAND
KNOX...KNOX
KOKOMO...SIPE
LA FAYETTE...MARS
LA PORTE...ROXY
LOGANSPORT...STATE
MICHIGAN CITY...LIBERTY
MUNCIE...RIVOLI
NEW CASTLE...NEW CASTLE
NOBLESVILLE...DIANA
OAKLAND CITY...STORM
PERU...WALLACE
RICHMOND...TIVOLI
SOUTH BEND...PALACE
SYRACUSE...PICKWICK
TERRE HAUTE...GRAND
VINCENNES...PANTHEON
WABASH...EAGLES

IOWA

ADEL...RIALTO
BEDFORD...RIALTO
CEDAR RAPIDS...IOWA
COUNCIL BLUFFS...STRAND
CRESTON...STRAND
DAVENPORT...ORPHEUM
DECORAH...GRAND
DENISON...IOWA
DES MOINES...PARAMOUNT
FORT DODGE...DODGE
FORT MADISON...FOX
HOLSTEIN...STATE
KEOKUK...IOWA
KNOXVILLE...GRAND
LE MARS...ROYAL
MARSHALLTOWN...STRAND
MASON CITY...CECIL
ROCK RAPIDS...RAPIDS
SHENANDOAH...STATE
SIOUX CITY...ORPHEUM
VILLISCA...RIALTO
VINTON...PALACE
WATERLOO...STRAND

KANSAS

ABILENE...PLAZA
ARKANSAS CITY...HOWARD
ATCHINSON...ORPHEUM
AUGUSTA...AUGUSTA
BELOIT...MAINSTREET
BURLINGTON...PLAZA
CHANUTE...PEOPLES
COFFEYVILLE...MIDLAND
COLBY...COLBY
COLUMBUS...STATE
CONCORDIA...STRAND
DODGE CITY...COOPER
EL DORADO...EL DORADO
EMPORIA...GRANADA
EUREKA...PRINCESS
FT. SCOTT...FOX
GARDEN CITY...TOWN
GOODLAND...SHERMAN
GREAT BEND...CREST
HAYS...FOX
HERLINGTON...DREAMLAND
HOISINGTON...ROYAL
HOLTON...ARCADIA
HUTCHINSON...FOX
INDEPENDENCE...BOOTH
IOLA...IOLA
JUNCTION CITY...KAW
KINGMAN...MEADE
LA CROSSE...PARAMOUNT
LARNED...ELECTRIC
LAWRENCE...PATEE
LEAVENWORTH...HOLLYWOOD
LIBERAL...TUCKER
LINCOLN...ROACH
LINDSBORG...PLAZA
LYONS...LYONS
MC PHERSON...MAC
MANHATTAN...WAREHAM
MARION...KAW
MEDICINE LODGE...PASTIME
MINNEAPOLIS...RITZ
NEWTON...REGENT
OAKLEY...MAINSTREET
OLATHE...TRAIL
OTTAWA...PLAZA
PARSONS...PARSONS
PHILLIPSBURG...MAJESTIC
PRATT...BARRON
RUSSELL...DREAM
ST. JOHN...PIX
SALINA...WATSON
SENECA...SENECA
STAFFORD...RITZ
STOCKTON...NOVA
SYRACUSE...NORTHRUP
TOPEKA...JAYHAWK
WAMEGO...GARANSSON
WELLINGTON...*CHISHOLM TRAIL DRIVE IN*
WICHITA...CREST
WINFIELD...REGENT

KENTUCKY

BENTON...BENTON
BOWLING GREEN...CAPITOL
CARROLLTON...RICHLAND
CORBIN...HIPPODROME
CUMBERLAND...NOVA
CYNTHIANA...OPERA HOUSE
DANVILLE...KENTUCKY
FULTON...FULTON
HICKMAN...RITZ
HOPKINSVILLE...PRINCESS
LOUISVILLE...KENTUCKY
MADISONVILLE...CAPITOL
MAYSVILLE...RUSSELL
MIDDLESBORO...MANRING
OWENSBORO...CENTER
PADUCAH...COLUMBIA
PARIS...PARIS
PIKEVILLE...WEDDINGTON
PRINCETON...CAPITOL
RICHMOND...MADISON

LOUISIANA

ABBEVILLE...FRANK
ALEXANDRIA...JAY
BATON ROUGE...REX
BUNKIE...FOX
CHURCH POINT...JOY
CROWLEY...TRAIL DRIVE-IN
DE RIDDER...REALART
EUNICE...QUEEN
FRANKLIN...TECHE
GALIANO...STAR
GRAMERCY...JOY
HAMMOND...RITZ
HOMER...PAULA
HOUMA...BIJOU
JEANERETTE...STAR
JENNINGS...PELICAN DRIVE-IN
JONESBORO...PALACE
KINDER...JOY
LAFAYETTE...NONA
LAKE CHARLES...LYRIC
LEESVILLE...VERNON
MANSURA...JOY DRIVE-IN
MANY...SABINE
MONROE...JIM
MORGAN CITY...C WALL
NATCHITOCHES...CANE
NEW IBERIA...ECHO DRIVE-IN
NEW ORLEANS...JOY
OAKDALE...MELODY DRIVE-IN
OPELOUSAS...YAM DRIVE-IN
PLAQUEMINE...BRAD DRIVE-IN
PORT SULPHUR...FOSTER
RAYNE...ACADIA
RAYVILLE...JOY
ST. MARTINVILLE...TECHE
THIBODAUX...COLONIAL DRIVE-IN
VILLE PLATTE...JAN
VIVIAN...WAKEA

MAINE

ASHLAND...OPERA HOUSE
AUGUSTA...COLONIAL
BANGOR...OPERA HOUSE
BAR HARBOR...CRITERION
BATH...UPTOWN
BIDDEFORD...CENTRAL
BINGHAM...COLBY
BRUNSWICK...CUMBERLAND
EAGLE LAKE...MARTIN'S HALL
EASTPORT...WILBUR
FT. FAIRFIELD...PARAMOUNT
FT. KENT...SAVOY
HOULTON...TEMPLE
LEWISTON...RITZ
LIVERMORE FALLS...DREAMLAND
LUBEC...LUBEC
NORWAY...REX
PORTLAND...CIVIC
PRESQUE ISLE...BRADEN
ROCKLAND...KNOX
RUMFORD...STRAND
SOUTH PARIS...STRAND
STONINGTON...OPERA HOUSE
VAN BUREN...GAYETY
WALDOBORO...WALDO
WATERVILLE...HAINES
WESTBROOK...STAR
WILTON...WILTON

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE...MAYFAIR
CUMBERLAND...LIBERTY
FREDERICK...TIVOLI
HAGERSTOWN...HENRY'S
MT. LENA...HIWAY DRIVE-IN
SALISBURY...WICOMICO

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON...RKO KEITH'S, MEMORIAL
BUZZARDS BAY...BUZZARDS BAY
FALL RIVER...ACADEMY
FALMOUTH...ELIZABETH
FITCHBURG...FITCHBURG
GARDNER...ORPHEUM
GREAT BARRINGTON...MAHAIWE
GREENFIELD...LAWLER
HARWICHPORT...MODERN
HINGHAM...COLBY
HOLYOKE...STRAND
HYANNIS...CENTER
LAWRENCE...BROADWAY
LEOMINSTER...MET
NEW BEDFORD...STATE
NEWBURYPORT...PORT
NO. ADAMS...PARAMOUNT
PITTSFIELD...STATE
PLYMOUTH...OLD COLONY
SOUTHBRIDGE...STRAND
SOUTH PARIS...STRAND
SPRINGFIELD...BIJOU
WEBSTER...STATE
WESTBORO...STRAND
WHITESVILLE...PROSPECT
WHITINSVILLE...PROSPECT
WORCESTER...CAPITOL

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN...CROSWELL
ALLEGAN...REGENT
ALMA...STRAND
ALPENA...MALTZ
ANN ARBOR...MICHIGAN
BATTLE CREEK...BIJOU
BAY CITY...WASHINGTON
BENTON HARBOR...LIBERTY
BIG RAPIDS...BIG RAPIDS
BRONSON...BRONSON
CADILLAC...LYRIC
CARO...STRAND
CHARLOTTE...EASTON
CHEBOYGAN...GOLD FRONT
CLARE...IDEAL
DETROIT...PALMS
EAST TAWAS...FAMILY
ESCANABA...DELFT
FLINT...PALACE
FRANKFORT...GARDEN
GAYLORD...GAYLORD
GRAND HAVEN...GRAND
GRAND RAPIDS...MAJESTIC
GRAYLING...RIALTO
GREENVILLE...SILVER
HILLSDALE...DAWN
HOLLAND...PARK
HOUGHTON LAKE...PINES
IONIA...IONIA
ISHPEMING...BUTLER
JACKSON...CAPITOL
KALAMAZOO...CAPITOL
LANSING...GLADMER
LUDINGTON...LYRIC
MANISTEE...VOGUE
MARSHALL...BOGER
MARQUETTE...DELFT
MIDLAND...MIDLAND
MONROE...MONROE
MOUNT PLEASANT...BROADWAY
MUSKEGON...MICHIGAN
NEGAUNEE...VISTA
NILES...READY
OWOSSO...CAPITOL
PONTIAC...STRAND
PORT HURON...DESMOND
SAGINAW...TEMPLE
SAULT STE. MARIE...SOO
SOUTH HAVEN...MICHIGAN
THREE RIVERS...RIVIERA
TRAVERSE CITY...MICHIGAN
WEST BRANCH...MID-STATE
YPSILANTI...MARTHA WASHINGTON

MINNESOTA

AUSTIN...STERLING
DULUTH...GARRICK
FAIRMONT...NICHOLAS
HIBBING...LYBBA
MANKATO...TOWN
MINNEAPOLIS...RKO ORPHEUM
ST. PAUL...RKO ORPHEUM
VIRGINIA...GRANADA

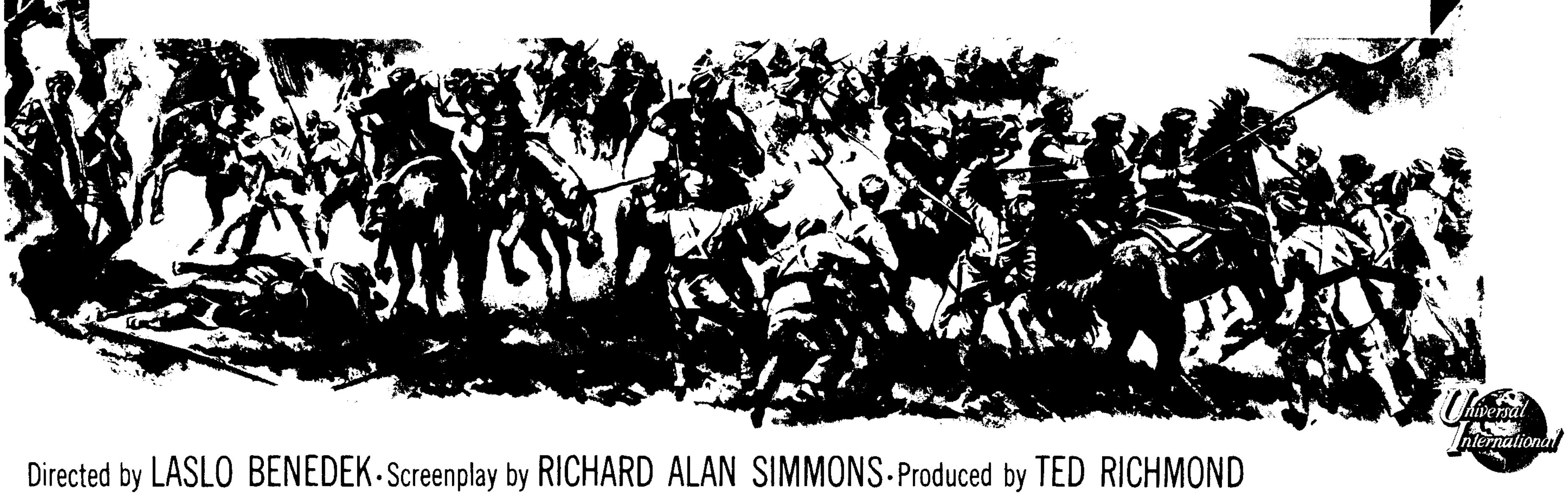
MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI...SAENGER
BOONEVILLE...JERON
BROOKHAVEN...HAVEN
CLARKSDALE...TYSON
CLEVELAND...ELLIS
GREENVILLE...LAKE
GREENWOOD...REBEL
GULFPORT...PARAMOUNT
HATTIESBURG...REBEL
JACKSON...ROYAL MUSIC HALL
LAUREL...RITZ
LELAND...TEMPLE
MC COMB...STATE
MERIDAN...ROYAL
NATCHEZ...CLARKE
OXFORD...RITZ
PASCAGOULA...LAKE DRIVE-IN
STARKVILLE...STATE
TUPELO...TUPELO
VICKSBURG...JOY
YAZOO CITY...PALACE

MISSOURI

ANDERSON...LYRIC
BONNE TERRE...ODEON
BOONVILLE...LYRIC
BRANSON...OWEN
BROOKFIELD...DE GRAW
BUTLER...NU SHO
CAMERON...SILVER
CAPE GIRARDEAU...STARVUE
CARROLLTON...UPTOWN
CARTHAGE...TIGER
CHILLICOTHE...BEN BOLT
CLINTON...GO SHO
COLUMBIA...UPTOWN
DEXTER...MIDWAY DRIVE-IN
ELDON...OZARK
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS...SILOAM
FAIRMOUNT...MAYWOOD
FARMINGTON...RITZ
FLAT RIVER...ROSELAND
FULTON...FULTON
GRANBY...LUX
HANNIBAL...TOM SAWYER
INDEPENDENCE...GRANADA
JEFFERSON CITY...CAPITOL
JOPLIN...PARAMOUNT
KANSAS CITY...FAIRWAY, GRANADA, TOWER, UPTOWN
KIRKSVILLE...KENNEDY
LAMAR...PLAZA
LEBANON...STAR
LEXINGTON...MAINSTREET
LIBERTY...PLAZA
MACON...MACON
MALDEN...LIBERTY
MARSHALL...AUDITORIUM
MARYVILLE...MISSOURI
MEXICO...LIBERTY
MOBERLY...GRAND
MONETT...GILLIOZ
NEOSHO...ORPHEUM
NEVADA...STAR
NOEL...OZARK
PLEASANT HILL...PEOPLES
RICHMOND...FARRIS
ROCKPORT...PARAMOUNT
ST. JOSEPH...ELECTRIC

Turn the page for additional listings...



Universal International

Directed by LASLO BENEDEK · Screenplay by RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS · Produced by TED RICHMOND

ADDITIONAL "BENGAL BRIGADE"
THEATRE LISTINGS
CONTINUED FROM
PRECEDING PAGE!

ST. LOUIS....FOX
SEDALIA....FOX
SPRINGFIELD....FOX
TRENTON....PLAZA
UNIONVILLE....ROYAL
WASHINGTON....CALVIN
WAYNESVILLE....FORT WOOD
WEBB CITY....CIVIC
WINDSOR....WINDSOR

MONTANA

ANACONDA....WASHOE
BOZEMAN....ELLEN
BUTTE....RIALTO
GLENDIVE....ROSE
GREAT FALLS....CIVIC CENTER
HAVRE....HAVRE
HELENA....MARLOW
LEWISTOWN....JUDITH
MILES CITY....MONTANA
MISSOULA....WILMA

NEBRASKA

AINSWORTH....AINSWORTH
AUBURN....STATE
BEATRICE....FOX
CHADRON....PACE
FAIRBURY....BONHAM
FALLS CITY....OIL CITY
GORDON....PACE
GRAND ISLAND....CAPITOL
HASTINGS....RIVOLI
HEBRON....MAJESTIC
KEARNEY....FORT
LINCOLN....LINCOLN
MC COOK....BISON
NEBRASKA CITY....PIONEER
NELIGH....NEW MOON
NORTH PLATTE....PARAMOUNT
OMAHA....OMAHA
O'NEILL....ROYAL
PLAINVIEW....PLAINS
RAVENNA....GRAND
SEWARD....RIVOLI
ST. PAUL....RIVIERA
SCHUYLER....SKY
SCOTTSBLUFF....BLUFFS
SUPERIOR....CREST
VALENTINE....JEWEL
WAHOO....WAHOO
WAYNE....GAY

NEVADA

ELKO....HUNTER
RENO....MAJESTIC

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BERLIN....STRAND
BRISTOL....BRISTOL
CLAREMONT....LATCHIS
CONCORD....CAPITOL
CONWAY....MAJESTIC
DOVER....UPTOWN
HANOVER....NUGGET
KEENE....LATCHIS
LANCASTER....RIALTO
LEBANON....OPERA HOUSE
LITTLETON....JAX JR.
MANCHESTER....STRAND
MOUNTAINVIEW....PINELAND
NASHUA....STATE
NORTH CONWAY....CONWAY
PETERBORO....COMMUNITY
PLYMOUTH....PLYMOUTH
PORTSMOUTH....COLONIAL
ROCHESTER....SCENIC
WOLFEBORO....MEMORIAL
WOODSVILLE....ORPHEUM

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY....HOLLYWOOD
CAPE MAY....BEACH
PLEASANTVILLE....RIALTO
TRENTON....RKO CAPITOL
WILDWOOD....CASINO

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO....WHITE SANDS
ALBUQUERQUE....KIMO
BELEN....ONATE
CARLSBAD....CAVERN
CLAYTON....BRONCO
CLOVIS....STATE
DEMING....EL RANCHO
ESPANOLA....EL RIO
EUNICE....STAR DRIVE-IN
FARMINGTON....ALLEN
GALLUP....EL MORRO
HOBBS....FRONTIER
HOT SPRINGS....PALMS DRIVE-IN
JAL....REX
LAS CRUCES....RIO GRANDE
LAS VEGAS....SERF
LOS ALAMOS....CENTER
LOVINGTON....LEA
MOUNTAINAIR....PINTO
PORTALES....TOWER
RATON....EL RATON
ROSWELL....PLAINS
SANTA FE....SANTA FE
SILVER CITY....GILA
SOCORRO....LOMA
TAOS....TAOS

NEW YORK

AKRON....PARK
ALBANY....STRAND
AUBURN....AUBURN
BATAVIA....MANCUSO
BINGHAMTON....STRAND
BUFFALO....LAFAYETTE
CARTHAGE....STRAND
CORNING....FOX
CORTLAND....STATE
DUNKIRK....CAPITOL
ELMIRA....COLONIAL
FULTON....STATE
GENEVA....GENEVA
GLEN FALLS....PARAMOUNT
GLOVERSVILLE....GLOVE
GOUVERNEUR....GRAYLN
GOWANDA....HOLLYWOOD
GRANVILLE....RITZ
HAMBURG....PALACE
HAMILTON....STATE
HORNELL....STEUBEN
ITHACA....STRAND
JAMESTOWN....PALACE
LAKE PLACID....PALACE
LITTLE FALLS....RIALTO
LOCKPORT....PALACE
MALONE....MALONE
MASSENA....RIALTO
NIAGARA FALLS....CATARACT
NORWICH....COLONIAL
OGDENSBURG....STRAND
ONEIDA....KALLET
OSWEGO....OSWEGO
POTSDAM....RIALTO
PULASKI....KALLET
ROCHESTER....RKO PALACE
ROME....CAPITOL
SARANAC....PONTIAC
SCHENECTADY....PROCTORS
SPRINGVILLE....JOYLAND
SYRACUSE....PARAMOUNT
TROY....TROY
TUPPER LAKE....STATE
UTICA....UPTOWN
WATERTOWN....OLYMPIC
WELLSVILLE....BABCOCK
WESTFIELD....GRAND

NORTH CAROLINA

ALBEMARLE....STANLY
ASHEBORO....CAROLINA
ASHEVILLE....PLAZA
AYDEN....MYERS
BEAUFORT....BEAUFORT
BELMONT....IRIS
BLADENBORO....WONET
BREVARD....CO-ED
BURLINGTON....STATE
CANTON....COLONIAL
CAROLINA BEACH....WAVE
CHAPEL HILL....VARSITY
CHARLOTTE....MANOR
CLINTON....AUSTIN
COLERAIN....MYERS
CONCORD....CENTER
CRAMERTON....VICTORY
DUNN....STEWART
DURHAM....CAROLINA
EDENTON....TAYLOR
ELIZABETH CITY....CENTER
ELIZABETHTOWN....ROWE
ELKIN....REEVES
FAIRMONT....CAPITOL
FARMVILLE....PARAMOUNT
FAYETTEVILLE....CAROLINA
FUQUAY SPRINGS....FUQUAY
GASTONIA....WEBB
GOLDSBORO....PARAMOUNT
GREENSBORO....CENTER
GREENVILLE....PITT
HAVELOCK....CHERRY
HENDERSON....STEVENSON
HICKORY....CAROLINA
HIGH POINT....PARAMOUNT
JACKSONVILLE....STATE
KANNAPOLIS....SWANEE
KINGS MOUNTAIN....JOY
KINSTON....PARAMOUNT
LAURINBURG....GIBSON
LEAKSVILLE....COLONIAL
LENOIR....CENTER
LEXINGTON....CAROLINA
LILLINGTON....LILLINGTON
LUMBERTON....CAROLINA
MARION....MARION
MEBANE....MEBANE
MONROE....CENTER
MOREHEAD CITY....CITY
MORGANTOWN....MIMOSA
MOUNT AIRY....EARL
MOUNT HOLLY....GASTON
MOUNT OLIVE....CENTER
NEW BERN....MASONIC
NEWTON....STATE
RALEIGH....STATE
RICH SQUARE....MYERS
ROANOKE RAPIDS....PEOPLES
ROCKINGHAM....STRAND
ROCKY MOUNT....CAMEO
RUTHERFORDTON....SYLVAN
SALISBURY....CENTER
SANFORD....CENTER
SHELBY....STATE
SOUTHERN PINES....SUNRISE
SPINDALE....CAROLINA
STATESVILLE....PLAYHOUSE
TABOR CITY....RITZ
TARBORO....COLONIAL
TRYON....TRYON
WADESBORO....ANSONIA
WARRENTON....WARREN
WAYNESVILLE....PARK
WENDELL....WENDELL
WHITESVILLE....COLUMBUS
WILLIAMSTON....WATTS
WILMINGTON....MANOR
WILSON....CENTER
WINDSOR....PALACE
WINSTON-SALEM....WINSTON

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK....BISMARCK
FARGO....TOWNE

OHIO

AKRON....STRAND
ALLIANCE....MORRISON
ASHLAND....ASHLAND
ASHTABULA....SHEA
BELLEFONTAINE....HOLLAND
BRYAN....BRYAN
BUCYRUS....BUCYRUS
CADIZ....COMMUNITY
CAMBRIDGE....STATE
CANTON....LOEWS' OHIO
CHILLICOTHE....MAJESTIC
CLEVELAND....HIPPODROME
COLUMBUS....RKO PALACE
CONNEAUT....STATE
COSHOCTON....STAR
DAYTON....RKO KEITH'S
DEFIANCE....VALENTINE
DELAWARE....STRAND
DOVER....BEXLEY
EAST LIVERPOOL....COLUMBIA
ELYRIA....RIVOLI
FINDLAY....STATE
FOSTORIA....STATE
FREMONT....PARAMOUNT
GENEVA....SHEA'S
GREENVILLE....WAYNE
KENT....KENT
LANCASTER....LYRIC
LIMA....QUILNA
LORAIN....OHIO
MANSFIELD....MADISON
MARIETTA....COLONY
MARION....PALACE
MASSILLON....LINCOLN
MONTGOMERY....AVALON
MONTPELIER....MOONLIGHT
MOUNT VERNON....VERNON
NEWARK....AUDITORIUM
NORWALK....NORWALK
PIQUA....PIQUA
PORTSMOUTH....GARDEN
SALEM....STATE
SANDUSKY....STATE
STEUBENVILLE....PARAMOUNT
TIFFIN....RITZ
TOLEDO....RIVOLI
TROY....MAYFLOWER
VAN WERT....VAN WERT
WARREN....ROBINS
WOOSTER....WOOSTER
YOUNGSTOWN....WARNER
ZANESVILLE....WELLER

OKLAHOMA

ADA....RITZ
ALVA....RIALTO
ARDMORE....PARK
ANADARKO....REDSKIN
BARTLESVILLE....OSAGE
BORGER....REX
CHICKASHA....RIALTO
DUNCAN....RITZ
DURANT....PLAZA
EDMOND....BRONCHO
EL RENO....CENTRE
ENID....CHIEF
GUYMON....AMERICAN
HEALDTON....THOMPSON
HEAVENER....LIBERTY
LAWTON....DOME
MADILL....MAJESTIC
MARLOW....ALAMO
MIAMI....MIAMI
NORMAN....SOONER
NOWATA....REX
OKLAHOMA CITY....MIDWEST THEATRE
OKMULGEE....ORPHEUM
PONCA CITY....KAY
POTEAU....VICTORY
PRYOR....CASTLE
SEMINOLE....SEMINOLE
SHAWNEE....RITZ
SNYDER....FRANROY
STIGLER....TIME
STILLWATER....AGGIE
TAHLEQUAH....DREAM
WAGONER....COZY
WATONGA....ROCK
WEATHERFORD....BULLDOG
WOODWARD....TERRYTIME DRIVE-IN

OREGON

ALBANY....VENETIAN
BEND....CAPITOL
CORVALLIS....OREGON STATE
KLAMATH FALLS....PELICAN
ONTARIO....CENTRE
PORTLAND....BROADWAY
ROSEBURG....STARLITE
SALEM....CAPITOL
THE DALLES....STARLITE

PENNSYLVANIA

ALIQUIPPA....STATE
ALLENTOWN....EARLE
ALTOONA....STATE
AMBRIDGE....AMBRIDGE
ASHLAND....ROXY
BEAVER FALLS....GRANADA
BELLEFONTE....PLAZA
BETHLEHEM....NILE
BLOOMSBURG....COLUMBIA
BRADFORD....DIPSON'S BRADFORD
BUTLER....PENN
CARLISLE....STRAND
CHAMBERSBURG....SUNSET DRIVE-IN
CHARLEROI....PALACE
CLEARFIELD....RITZ
COALDALE....ANGELA
EASTON....STATE
ERIE....SHEA
FRANKLIN....KAYTON
GETTYSBURG....STRAND
GREENSBURG....STRAND
HANOVER....PARK
HARRISBURG....SENATE
HAZLETON....GRAND
INDIANA....INDIANA
JOHNSTOWN....CAMBRIA
KITTANNING....STATE
LANCASTER....CAPITOL
LATROBE....MANOS
LEBANON....COLONIAL
LEHIGHTON....PARK
LEWISTOWN....EMBASSY
MC KEESPORT....LIBERTY
MEADVILLE....PARK
MOUNT CARMEL....STATE
NEW KENSINGTON....LIBERTY
NORTHAMPTON....ROXY
OIL CITY....LATONIA
PHILADELPHIA....GOLDMAN
PITTSBURGH....J. P. HARRIS
POTTSTOWN....HIPPODROME
POTTSVILLE....HOLLYWOOD
READING....ASTOR
ROCHESTER....ORIENTAL
SCRANTON....CAPITOL
SHAMOKIN....CAPITOL
SHARON....NU LUNA
SHENANDOAH....STRAND
STATE COLLEGE....STATE
STROUDSBURG....SHERMAN
SUNBURY....RIALTO
TARENTUM....MANOS
UNIONTOWN....MANOS
VANDERGRIFT....MANOS
WARREN....LIBRARY
WASHINGTON....BASLE
WAYNESBORO....ARCADE
WELLSBORO....ARCADIA
WILKES BARRE....PENN
WILLIAMSPORT....CAPITOL
YORK....SOUTHERN

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT....PARAMOUNT
WESTERLY....UNITED

SOUTH CAROLINA

ABBEVILLE....OPERA HOUSE
AIKEN....PATRICIA
ANDERSON....STATE
BELTON....JOY
BISHOPVILLE....ANDREWS
CHARLESTON....GLORIA
CHERAW....CHERAW
CHESTER....POWELL
CHESTERFIELD....CHESTERFIELD
CLEMSON....CLEMSON
CLINTON....BROADWAY
COLUMBIA....RITZ
CONWAY....CAROLINA
DARLINGTON....DARLINGTON
EASLEY....COLONY
FORT MILL....CENTER
GAFFNEY....HAMRICK
GEORGETOWN....PALACE
GREAT FALLS....FALLS
GREENVILLE....PLAZA
GREENWOOD....STATE
GREER....GREER
HARTSVILLE....BERRY
HEMINGWAY....ANDERSON
INMAN....INMAN
KINGSTREE....ANDERSON
LAKE CITY....PROBST
LANCASTER....MIDWAY
LAURENS....CAPITOL
MARION....RAINBOW
MULLINS....ANDERSON
NEWBERRY....RITZ
OCEAN DRIVE....OCEAN DRIVE
ORANGEBURG....CAROLINA
PAMPLICO....PAMPLICO
ROCK HILL....AUTO DRIVE IN, STEVENSON
SENECA....OCONEE
SPARTANBURG....STATE
SUMTER....SUMTER
UNION....DUNCAN
WALHALLA....STRAND
WALTERBORO....COOK
WINNESBORO....BOYD

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN....ORPHEUM
BELLE FOURCHE....BELLE
HOT SPRINGS....HOT SPRINGS
HURON....STATE
LEAD....HOMESTAKE
RAPID CITY....STATE
SIOUX FALLS....HOLLYWOOD
STURGIS....DAKOTA
VERMILLION....CO-ED
WATERTOWN....LYRIC
YANKTON....DAKOTA

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL....PARAMOUNT
CHATTANOOGA....TIVOLI
CLARKSVILLE....CAPITOL
COVINGTON....RUFFIN
DYERSBURG....CAPITOL
ELIZABETHTON....BONNIE KATE
FAYETTEVILLE....LINCOLN
GREENFIELD....PALACE
HALLS....HALLS
HARRIMAN....PRINCESS
JACKSON....PARAMOUNT
JOHNSON CITY....SEVIER
KNOXVILLE....TENNESSEE
LEBANON....CAPITOL
LEWISBURG....DIXIE
MARTIN....VARSITY
MEMPHIS....STATE
NASHVILLE....TENNESSEE
NEWBERN....PALACE
OAK RIDGE....GROVE
PARIS....CAPITOL
SHELBYVILLE....PRINCESS
UNION CITY....CAPITOL

TEXAS

ABILENE....PARAMOUNT
ALBANY....AZTEC
ALICE....RIALTO
ALPINE....GRANADA
ALVIN....ALVIN
AMARILLO....STATE
ANAHUAC....RIG
ANGELTON....ANGELTON
ANSON....PALACE
ATHENS....TEXAN
ARANSAS PASS....RIALTO
AUSTIN....STATE
BALLINGER....TEXAS
BAY CITY....STATE
BAYTOWN....BRUNSON
BEAUMONT....JEFFERSON
BEEVILLE....RIALTO
BELTON....BELTONIAN
BIG SPRINGS....RITZ
BOERNE....PLAZA
BOWIE....MAJESTIC
BRACKETTVILLE....PALACE
BRADY....TEXAS
BRECKENRIDGE....BUCKAROO
BRENHAM....SIMON
BRIDGEPORT....ARCADIA
BROOKSHIRE....WAYSIDE
BROWNFIELD....REGAL
BROWNSVILLE....MAJESTIC
BROWNWOOD....BOWIE
BURKBURNETT....PALACE
CAMERON....CAMERON
CARTHAGE....ESQUIRE
CHILDRESS....PALACE
CLARENDON....MULKEY
CLARKSVILLE....AVALON
CLEBURNE....YALE
CLEVELAND....TEXAS
COLEMAN....COLEANNA
COLORADO CITY....PALACE
COLUMBUS....OAKS
COMMERCE....PALACE
CONROE....CREIGHTON
CORPUS CHRISTI....CENTER
CORSICANA....PALACE
CRANE....CRANE
CROCKETT....RITZ
CUERO....RIALTO
DALHART....MISSION
DALLAS....PALACE
DECATUR....PLAZA
DEL RIO....RITA
DENISON....RIALTO
DENTON....CAMPUS
DEVINE....MEDINA VALLEY DRIVE-IN
DUMAS....EVELYN
EAGLE PASS....EAGLE DRIVE-IN
EDINBURG....CITRUS
EDNA....EDNA
EL CAMPO....NORMANA
ELECTRA....GRAND
EL PASO....ELLANAY
ENNIS....PLAZA
FALFURRIAS....PIONEER
FLOYDADA....CAPADA DRIVE-IN
FT. STOCKTON....PECOS
FT. WORTH....HOLLYWOOD
GAINESVILLE....STATE
GALVESTON....STATE
GATESVILLE....REGAL
GEORGETOWN....PALACE
GEORGE WEST....WEST
GILMER....CRYSTAL
GLADEWATER....GREGG
GOLIAD....GOLIAD
GONZALES....LYNN
GRAHAM....DON DRIVE-IN
GRAPEVINE....PALACE
GREENVILLE....TEXAN
HAMLIN....FERGUSON
HARLINGEN....ARCADIA
HASKELL....TEXAS
HEARNE....CHATMAS
HENDERSON....PALACE
HEREFORD....STAR
HILLSBORO....TEXAS
HONDO....RAYE
HOUSTON....METROPOLITAN
HUNTSVILLE....LIFE
JACKSBORO....MESQUITE
JACKSONVILLE....PALACE
JASPER....TEXAS
JEFFERSON....STRAND
KENNEDY....RIALTO
KERRVILLE....ARCADIA
KILGORE....CRIM
KILLEEN....CENTER
KINGSVILLE....TEXAS
LAMESA....YUCCA DRIVE-IN
LAMPASAS....LEROY
LA PORTE....PORT
LAREDO....TIVOLI
LIBERTY....PARK
LITTLEFIELD....PALACE
LOCKHART....BAKER
LONGVIEW....ARLYNE
LUBBOCK....CLIFTON
LUFKIN....PINES
LULING....STANLEY
MC ALLEN....PALACE
MC CAMEY....GRAND
MC KINNEY....RITZ
MARFA....PALACE
MARLIN....PALACE
MARSHALL....PARAMOUNT
MATHIS....MATHIS DRIVE-IN
MERKEL....QUEEN
MEXIA....MEXIA
MIDLAND....RITZ
MINEOLA....SELECT
MISSION....BORDER
MONAHANS....TEXAN
MT. PLEASANT....MARTIN
MULESHOE....COX
MUNDAY....ROXY
NACOGDOCHES....MAIN
NAVASOTA....MILLER
NEW BOSTON....WAKEA
NEW BRAUNFELS....BRAUNTEX
NIXON....NIXON
NOCONA....RITZ
ODESSA....ECTOR
OLDEN....DIXIE DRIVE-IN
OLNEY....WESTEX
ORANGE....STRAND
OVERTON....OVERTON
PALLACIOS....HOLLYWOOD
PALESTINE....TEXAS
PAMPA....LA NORA
PARIS....GRAND
PECOS....STATE
PERRYTON....ELLIS
PLAINVIEW....GRANADA
PLEASANTON....LEON
PORT ARTHUR....SABINE
PORT LAVACA....PORT LAVACA
PORT NECHES....NECHES
POST....TOWER
QUANAH....PALACE
RAYMONDVILLE....TEXAS
REFUGIO....RIALTO
RICHMOND....LAMAR
ROBSTOWN....GULF
ROCKPORT....SURF DRIVE-IN
ROSENBERG....COLE
ROTAN....LANCE
RUSK....CHEROKEE
SAN ANGELO....TEXAS
SAN ANTONIO....AZTEC
SAN BENITO....RIVOLI
SANDERSON....PRINCESS
SAN MARCOS....PALACE
SAN SABA....PALACE
SEMINOLE....TOWER
SEYMOUR....TEXAS
SHERMAN....PLAZA
SILSBEE....PINES
SINTON....RIALTO
SLATON....SLATON
SNYDER....RITZ
STAMFORD....STATE
SPURR....PALACE
STEPHENVILLE....MAJESTIC
SULPHUR SPRINGS....MISSION
SWEENEY....SWEENEY
SWEETWATER....TEXAS
TAYLOR....HOWARD
TEMPLE....ARCADIA
TERRELL....IRIS
TEXARKANA....LEO
THREE RIVERS....RIALTO
TULIA....ROYAL
TURNERTOWN....STAR
TYLER....TYLER
UVALDE....EL LASSO
VICTORIA....UPTOWN
WACO....ORPHEUM
WAXAHACHIE....TEXAS
WEATHERFORD....PALACE
WEST COLUMBIA....CAPITOL
WHARTON....RIO
WICHITA FALLS....STRAND
WINTERS....STATE
WOODSBORO....ARCADIA
YOAKUM....STRAND
YORKTOWN....YORK

UTAH

AMERICAN FORK....CORAL
BEAVER....FIRMAGE
CEDAR CITY....CEDAR
LOGAN....CAPITOL
MAGNA....GEM
MILFORD....FIRMAGE
OGDEN....EGYPTIAN
PAROWAN....FIRMAGE
PAYSON....HUISH
PLEASANT GROVE....GROVE
PRICE....PRICE
PROVO....PARAMOUNT
ROOSEVELT....ROOSEVELT
SALT LAKE CITY....UTAH
TOOELE....RITZ
VERNAL....MAIN

VERMONT

BARRE....MAGNET
BENNINGTON....GENERAL STARK
BRADFORD....BRADFORD
BRATTLEBORO....LATCHIS
BURLINGTON....STRAND
MONTPELIER....MOONLIGHT
RUTLAND....GRAND
ST. ALBANS....WELDON
ST. JOHNSBURY....STAR
VERGENNES....VERGENNES
WATERBURY....RIALTO
WHITE RIVER JCT....LYRIC

VIRGINIA

CHARLOTTESVILLE....PARAMOUNT
COVINGTON....VISULITE
DANVILLE....NORTH
HARRISONBURG....STATE
LYNCHBURG....WARNER
MARTINSVILLE....RIVES
NEWPORT NEWS....PARAMOUNT
NORFOLK....NEWPORT & COLLEY
PETERSBURG....BLUEBIRD
PORTSMOUTH....STATE
RICHLANDS....FLANNARY, STAR
RICHMOND....BYRD
ROANOKE....AMERICAN
STAUNTON....VISULITE
VIRGINIA BEACH....BEACH
WILLIAMSBURG....WILLIAMSBURG
WINCHESTER....PALACE

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN....ABERDEEN
BELLINGHAM....AMERICAN
ELLENSBURG....LIBERTY
PASCO....PASCO
SEATTLE....ORPHEUM
TACOMA....ROXY
VANCOUVER....BROADWAY
WALLA WALLA....LIBERTY
WENATCHEE....LIBERTY
YAKIMA....YAKIMA

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY....BECKLEY
BLUEFIELD....GRANADA
CLARKSBURG....RITZ
FAIRMONT....LEE
HUNTINGTON....PALACE
LOGAN....GUYAN
MARTINSBURG....CENTRAL
MONTGOMERY....AVALON
MORGANTOWN....WARNER
OAK HILL....KING
PARKERSBURG....STRAND
WELCH....POCAHONTAS
WHEELING....CAPITOL

WISCONSIN

APPLETON....VIKING
ASHLAND....BAY
BARABOO....JULIAN
BELOIT....MAJESTIC
BURLINGTON....PLAZA
DELAVAN....DELEVAN
EAU CLAIRE....HOLLYWOOD
FORT ATKINSON....UPTOWN
GREEN BAY....BAY
KENOSHA....ORPHEUM
LA CROSSE....RIVOLI
LAKE GENEVA....GENEVA
MARSKFIELD....NEW ADLER
MILWAUKEE....WARNER
OCONOMOWOC....LA BELLE
OSHKOSH....OSHKOSH
PORTAGE....HOME
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN....REGENT
SHAWANO....SHAWANO
WAUKESHA....PARK
WAUPACA....ROSA
WAUSAU....WAUSAU
WEST BEND....WEST BEND
WOODRUFF....WOODS

WYOMING

CASPER....REX
CHEYENNE....PARAMOUNT
GILLETTE....FIESTA
LARAMIE....WYO
POWELL....TETON
RAWLINS....FOX
RIVERTON....GEM
ROCK SPRINGS....WEST
SHERIDAN....WYO
SHOSHONI....REGENT
THERMOPOLIS....TEPEE
TORRINGTON....WYOMING
WHEATLAND....RAMONA

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE....4TH AVENUE
FAIRBANKS....EMPRESS

BRITISH WEST INDIES

NASSAU....SAVOY

If your city is not listed, watch your newspapers for local playdate.

his on the ground. Then they broke with a shout and ran out onto the field.

Paul remained standing after The Star-Spangled Banner. The air was charged with tension now. He watched the Bryan captain lift his arm, saw Bobby respond, heard the referee's whistle shrill above the crowd's roar. The kicker came forward, and the ball was booted high. He followed its flight and saw Ernie on the goal line adjusting his position, licking his fingers. He took it without haste and came forward, hunting an opening. He found it, shot down the middle while players clashed and tumbled in front of him. A wave of Bryan tacklers buried him on the thirty-yard line.

ON THE next three plays, Coulton picked up fifteen yards. Robin Mitchell, sitting next to Paul, said excitedly, "That's twice they've suckered that guard! Bobby's already found their weakness."

"They won't sucker him again," Paul said firmly. To himself he added: I hope that Bobby's smart enough to know it.

Nevertheless, he was pleased. They had to move the ball, and they were showing that they could do it.

He held his breath on the next play. Bobby, disobeying orders, went wide to the left with receivers fanning out downfield. He cocked his arm, pumped twice, then chose to run. He was at mid-field, then the Bryan forty-five, and suddenly he was bottled and thrust out of bounds. For a fearful instant Paul was sure he'd been injured, but Bobby *got up and trotted gingerly back to the* huddle. He wasn't limping.

On the next play, Bobby sent Ernie into the line. No luck. The trap didn't spring. Bobby tried the spread then, but the play misfired. On third down Bobby came to the right, tried to pass, couldn't, tried to run, and was blasted out of bounds by the Bryan linemen, who were beginning to break through in force. This time Bobby was shaken. He got up slowly, but still he wasn't limping. Paul was beginning to believe that the knee could take it.

Bobby angled a good kick out of bounds at the eleven-yard line and James Long went in to play safety.

Bobby came out and knelt beside Paul, panting for breath. "Coach, we're not going to move that line."

"How about your trappers?"

Bobby shook his head. "They're onto that. I'll tell you something, though. I can work five-seventies and five-eighties all day, if you'll let me. They're suckers for option plays because they're worried about flat-zone passes. I could tell that the first time I tried it."

"Bobby, it's *your* knee," Paul said. "If you think you can do it, go ahead. But if you feel anything in that knee, then lay off the running."

Bryan got one first down and then the Coulton line held. Bryan's kick was sliced to the left, and James Long fought back to mid-field.

"All right, Bobby," Paul said, "start working your options. Don't be afraid to pass now."

Paul watched intently as the play came out—the spread. Receivers sprayed into the secondary and Bobby cocked his arm, checked, cocked again, and for a desperate second Paul was sure that he had missed his chance. *But suddenly he was away, running* with a nimble, deceptive ease that brought the crowd up screaming. Not until he reached the thirty-yard line

Buffalo Bill Still

SAM ROSENBERG

Captain Buffalo Bill Gray and his Indian friend was he mobbed by the desperate Bryan defenders.

And when he got up, he was lame. Paul saw it—a slight off-balance gait, impossible to conceal. His heart sank. The game didn't matter, he remembered. Win or lose, he would still move on to Burrington. But for these kids it did matter. Winning was the only thing that ever mattered.

BRYAN had called for time, and Mr. Jim came hurrying down to Paul. "Did you see what I saw?" he asked.

Paul nodded. "I saw something else too. I think Bobby missed it." He turned to Robin Mitchell sitting beside him, a small, hard-fibered boy whose resemblance to his father was remarkable. "Go in for Donnie," Paul said. "Tell Bobby they're flank shy. They're leaving the middle wide open on spread plays."

Robin nodded. "And, Robin," Paul said carefully, "if you catch that pass, don't forget which way to run."

Paul watched as the setup play unfolded. What came next was a weird and dangerous play. They had pulled it only twice all season. Misfiring, it could be disastrous.

But it worked—perfectly. It broke the game wide open.

Bobby drew the whole defense to the right, pivoted, and rifled the ball laterally across the field to Robin. The rest was a wild race for the goal stripe; then the Coulton stands went berserk.

As the noise subsided, Paul sent Donnie in and Robin came off the field. Paul went to meet him, a smeared, breathless, triumphant boy, laughing while tears streamed down his cheeks.

"I did it!" he gasped. "I ran the right way! It was a touchdown, wasn't it?"

Paul tousled his hair. "All things considered, it was the greatest touchdown I ever saw. You tell your dad I said that."

Robin grinned, sniffed, swiped a sleeve across his nose. He looked up into the stands, searching hopefully.

After Bobby had kicked the extra point, Paul noted again that he was favoring his knee. He sent James Long to replace him, and then motioned for Doc Morgan.

The examination was brief. Morgan looked up at Paul and said, "It's stiffening."

"What should we do?" Paul asked.

The doctor shrugged. "Massage it. Keep it warm and loose. You might get a little more service out of it that way." He sounded like a machinist appraising a piece of equipment.

Paul went to the bench and sat down. He wasn't going to worry about Bobby, he decided—not yet. Maybe—he didn't believe it—but maybe one touchdown would be enough.

At the end of the first quarter, it was still Coulton 7, Bryan 0, but the Coulton team was battered, and only a fumble as the whistle sounded had kept Bryan from scoring.

Bobby, who had been sitting beside Paul, stood up and began fastening his helmet as soon as he saw the recovery. Paul rose quickly, ignoring the look on Doc Morgan's face.

"Passes, Bobby," he said bluntly.

"Passes!" The boy was stunned.

"Use your spread," Paul told him. "If you run with the ball one time—you hear me, one time—I'll pull you out of the game."

It was a grave risk, and he knew it, but there was no mistaking the measure of the Bryan team. It was going to

Lives in France

BUFFALO BILL and the Wild West will never die, so long as there is a France. Americans may go on to newer heroes; but the French have never forgotten Colonel William Cody, the original Buffalo Bill, who toured Paris and the provinces with his colorful entourage more than 50 years ago. Today, the Cody legend lives on in dozens of little French circuses which travel through the country. Almost every one of them features a Wild West show replete with broncobusters, redskins and its own "Booffalo Beel."

Probably the most authentic Beel in France is Captain (the title is honorary, as is Kentucky Colonel) Edward Gray, fifty-three, a Gallicized Englishman who travels with the Cirque des Frères Amar. Captain Gray has spent his adult life studying up on the real Buffalo Bill, and his impersonation is as accurate as exhaustive research can make it. "Colonel Cody is my hero," he says. "I want to be exactly like him." When Gray strides into the sawdust ring cracking a bullwhip (made in Kansas City) he wears a ten-gallon hat fashioned in London on a block sent from Texas. His fringed doeskin costumes are copied from pictures of those worn by Cody. His Remington rifle is a duplicate of Colonel Cody's. Even his hair, a thick auburn mop which extends halfway down his back, and his beard are styled exactly like the colonel's.

And strolling impassively behind Gray, whenever he appears in public, is his full-dress "Indian," actually a Spanish circus performer named Chicarito Palma. When they enter and leave the ring together—Palma always a respectful three paces behind—children and adults alike mob them, fight to shake Gray's hand and get his autograph. To them, Gray *is* Buffalo Bill. And when the bearded legend comes to town and parades on horseback through the cobblestoned streets, waving his ten-gallon hat at the jubilant natives, the wild and woolly West lives again, in the sentimental, incurably romantic heart of France.

—HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

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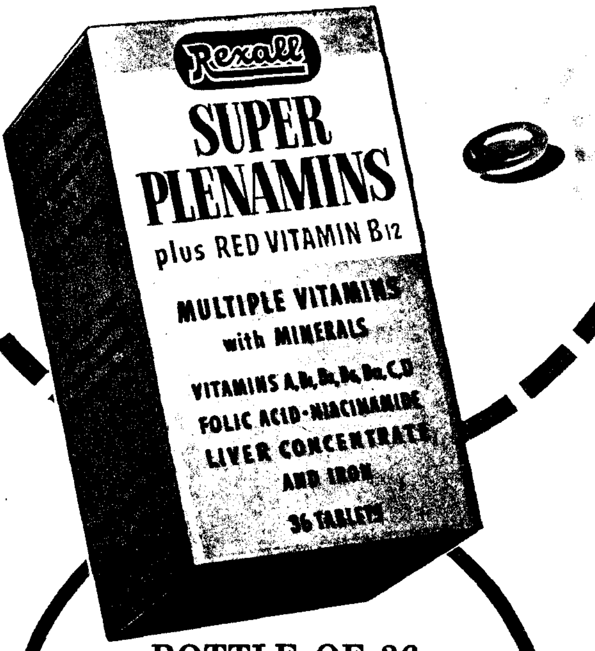
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score touchdowns—several of them—and Coulton had to build a lead, if possible, while Bobby was still of service.

For a time the passes worked, but then a Bryan halfback intercepted at mid-field. Watching the Bryan power at work once more, Paul knew it was really no contest at all, just as the experts had predicted. Bryan had poise, weight, depth, versatility—everything a great team must have.

While the teams were lining up for the kickoff after Bryan's second touchdown, Doc Morgan sat down beside Paul and said emphatically, "Bobby's through. If he gets one more hard blow on that knee, he's going to be limping for the rest of his life." He paused and then asked, "Are you willing to take a chance on that, Paul?"

"No, of course not," Paul answered.

Bobby's substitute had trotted to the side line, but Paul waved him back into the game. Seeing this, Bobby glanced at him in dismay, and Paul shook his head slowly. Bobby drew his lips tight and went back to the bench.

THE score was Bryan 13–Coulton 7 at the half. As the team went into the dressing room, Paul heard his name called. He recognized R. V. Reagan's voice. He hesitated a moment, feeling a strong urge to go into the dressing room and lock the door behind him, but he turned, fighting his anger.

"What's the matter out there?" Reagan demanded. "Why aren't you using Bobby?"

Paul glared at him, wondering how the man could be such a fool. "His knee's gone bad. Didn't you notice?"

Reagan spluttered. "No! That's a damned lie! I saw him out there. I saw him pull off that touchdown. When Bobby was in there, we were clicking. Then you pulled him out. I didn't like it one damned little bit."

Paul stared at Reagan. "So it's *I* now, Mr. Reagan," he said calmly. "The truth finally comes out. All season you've been telling me what *they* like and what *they* won't stand for. But it's just *I, I, I,* isn't it? *I* built the new gymnasium. *I* won't have you playing a Negro at quarterback. Well, let me tell you this, Mr. Reagan. Morgan examined your son's knee a few minutes ago and said that one more hard blow would cripple the boy for life. Do you want me to play Bobby? If you do, say so right now."

Reagan was suddenly subdued. "It's just a—just a bunch of nonsense. They're not always right, doctors aren't. They try to scare you."

"Now it's *they* again," Paul said. "Okay, Mr. Reagan, I'll play Bobby. I'll play him until they carry him off the field on a stretcher. But if Bobby's crippled, you're not going to have the satisfaction of shifting the blame to me. You're going to put it in writing. Let's see you write it, Mr. Reagan: *I order you to play Bobby.*"

Reagan's lips were trembling. He looked like a cross between a spoiled child being punished and a bully called to account. He shook his head. "I—I don't know what I'm saying. I'm sorry." Paul went into the dressing room, feeling as if a great weight had finally been lifted.

Paul remembered concessions now which he had made almost unconsciously as a result of Reagan's hints and pleas and fatherly counsel. "Let the score run up a little, Paul. We need the reputation. Mitchell's a cheap, crooked gambler. They'll run him out of town one of these days. They'll never stand for Donnie, a Negro, giving orders to the team. Paul—never."

All season Paul had raged at weakness. Ernie was sick before each game, but he never missed a play. Donnie quaked at the crowd's roar, knowing he was challenging deep-set prejudices, risking abuse every time he took the field, but he didn't quit. However, it was really he, Paul Watson, who had been weak.

Well, he had heard the last of R. V. Reagan. He had made his last concession to railbirds and Monday quarterbacks. He was sick of winning, getting ahead, building a reputation. Mr. Jim had said once, "I never was a good coach because to me football was never more than a game." The old man had paid the price for that shortcoming, of course. At sixty he was a permanent assistant, underpaid and forgotten. But was that so bad? At least he enjoyed his work, and he wasn't plagued by the fixers and team followers who were wrecking the game.

Paul stood at the door a moment looking over the room. The team was tired, dead tired, and crushed and silent. The fifteen who had seen heavy action were stretched inert on the floor. Mr. Jim, Doc Morgan and the team manager were talking quietly, administering to their needs.

He would leave it this way, he decided. They had done their level best, and the fact that the best wasn't sufficient didn't mean that they had failed. They needed rest and a revival of spirits. And they needed a quarterback.

"Donnie." The boy stood up stiffly and walked to the door. "Hold out your hands." Donnie obeyed, and his fingers were relaxed and steady.

"Feel all right?" Paul asked, and Donnie nodded.

"Bobby's out, you know," Paul said casually. "He won't be playing the last half. So you're our quarterback."

The very thought of it jolted the boy, released a flood of fear. If he held out his hands now, Paul knew, his fingers would be trembling.

"You'll do all right," Paul assured him, wishing that he could be sure of it himself. He called Bobby over. "Donnie's going to be our quarterback this last half," he said. "I want you to tell him what you've found out about Bryan—where it's soft and what plays you think will work best against it. Later on, I'll pull him out of the game every chance I get and you can keep advising him. You're Donnie's coach now; he'll need all the help he can get."

Bobby grinned and nodded.

THEN Paul went among the players briefly, because a coach was supposed to do this at half time—speaking wisely, rallying and inspiring them. But it was a sham. He had no advice to give. They had made no mistakes, missed no chances. It wasn't their fault that Bryan was a better team.

He glanced at Bobby and Donnie at the far end of the room. Bobby was talking animatedly, making various motions with his hands, and Donnie was listening intently.

What would he have done, Paul wondered, if some irrevocable authority—the board of trustees, for example—had come to him at half time and said, "Here, Paul, Mr. Jim is going to be our head coach. We want you to give him all the help you can."

Would he have smiled and pitched in, or would he have walked out and never come back again? . . .

Having its choice, Bryan took the ball at the opening of the last half and resumed hammering. They weren't a

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breakaway team; they scored and won by endless pressure. After its rest, Coulton could cushion the opening blows. Bryan would begin to be dangerous again only after the pressure had mounted and Coulton was tired.

Coulton took over on downs on their own thirty-five and Donnie was calling his first play. He chanted his signals in a loud, clear voice. The ball was snapped. Then Robin Mitchell was floating free at the forty-yard line, but Donnie elected to run. He got up to the scrimmage line.

Paul groaned softly. "Bobby would have passed with that one," he said.

Mr. Jim nodded. "Donnie's scared, Paul. He'll always be a little scared. If he'd passed and missed, or had it intercepted, he'd have felt his mistake much worse than any ordinary player."

ON THE next attempt, Ernie went straight up the middle, for fourteen yards. For a moment Paul couldn't believe it, and then he said to Mr. Jim, "They're checking—waiting for the play. I wonder if Donnie knows it and knows what to do about it." He stood up, searching for a sub.

Mr. Jim tugged at his sleeve. "Let him play it. He's doing all right. You can rattle him, you know, just by trying to tell him too much."

Paul nodded and sat down.

The next play was a trapper up the middle that cost Ernie a yard. Paul was immediately on edge. "No, Donnie, no!" he said aloud. "Don't you see you can't trap them if they aren't charging." He stood tensely waiting for the next play. Again it was Ernie burrowing into the line. No gain.

"Hollis!" Paul yelled. The sub tackle came on the run. "Go in there and tell Donnie to stop trapping. Tell him they're holding back. Tell him to use straight-on stuff in the line, and tell him to start working out wide again."

He had waited too long. The play was already out. The teams were facing each other almost squarely at midfield, Coulton in double wing, Bryan in a standard, close defense. Paul watched in mounting annoyance as the play began—a trapper, for the third straight time. Ernie spun, faked to Donnie, and lunged for the line.

Paul, like everyone else, was several seconds realizing that Ernie no longer had the ball. They had all been lulled by the dull pattern of action. But now, suddenly, a dozen yards from Paul's watching eyes, Donnie was racing down the unguarded side line. The whole play happened so quickly that Coulton fans were still surging to their feet when the referee raised his arms—touchdown. Coulton 13–Bryan 13.

Mr. Jim laughed. "Go on, find something wrong with that. I dare you."

Paul grinned weakly. He had seen it, but he still didn't believe it.

On the field the Coulton players were milling uncertainly and looking toward Paul. They needed a kicker.

Paul glanced desperately at the bench. Bobby was on his feet, bending and flexing his knee, and Doc Morgan was saying something to him. Seeing Paul watching, Bobby limped quickly to the side line. Inactivity had stiffened his knee, and he winced now each time he pressed his weight upon it.

"Bobby," Paul said, running up to him, "if you don't think you can do it—if the knee's too sore—"

The boy was already on his way, struggling painfully toward the north goal. On the field Bryan and Coulton players were standing together, watching Bobby hobbling toward them.

The suspense was endless. Now the huddle, now the line-up, now the rumble that became a gradual roar. The ball was back and Donnie was placing it, and suddenly it was spinning high in the bright air above the goal.

Coulton 14–Bryan 13. A moment ago Coulton had been a beaten team, hanging on desperately, hoping for a break. Now they were winning. But seven minutes showed on the scoreboard clock. That meant nineteen minutes of playing time. They had a chance now. Not much of a chance, certainly, with a one-point lead. No team all season had held Bryan scoreless for nineteen minutes, but if it were possible to do so, Paul knew, his team could do it today.

As the minutes dragged and the pressure mounted, one Bryan attack after another fell short of the goal. Donnie took no chances. Using the simplest, safest plays—Ernie in the line, Robin on wing-arounds, himself on slants and sweeps—he would tick off a first down, perhaps two. Then Robin would stand back calmly and loft a punt high and far, making Bryan trade more precious minutes for the yards it had to have.

Paul glanced at the clock. Seventy-five seconds. Coulton's ball on their own twenty. Two plays. Two long, slow, sweeping, time-consuming plays. Donnie was counting, the snap was back, leading him to the right, and he had his hands on the ball—only he wasn't controlling it.

He juggled it frantically, had it, then lost it. Players spilled all around him, battling for the loose ball, and Donnie stood as if unaware of what had happened. Donnie was standing there, frozen with fear, staring up at the howling crowd.

The referee blew his whistle and motioned northward, and the jubilant Bryan players raced into a huddle, and still Donnie stood staring into the crowd. Bryan was breaking from the huddle before Ernie Gillis rushed over, shook him violently, and pointed to the vacant halfback post. Donnie stumbled off to his position.

Paul looked once more at the clock. One minute, eighteen yards. He watched the Bryan fullback slam four yards through the line, then six. Then he watched a Bryan halfback take a pitchout and slither across the goal line. The clock showed ten seconds.

Paul turned and looked at Mr. Jim. The old man's lips were trembling, and tears were streaming down his cheeks.

WHEN Paul reached the dressing room, the place was a madhouse. No one had bothered to close the door, and now the room was jammed with spectators. A pale, intense young man touched a card in his hat and said, "Press. We'd like some comment on the game, Watson."

But Paul's mind was blurred. "Comment?" he said.

"Yeah. Something we can print."

"What did you think of the game?" another reporter asked.

"I think we got beat," Paul said flatly. "What do you think?"

"Wasn't this the first time that Negro kid ever played quarterback?"

Paul waited a long moment. "Now that you've brought it up—yes," Paul said, "that's the first time he's played quarterback. And you're the first man today who's referred to him by race. His name is Donnie Quillen."

The reporter looked wounded. "I didn't mean it that way. I think it's a good thing. Personally, I think—"

"Maybe you think too much," Paul

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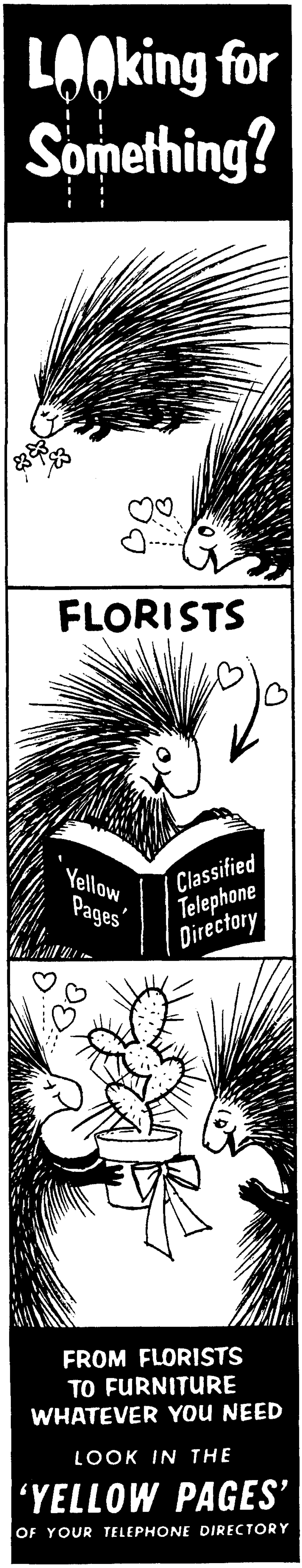

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cut in sharply. "We didn't make a player out of Donnie Quillen because he's a Negro, or in spite of the fact that he is. It takes outsiders like you, thinking about it, to make an issue of it, to remind him over and over that he is a Negro. Without that, he might have kept his mind on the game. We might have won this afternoon."

The reporters were silent and uneasy. "He was scared stiff, wasn't he?" one of them ventured cautiously.

"Just as scared as you'd be," Paul replied.

"He played a great game."

"Is that something you can print?" Paul asked.

The reporter nodded.

ONCE the reporters were gone, Paul went grimly to work clearing the room. A few players began undressing. No one was talking. Some of the youngsters were sobbing without shame, and the older players were trying to ignore them.

At the far end of the room Donnie was seated on a bench with his face buried in his hands. He wasn't crying. He was sitting there hiding behind his hands, too old to yield to grief, too shamed to lift his head. Mr. Jim was beside him.

Seeing Paul, Mr. Jim got up and walked across the silent room.

"Paul," he said, imploringly, "talk to them. Do something. You're their coach. Don't let them sit here grieving. Tell them you're proud of them—or something. How can you stand there looking angry and disappointed after they've played their hearts out?"

"I don't know," Paul said. "I don't feel angry or disappointed."

"Don't you feel"—the old man's eyes overflowed and his voice broke—"no, you don't feel anything, do you? That's why you're a good coach. Coaches are like doctors. Doctors don't cry when they lose a patient." He smiled and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Paul. I'm not being critical. You're hard as nails, and I admire you for it. That's what it takes." Then he turned and walked away.

Paul climbed onto the nearest bench and banged a locker door. The players lifted their heads and looked at him. And then Donnie got up and came forward to join the others. When he stopped beside Ernie, the big fullback reached out and jabbed at him weakly with his fist, in a ridiculous gesture of sympathy and friendship.

"Well, boys," Paul began. He had no idea what to say. Post mortems were out of his line. He had always waited and cried later, when he was alone. "Well, boys, the show's over and it's a long ride home, isn't it? When we started the season four months ago, did any of us think we'd get this far?"

A few of them grinned.

"Four months ago," Paul went on, "I wouldn't have given you a fifty-fifty chance of winning a game. I still don't know why you started winning and kept on winning until today. Coaching didn't do it, because I never saw a team that could do as much fumbling and stumbling as you've done."

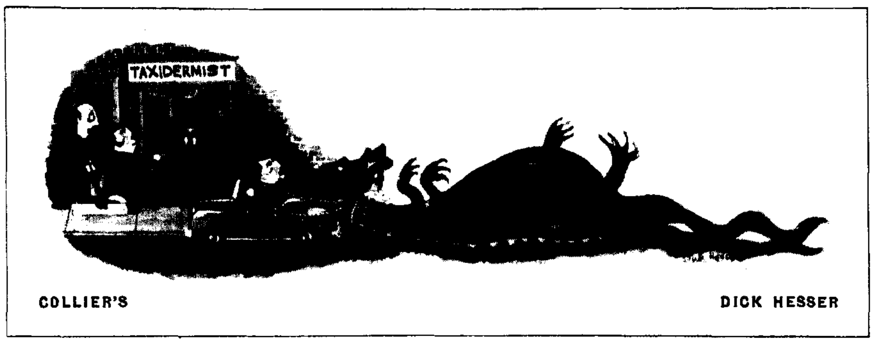
For a fearful instant, he thought he had said the wrong thing. He glanced at Donnie, but the boy was grinning as a sudden ripple of laughter passed over the room.

"Today," he said, "you came within an ace of beating the best high-school team I've ever seen. I don't think anyone who saw you today will ever say that you could have done better than that. I know I won't."

They had brightened. The pain was over. They were only boys, and football was only a game.

"Mr. Jim has been telling me all season that this team was different, and I've been denying it. Football teams are all alike, I argued. The good ones win and the bad ones lose. Football players are just so much weight and muscle, I told him. Well, I've changed my mind. Coaches do that sometimes, though not very often. Four months ago you accepted a boy on the team who didn't belong on it by any rule or custom. You did a brave thing and you did it in the best possible way—sincerely and without show. Accepting Donnie was only one of the fine things you did this season. The way you worked together, the way you responded to coaching, the way you put the team above yourselves and were never jealous or quarrelsome—you *were* different. That, I think, is the reason you won ball games. Coaches are supposed to teach their players, but sometimes it works the other way. For me, personally, this was the proudest day of my life. I'll never forget my Coulton Cowboys."

For a moment the dressing room was quiet, and then Robin Mitchell yelled, "Just wait till next year!"



COLLIER'S DICK HESSER

The whole dressing room rocked with laughter. . . .

In the Mexican quarter of San Antonio was a restaurant where the team had eaten before on its way home from games.

When they arrived they found a long table festively arranged. Tapers at each end had crossbars to simulate goal posts, with tiny ribbons for streamers. The table was a football field, with boundary and yard markers, and potatoes with matchstick legs for players. Behind the table stood the fat little proprietor and two of his waitresses, beaming over their handiwork, and as the players swarmed into the room a Mexican man and woman with guitar and violin began playing, of all things, the Notre Dame Victory March.

When they had finished dinner and some of the players were wandering about the restaurant, Milton Forrest, the school superintendent, arrived. The look of urgency on his face was unmistakable.

Seeing him, Paul felt a sudden stir of anxiety. Forrest was supposed to be in Coulton by now. Paul got to his feet quickly, swept with abrupt, uncontrollable fear as he thought of Grace and of the fact that he was never near her, never of any help. He could feel his heart pounding as Forrest motioned for him to come outside.

At the door, he took Paul's arm and led him a few feet down the sidewalk. "Paul, there's been a bad accident," he said bluntly. "I was wondering if word had reached here. I see it hasn't. Robin's still in there."

"Robin?" Paul asked, confused.

"It was Mitchell—Robin's father," Forrest said. "That narrow bridge across Chaparral River."

Paul remembered the wild Wednesday-night ride, the bridge, the onrushing truck.

"Mitch drove like a maniac," Forrest went on. "For years every mile has been his last. Well, he overshot the approach and went through the rail. He was killed instantly."

"When did it happen?" Paul asked. "Going home?"

"No, coming to the game."

Paul was shaken almost to tears. Mitch Mitchell had wanted more than anything else to see his son score a touchdown—but nothing mattered any more for Mitch.

Forrest asked, "What about Robin? Do you tell him or should I?"

"This makes Robin an orphan, doesn't it?" Paul said.

"Oh, no. His mother's living"—Forrest began, stopped, and then added a lame afterthought—"somewhere. Anyhow, he has relatives in Dallas."

Paul glanced at him. "Hell, Milt," he said helplessly, "how do you go about telling him a thing like that? Do you just walk up and say, 'Tough break, kid, your dad is dead'?"

Forrest shrugged, looking sick and miserable. "I don't know. I'll tell him. It's really my job anyway." He started resolutely toward the restaurant.

"Wait a minute, Milt," Paul called. Forrest stopped and turned. "It's my job. I can't shove it off on you. People have been running interference for me all season, if you know what I mean."

Forrest looked puzzled.

"You, Mr. Jim, Bobby, my wife"—Paul waved his hand—"Mitch Mitchell, among others. I always fall back on one of you in a crisis. Go tell Robin to come outside. Then round up the team and get it started home. Robin can ride with me."

HE HAD expected the boy to be wild with grief. That would be the hardest part—standing by dumbly, helplessly, watching him cry. But Robin accepted the news with fatalistic calm. He was stunned only for a moment. Then he was curious about the details. Where had it happened? Yes, he knew the bridge. His dad drove too fast. He had warned him time after time that he was going to kill himself one of these days. When had it happened?

Paul hesitated, wishing he could lie. "About one o'clock, I think."

"Then he didn't see the game."

Paul shook his head. The boy's eyes filled and he bit his lip.

"Go on and cry, Robin," Paul said gently. "It's easier that way."

"I can't. I—I guess I'm too big to cry."

"Do you want to go home?"

Robin nodded. "Yes. Please."

For a while they did not talk. Paul concentrated on his driving, and Robin sat slumped in the seat staring blankly out the window. Not once during the ride to Coulton did they mention Mitch again. They talked about football—the team, the game, next year's season—as if this were the only important subject in the world.

They would have a good team next year, he told the boy. Bobby, Ernie, Donnie and several others would be gone, but he thought that next year's team had a good chance.

"I'll be back—I guess," Robin said. "I don't know. I hope I will."

"I'm sure you will be," Paul told him, remembering that he wasn't going to be back himself.

THEN Robin began asking him about his background. Hadn't he played football at TCU? When had he first decided he wanted to be a coach? And how did you get to be a coach anyway? Did you go to a regular school for it, like engineering?

"Did you ever hear of a place called Morgan's Gap?" Paul asked.

Robin shook his head.

"That's where I'm from," Paul said. "Population two thousand. It used to be the biggest place in the world when I was growing up."

"Did you know what you wanted to be then?" Robin asked. "Even when you were growing up?"

"Oh, sure. A football coach. What else is there?"

"That's what I'm going to be," Robin said with deep sincerity. "I'm going to college, and then I'm coming back to Coulton and be the coach."

Paul was silent for a long moment. "That's almost exactly what I was going to do at your age," he said. "Go back to Morgan's Gap and be coach of the home-town team."

Robin looked at him, puzzled. "But you could have. You could have been the best coach they ever had. Why didn't you?"

"I don't know," Paul replied. "It turned out to be too small a place, I suppose."

On the outskirts of Coulton, Paul wondered briefly what he should do with Robin. All manner of saddening details must be awaiting him. Mitch's body was at one of the funeral homes. It had to be visited. Funeral arrangements had to be made. Meanwhile, Robin had to sleep and eat and be cared for.

All of it could wait until tomorrow, he decided. He would take Robin home with him. Then he remembered that Helen Jenkins had spent the afternoon with Grace. He wondered if she were still there and if she had heard about Mitch's death.

As he turned into the drive, the front door opened and he saw Grace standing in the light. The look on her face told him that she and Helen had heard and that Helen was probably gone. When she saw Robin get out of the car, she glanced meaningfully at Paul and he nodded to her. She understood from his manner that Robin was not to be sympathized with, and she was calm and factual as they came into the house, telling Robin what arrangements had been made.

Paul asked Robin if he wanted to go to the funeral home, but Robin shook his head. His eyes were set and weary now. He looked exhausted.

"Do you think you could sleep?" Paul asked.

"I guess so."

While Grace was preparing the extra bed, Paul found a box of sleeping tablets in the medicine closet.

"You'd better take one of these," he said.

"I can sleep," Robin said numbly.

"Take one," Paul commanded.

After Robin was in bed, Paul and Grace sat in the living room. "Did you know that Helen and Mitch were going to be married?" she asked.

He nodded. "Mitch told me."

"I didn't know until they telephoned us that he was dead." She was silent for a moment. "Helen was terribly shocked, of course, but she didn't cry. She just kept shaking her head and saying, 'Poor Mitch,' over and over. She's a wonderful woman, Paul. I'd have gone all to pieces. Mitch had given her a ring which she wasn't wearing because of her job. But when she found out that he was dead, she took the ring out of her purse and put it on. And later, when she called Mitch's mother and other people about it, she told them that they were engaged."

After a while they heard faintly in the distance the courthouse clock striking midnight. Grace suddenly looked at him and got up and came around the table and stood behind his chair, stroking his neck and shoulders. "The game, Paul," she said softly. "I'd almost forgotten to tell you. It was a wonderful game. I'm so sorry we got beat."

He reached for her and drew her down into his lap. "We didn't get beat, honey," he said, kissing her. "As Mr. Jim says, we got outscored." He brought out a program he'd saved and handed it to her. "Here. Souvenir."

She leafed through it quickly until she came to the score block. "Do you have your fountain pen?" She took it and filled in the score. "There. Now it's all over. Bryan 20–Coulton 14. I should cry a little, I suppose, only I don't feel like it."

"I know," he said. "Once it's finished, it isn't nearly as important as you thought it was." He was silent for a moment, and then he went on: "I don't know if this is the right time to say it. The other night I told you that the worst failing a coach could have was to go soft on a town—any town. And I know I'm right about that. I've seen too many coaches find a home for themselves, then get run out of town the first bad season." He looked at her. "I also know that Burrington is the biggest opportunity I'll ever have."

"But you'd rather stay in Coulton."

"Yes. Does that make sense?"

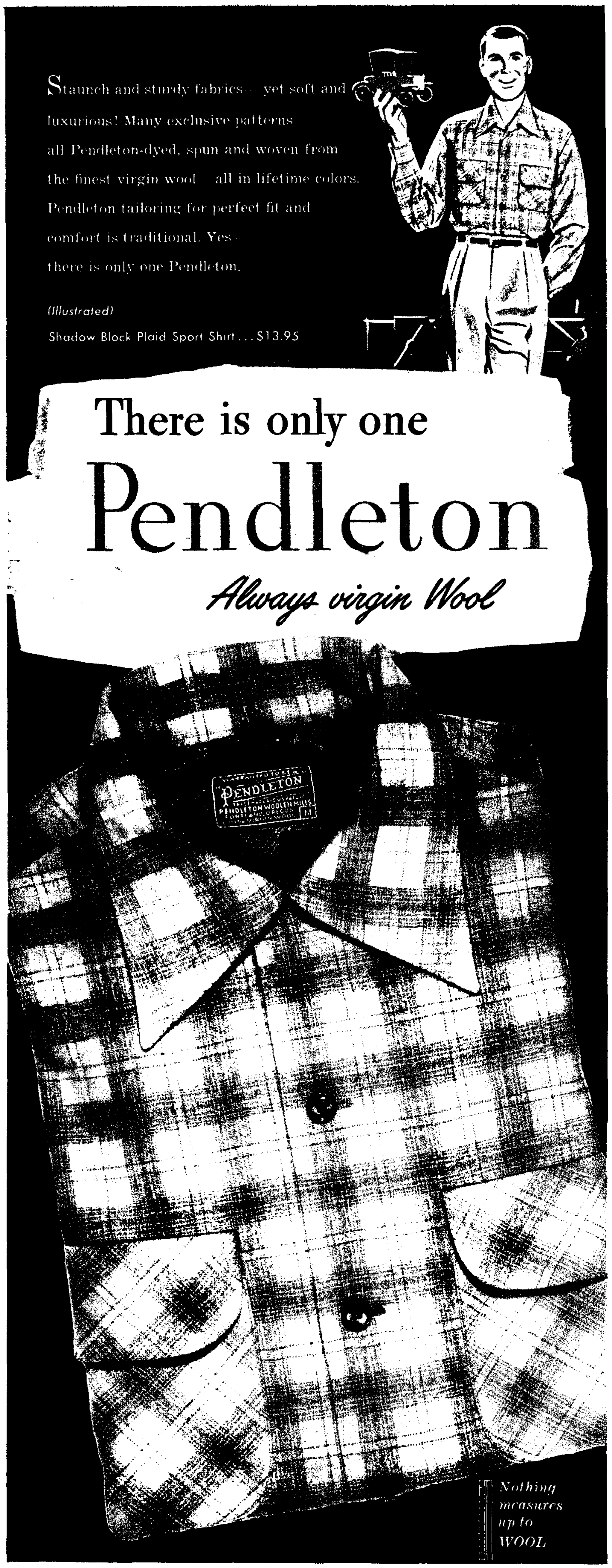
"Yes, darling. It makes very good sense. You have to live somewhere, and wherever it is you can't help liking the people and eventually calling the place home. Only there's more to it than that. When did you decide?"

HE WAS thoughtful. "I'm not sure. I could say Wednesday night at the testimonial dinner, but that would not be right. Or when I heard Mitch Mitchell was dead, or during the ride home with Robin. It's just that I have a responsibility here in Coulton that has nothing to do with coaching a football team. There's Robin. I hardly know the boy, but now that Mitch is dead I'm probably the nearest thing to a father that Robin has."

He paused, then smiled. "He's not my problem, but I can't help feeling he is."

He touched her hair and she leaned her cheek against his. "When did I decide? It was in the dressing room, after I'd talked to the team. Robin leaped up and yelled, 'Wait till next year,' and then the whole team was laughing and yelling it. It came to me then that there was going to be another year, another team, and I wanted to be a part of it."

—BONNER MCMILLION



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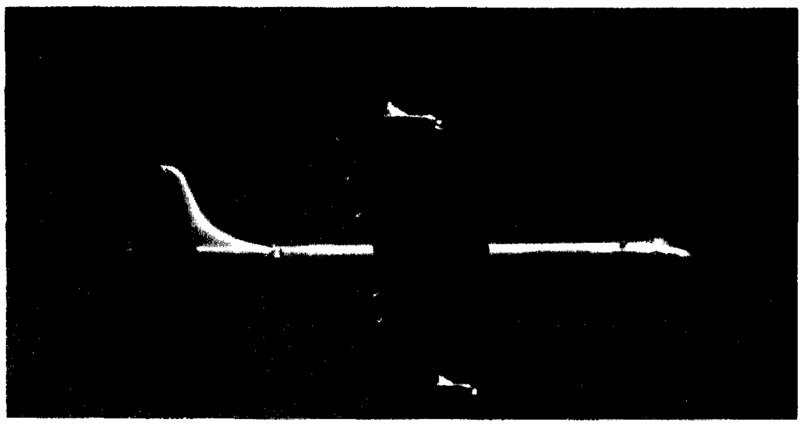
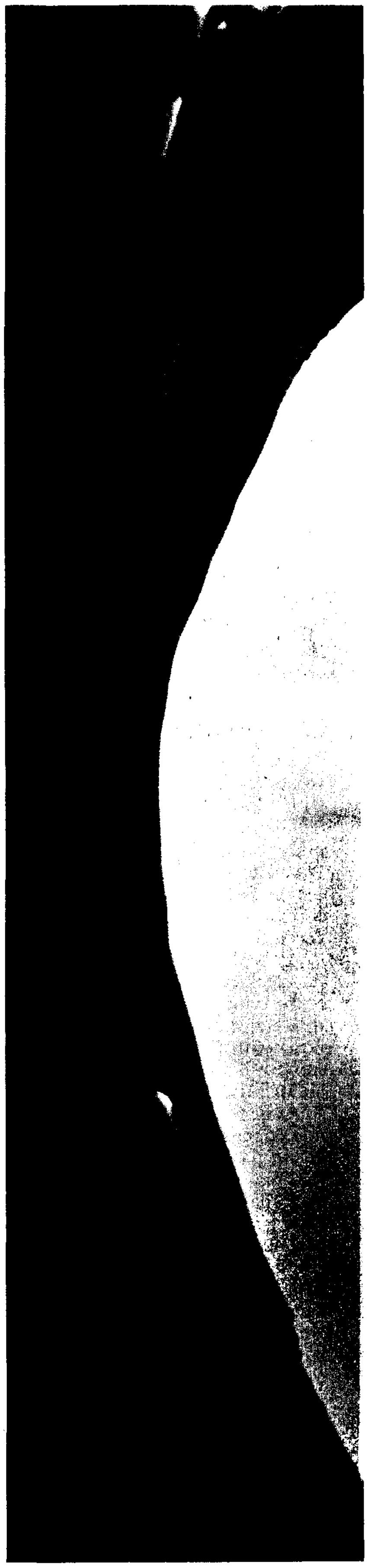


Rehearsal for

The B-36 flew 6,000 miles nonstop. Twenty-seven



Gunner Billy Williams searches

ONE recent Saturday midnight, while most citizens of Montreal were asleep, their city was the target of an atomic bomb. Seven miles up, Major Carl M. Kennedy, radar observer on Air Force B-36 bomber No. 5713, triggered the bombs-away switch over the heart of the Canadian city. No A-bomb fell, of course; the major simulated the strike by snapping a picture of the point where the bomb would have landed. But for the men on 5713, it was in most other respects a real mission, flown as if in a real war.

Aircraft 5713 was engaged in Strategic Air Command Mission Fifty Four Baker, one segment of the gigantic air operation Exercise Checkpoint, the largest postwar test of North America's air defenses. Checkpoint involved 3,500 aircraft of the USAF's Strategic Air Command and Air Defense Command, and the Royal Canadian Air Force. SAC's big bombers, like the B-36 and the Boeing B-47 jet, ranged over 40 major cities in the U.S. and Canada on simulated A-raids. It was up to the speedy jet fighters of Air Defense Command and the RCAF to intercept them before they reached their targets.

For security reasons, the USAF isn't telling how the bombers and fighters made out in their competition. But though the broad picture of the exercise is secret, I was permitted a crew's-eye view of what it's like to fly a B-36 mission. Along with photographer Lew Merrim, I was a member of Mission Fifty Four Baker, a mission which took slightly more than 27 hours from the time we started to taxi at Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth, Texas, until we landed there again some 6,000 miles later. Collier's had assigned us to bring back a report on the methods and procedures of an atomic raid and on how the men who crew SAC's giant B-36s bear up under the brain-fuddling fatigue of a very-long-range mission which requires them to stay in the air for more than a full day.

For Merrim and myself, the mission began the day before take-off. First there was the security check. SAC is extremely security conscious; sabotage of its aircraft or advance enemy knowledge of its war plan would cripple its function of instant retaliation upon an aggressor.

The men of the 19th Air Division, the parent unit at Carswell, were doubly alert on this day, for it was known that there were "saboteurs" in the area. SAC training is intensely realistic, and since its airplanes would be a prime target of enemy agents in the event of war, the command includes sabotage prevention in its curriculum. Teams of trained saboteurs are sent out periodically to each SAC base to try to "destroy" aircraft—and two such teams were in the Carswell area before and during Exercise Checkpoint.

The job of the saboteurs was to get to the flight line, where the planes were parked, by fair means or foul—scaling the well-guarded, barb-topped fences, bamboozling guards, using disguises or forging credentials. Once on the flight line, they had to sneak past the individual guard placed on every airplane. If they could do it, they would plant in the plane a small, pencil-like object, theoretically a "thermal stick" designed to explode at a given time and spread fire over the airplane. Any plane thus "destroyed" could not be used on a mission—and the unit commander would have some explaining to do to SAC's boss, General Curtis E. LeMay.

During Checkpoint, it later developed, two teams of five saboteurs each were working the area. Eight were caught as they tried to promote various ruses to get to the flight line. Two others got through the gates and were captured on the line, but not until one had "destroyed" a B-36. The successful agent had gained access to the line by means of a fake pass. (One enterprising saboteur, a champion swimmer, swam three miles across Lake Worth to the one gap in the fence, where one end of a runway meets the lake. Detected by a guard, he jumped back in and swam back to the far side to escape capture. He was finally nabbed on another try.)

Having convinced the provost marshal we were not saboteurs, we were put through the altitude chamber, a sealed tank in which the air pressure is gradually lowered to simulate the thin air encountered at very high altitudes. SAC crews, who must fly long periods at altitudes over 45,000 feet, are frequently subjected to the chamber, to make sure they have no physical defects which might interfere with their efficiency several miles up in the stratosphere.

Following the chamber test, we drew 200 pounds of

Left: Author Haggerty rides sled through bomb bay. He and the photographer were only noncrewmen on flight. Below: T/Sgt John Higgins (with pipe) and A/1C Bill Woodfin were two of bomber's five gunners

Mission No. 1

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

hours in the air. On target, the cry was "Bomb away!" Singular. It takes only one

or interceptors through an observation window. B-36 flies alone, depending on its tremendous firepower and 8-mile ceiling for protection

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

equipment: parachute, with attached one-man life raft (we would be over water part of the time); an inflatable life vest; a survival kit, in case we should be forced to bail out in the sparsely populated Canadian north; a helmet and oxygen mask, plus a portable radio transmitter; and heavy cold-weather flying suits in case of emergency in the north country.

Finally, we attended the mission briefing and met the 16-man crew of 5713, headed by the aircraft commander, or A/C, Lieutenant Colonel Robert A. Bennett, of Asheville, North Carolina.

America's First Line of Offense

Bennett's men comprise what is termed a select crew, topmost of the four SAC crew categories: noncombat ready, combat ready, lead and select. The lead and select crews will be America's first line of offense if there is another war. Each of these crews has already been assigned a Russian target, and the crew members study it constantly—the city itself, the route and terrain over which they may fly, the defenses they are likely to encounter, every conceivable part of that first mission. And their training flights are plotted to match exactly the distances and altitudes they may someday have to fly on Mission One.

When a crew reaches the select stage, all members are given a one-grade promotion. They hold that rank only so long as they maintain select proficiency, and they are subjected to constant tests of their abilities. If one member of the crew slips, the entire team may be down-ranked. Thus, every man has a personal interest in his crewmate's job, and incompetents are quickly weeded out. The system, though it sounds a little harsh, has paid off in greatly increased teamwork and spirit, SAC officials say.

Mission Fifty Four Baker, Bennett explained, would take us initially about 1,300 miles from Fort Worth to a point in Lake Superior close to the Canadian border. Then we would turn northeast and fly over 1,600 miles of Canadian wilderness to Checkpoint H, about 200 miles off the coast of Newfoundland in the Atlantic Ocean. There we would reverse course and head for Montreal, another 1,300 miles. After bombing the target, we would make a short jag to the southeast, to Boston, to confuse interceptors, then head back on a straight course to Carswell. In all, the mission would cover about 6,000 miles—nonstop and without any in-flight refueling.

The briefing was brisk and businesslike, with an aura of realism that made it easy to forget that friendly Montreal was the target. In fact, except for the target, this mission presumably corresponded closely in distance and terrain to one SAC has on its books for (in the words of the fliers) "the day the balloon goes up"—the day when SAC may be called upon to demonstrate its instant retaliatory capability. General LeMay insists on training his crews under conditions approximating reality as closely as possible; they must be ready the day a war starts, not six months later.

Take-off was scheduled for the next day at 3:45 A.M.—0345 hours, in Air Force talk. But getting a B-36 into the air involves more than just cranking up the engines and rolling down the runway. It is more like the launching of an ocean liner.

At 0100 hours, when the pilots reported for weather briefing, a last-minute check of conditions was made all along the 6,000-mile route. A half hour later, in front of a hangar of the 7th Bombardment Wing (Heavy), Bennett conducted crew inspection, at which he personally checked every piece of equipment of each member of his crew. (One faulty oxygen mask might mean the difference between the success and the failure of a mission.)

Radio operator Jim Alexander shows his weariness on way home. Crew blames the constant vibration as well as continuous time in air—one flight took 34 hours—for great fatigue

At 0200 we drove to the ramp where No. 5713 was waiting, but the process of preparing for take-off was still far from complete. Each crew member now reported to his position to make a preflight check. Although maintenance men had been readying this plane for two days, every item was given one more inspection to see that it was working properly—with repairmen standing by to make last-minute fixes.

It was not until 0330 that we started taxiing, using only the six piston engines. The four jets would not be started until two minutes before take-off; the jets are fuel gobblers, and fuel is a vital commodity on the long-ranging B-36, so they are used only for take-off and climb to altitude—and whenever emergency speed is required.

Finally, at precisely 0345, came Bennett's "We're rolling!" The 179-ton plane lurched as the brakes were released; it started down the runway, slowly at first but picking up speed rapidly, the high-pitched whine of the jets blending with the low-pitched roar of the piston engines. Then, easily and gracefully for all its great weight, the plane was airborne. It would be more than a full night and day before our wheels touched that runway—or any runway—again.

Cautious Approach to "Enemy" Target

Ahead of aircraft 5713 as it left Carswell for Montreal lay a journey longer than a transcontinental hop (not counting the equally long return trip)—2,875 miles at low altitude to simulate the approach to "enemy" territory. First, 575 miles to Checkpoint A—Cairo, Illinois—then another 350 miles to South Bend, Indiana. From South Bend, Checkpoint B, we were to proceed north 350 miles along the shore line of Lake Michigan to Checkpoint C in Lake Superior. Then came the long leg, almost 1,600 miles across northern Canada, a wild, sparsely populated forest country dotted by lakes, a country that offered no landing place in case of emergency and plenty of trouble should we be forced to bail out.

We would fly this portion of the journey at 7,000 feet, because this was friendly territory and we did not need the protection from enemy aircraft that high altitude affords. At 7,000 feet we would burn less than half the fuel we would use later at bombing altitude. But then, as we flew the 1,300 miles back to Montreal, we would climb to 36,000 feet. From Montreal, we would start the return flight to Carswell.

Photographer Merrim and I had been assigned take-off stations on the radio deck, along with the chief radio operator, Staff Sergeant Jimmy Alexander, of Wichita, Kansas, and his assistant, Staff Sergeant William H. Reed, of Blythe, California.

Above and forward of our position was the "office," occupied by aircraft commander Bennett; the pilot, Captain Jim B. Giacomo, of Ashdown, Arkansas; and the extra pilot, Lieutenant Colonel William M. Crampton, of San Francisco, the squadron commander (relief pilots are usually drawn either from a pilots' pool or from among administrative officers, like Crampton, who have no crews of their own). Directly behind the pilots and seated before a maze of complicated instruments, were the flight engineers, Major William R. McCool, of Manor, Pennsylvania, and his assistant, Technical Sergeant Harold E. Champion, of Marshall, Texas.

The nose of the B-36 is double-decked. Below the office were the "brains": the navigator, Lieutenant Colonel Vernon R. Morris, of Marion, Illinois; the assistant navigator, Captain Harold N. Davis, of Weston, Missouri, and the radar observer-bombardier, Major Kennedy, who hails from Byron, Georgia. Because of the extreme duration of B-36 missions, each primary crew member (except the radar mechanic and radar observer) is provided with an assistant to spell him; for resting, there are two bunks in the fore compartment

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A flight engineer went 10 feet into the wing for repairs

and six more in the rear of the plane.

The aft section, behind the tremendous bomb bay, housed the five gunners and the radar mechanic, Staff Sergeant Albert F. Babinec, of Maple Heights, Ohio. The radar is probably the most important single item of equipment in the airplane, and a mechanic flies all missions to make sure it stays in working order.

The five gunners included Master Sergeant Charles N. Scott, of Daisy, Tennessee, who doubles as staff electrician; Technical Sergeant Billy Williams, of Lawn, Texas; Technical Sergeant John F. Higgins, of Santa Ana, California; Airman First Class William E. Woodfin, of Detroit, and Airman Second Class Jimmie L. Toms, of Kellogg, Idaho.

Some Amazing B-36 Dimensions

Terming the B-36 "big" is an understatement. It is mammoth, and a source of staggering statistics. Built by Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation, located just across the field from Carswell Air Force Base, the B-36 has a wing span of 230 feet. If it were parked in the center of a football field, its wing tips would fall just short of the 10-yard lines at either end of the field. Its piston and jet engines combined develop more than 44,000 horsepower at take-off, roughly comparable to the power of 10 passenger locomotives. Its huge bomb bay has a volume equal to the capacity of three railroad freight cars. It holds enough fuel to fill the tanks of a bumper-to-bumper line of limousines almost five and a half miles long.

For our mission, we would not use full fuel load; we would carry only 27,000 gallons. On a long mission, the B-36 consumes about 1,000 gallons of fuel per hour—and loses weight, in fuel burned off, at the rate of 6,000 pounds an hour. The B-36 was originally designed for 10,000-mile missions, but with our ring of air bases around the world, extreme range is no longer required. Many B-36 missions now run from 5,000 to 8,000 miles.

We droned on over the Canadian north. The interphone was silent most of the time; Colonel Bennett allows little chitchat. Now and then the silence was punctuated by Bennett's routine orders to the crew.

"Rear from A/C. Give me an engine check."

"A/C from left gunner. Engines one, two and three okay, sir."

"A/C from right gunner. Four, five and six okay, sir."

B-36 pilots sit more than 60 feet in front of the propellers, which are on the rear of the wing, so they have no opportunity to take a visual check on the engines during flight. For this reason, the gunners, stationed behind the engines, are called upon every half hour for a check. Two gunners, one on either side of the plane, are required to stay on interphone at all times for this purpose. From their positions, they can see whether the cooling flaps are in proper position, or detect an oil leak or any other symptom of defective operation.

"Radio from A/C. Try to contact Yellow Two."

"Contact Yellow Two, Roger, sir."

Yellow Two was the second section of Mission Fifty Four Baker (we were Yellow Leader). Yellow Two was 30 minutes behind us, on the same route to the same target, insurance against the possibility that we might have to abort—discontinue the mission. Both planes were flying alone. In World War II, the Air Force flew formation flights, for two reasons: to concentrate firepower for protection against enemy aircraft and to saturate the target with bombs. The B-36 has plenty of firepower of its own, and is further protected against fighters by its ability to fly over 45,000 feet, an altitude most fighters find difficult to reach at all. If they do reach it, they are hard to maneuver and their jet engines suffer a power loss, due to the thinness of the air. B-36 missions also are planned so that the target is reached at night or in bad weather; further complicating the problem of interception. As for target saturation, one A-bomb takes care of that.

"A/C from radio. I have Yellow Two, sir."

"Roger." Bennett switched his microphone to the plane-to-plane frequency.

"Hello, Yellow Two. This is Yellow Leader. Over."

"Yellow Two. Over."

"We are now over Checkpoint Echo. Estimating Checkpoint Foxtrot one hour, thirty-eight minutes. One plus three-eight. Over."

"One plus three-eight. Roger. Out."

It was important that we keep Yellow Two advised of our position periodically, because Yellow Two must maintain a 30-minute interval at all times, particularly over the target. Should he arrive over the target early in a wartime mission, he would run into the turbulence of the atomic cloud created by our bomb.

"Crew from A/C. Give me an oxygen check."

"Nose reading, 400 pounds pressure, sir."

"Flight deck, 400 pounds pressure, sir."

"Radio compartment, three-nine-five pounds pressure, sir."

"Aft compartment, 400 pounds pressure, sir."

Oxygen pressure was normal. These pressure checks are taken throughout the flight. If one reading is abnormally low, it means a leak in the system or an open valve which must be remedied quickly.

"Crew from A/C. Pay attention to emergency procedures. If we bail out, we will rendezvous on line assembly to center man." He meant, that, once on the ground, the crew members would all walk toward the center man in the jump order, Major Kennedy, until the whole crew was assembled in one place. Their emergency radios would give them voice contact with one another, to facilitate the assembly. "We'll bail out with exposure suits on. Repeat, exposure suits *on.* Make sure your survival kit is fastened to your parachute."

There would be no walking out of this remote country, in case of an emergency jump. The best bet would be to wait in a group for the arrival of rescuers—who would be notified before bail-out. The survival kit contained enough food for 72 hours, a collapsible rifle with 50 rounds of ammunition, medical equipment, a hatchet and a shovel. The parachutes would provide shelter.

Merrim and I decided to pay a visit to "the boys in the back room," the gunners in the rear compartment. Getting to the rear is something of a project. The tremendous bomb bay, which can accommodate several atomic bombs or 84,000 pounds of ordinary bombs, occupies the entire area between the fore and aft compartments. The only access to the rear is provided by a tunnel, 25 inches in diameter, running through the bomb bay—altogether 85 feet—with an airtight door at either end. Riding on tracks within the tunnel is a sled about the length of a man's body. Crew members lie on their backs on the sled and propel themselves by pulling on an overhead rope.

Going from front to rear, however, there is no need for the rope. A cruising B-36 rides in a nose-up attitude, which makes the fore-to-aft sled ride a downhill run. The biggest problem then is stopping the sled, which can conceivably reach a speed of 30 miles per hour. There is a brake, but it is difficult to find in the dark tunnel, and some crewmen, unable to stop the sled, have been injured by slamming into the door at the other end.

I made two trips through the tunnel. It's no place for a claustrophobe. To the cramped sled rider the tunnel seems as long as the Holland Tunnel—and it is dark, pitch dark. With both doors closed you can see absolutely nothing and you can barely hear the pounding of the engines. You have the eerie sensation of being temporarily suspended in space between the two portions of the airplane.

Captain Giacomo was on the radio deck for a short break as I prepared to embark on my tunnel ride. "That thing," he said, gesturing toward the tunnel with his coffee cup, "is the weirdest part of the airplane. I've been through it once—just once. That was enough." That from a man who has flown as a combat pilot in two wars.

Having negotiated the tunnel without incident, I found that the gunners in the rear, for the most part, share Giacomo's distaste for the tunnel.

"So far as I'm concerned," said Sergeant Scott, the gunner-electrician, "that tunnel is for the sole use of the radar fixer. He has to go up there. We don't."

Sergeant Babinec grinned. His station is in the rear, but he is frequently called upon to go forward to make adjustments to the radar equipment.

"I don't mind it at low altitude," he said. "But I want no part of it at high altitude." At high altitude, the tunnel can be dangerous. The B-36 is pressurized; that is, compressed air is pumped into the two compartments to maintain a constant pressure equivalent to that at low altitude. At 35,000 feet, crew members breathe normally in an atmosphere like that at 10,000 feet. Without pressurization they could survive only by using oxygen masks.

Danger from Internal Pressure

It's always possible that the pressure of the air inside a plane might force a blowout of one of the escape hatches or windows. If that happened, the internal air would rush outward at terrific velocity—and if the tunnel door also blew from the pressure, any man inside would become a human cannon ball, propelled by the escape of the high-pressure air.

Time hangs heavy in the rear compartment. Up front, the pilots are busy piloting, the navigators navigating, the radio operators tuning, receiving and transmitting, and the flight engineers reading their myriad instruments and constantly adjusting engine power. The gunners, having nothing to shoot at in friendly country, pass the time reading paperback whodunits, sleeping or "bulling." The current bull session involved the relative wildness of the territory over which we were flying and other places that the crew had visited (SAC's global warriors have been everywhere).

"That's really rough-looking country down there."

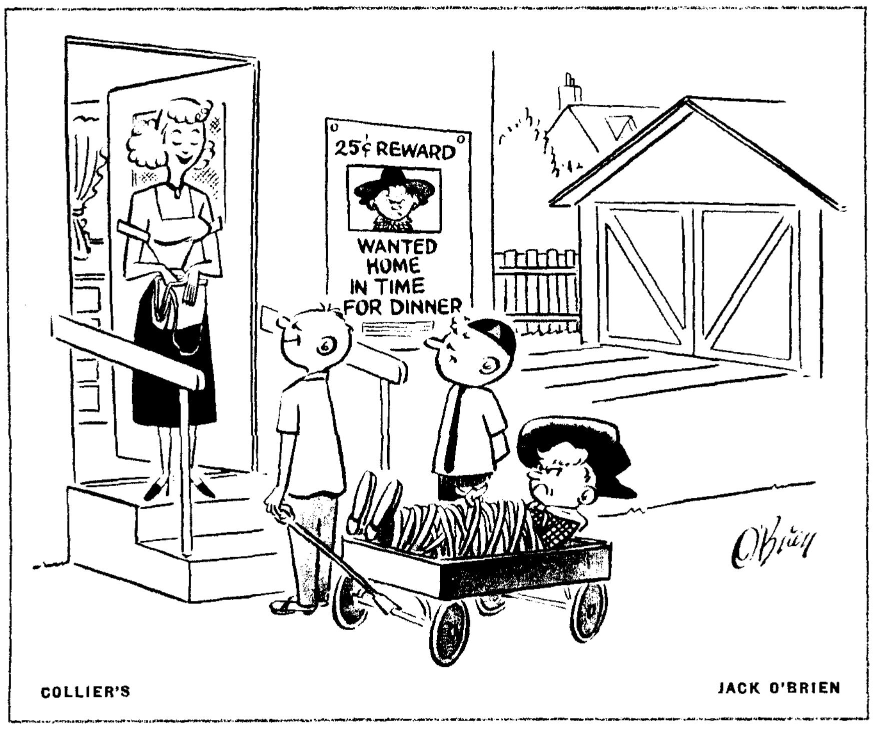
"How about Labrador? You been to Labrador?"

"You've never seen anything like that Thule country." Thule, pronounced Too-lee, is the site of a large USAF base in Greenland.

"Don't forget little ol' Korea."

Tech Sergeant Williams, one of the gunners, was occupied with a mathematical problem.

"You hear all this talk about flight pay," he was saying. Flight pay, the



COLLIER'S JACK O'BRIEN

Just dropping a hint to Ford owners

FALLING LEAVES are rustling out the message that *right now* is the time to have your Ford "winterized." Then you'll know it's ready to take on winter's roughest weather.

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Blackouts? They will be wasted effort in any future war

bonus airmen receive for undergoing the hazards of flying, is a source of some envy among nonflying military personnel, and has also come in for several Congressional discussions. Airmen are convinced that someone is fostering a dark plot to eliminate flight pay. "I've just been figuring it out. In this outfit, it comes to about 35 cents an hour."

Tech Sergeant Higgins and Master Sergeant Scott were discussing SAC's survival test, which calls for flight crews to be dumped in a remote, uncivilized area with only the small survival kit, and left to shift for themselves. The idea is to accustom them to the hardships they might encounter should they have to leave the airplane on an actual mission.

"Man, I lost 25 pounds in 10 days on that deal," said Scott. "I went most of four days without a bite. Finally caught a couple of porcupines. They're not bad eating, either."

Why Hot Meals Are Available

The eating was considerably more diversified aboard the 5713. The plane had a regular airline-type galley, installed on the theory that if a crew had to eat cold box lunches or K rations for as many as five meals, its efficiency might suffer. Hot meals are available throughout the flight—precooked frozen-food packages which can be heated up in a few minutes. I tried a typical meal: soup, turkey with peas and potatoes, coffee and dessert if you want it. It was extremely good, but most of the married crew members prefer home cooking, and bring their own meals in insulated containers.

While in the rear compartment, I noticed that the plane's vibration was much more noticeable, and also that there was a great deal more bouncing around in turbulence. The shaking, coupled with boredom, tends to make the trip exceptionally tiring for the gunners. But fatigue is a real problem for everyone on long-range B-36 missions. Back on the radio deck, I mentioned that to Colonel Bennett, who was down for a coffee break.

"A mission of more than 20 hours really beats you," he agreed. "And we've done 'em as long as 34 hours. It's not only the time involved, it's the constant vibration. After a while it just seems to settle in your bones."

Twelve hours out of Fort Worth we encountered a minor problem. The throttle control on number two engine was gone. The engine was running all right, but its power setting could not be changed. Engineer McCool climbed down from the flight deck and announced he was "going for a walk." His walk would take him out into the wing of the airplane. The huge B-36 wing had enough space to permit a man to crawl out on a catwalk and make minor repairs in flight. McCool would have to go some 40 feet out into the wing, another assignment about which crewmen are not enthusiastic.

McCool returned shaking his head: "Couldn't do anything with it." As long as we cruised or climbed, number two would function smoothly, but there would be no way to reduce its power for a landing. That, however, was a problem still 15 hours away.

We passed over Goose Bay, Labrador, and Bennett gave the "Start climb" order. We were approaching enemy territory now, and we must be at high altitude upon entering it.

"Engineer from A/C. Start jets one and four."

"Roger. Starting jets one and four."

"Start jets two and three."

"Starting two and three."

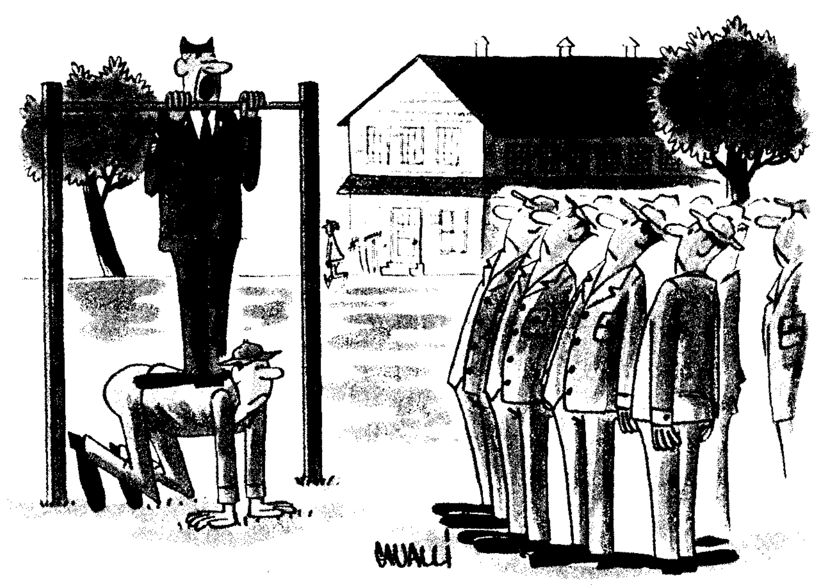
"All jets operating, sir," reported pilot Giacomo.

"Roger. Bring up climb power."

"Bringing up climb power, sir," from Major McCool.

The tone of the engines deepened as power was added. When we reached 36,000 feet, we were ordered to plug in our oxygen masks. We didn't have to wear them, since the cabin was pressurized, but they had to be ready. A pressure blowout at this altitude would give us about one minute to don the mask before we became unconscious.

We crossed the coast of Newfoundland and proceeded about 200 miles out into the Atlantic to Checkpoint H, the border of enemy territory. We swung around and headed southwest for Montreal, and as we did so we ran into the second problem of the mission—the jet stream.



"This next exercise is called chinning. Of course, you'll do it without the assistance of Private Milliken . . ."

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

The jet stream is a curious phenomenon of high-altitude flight about which scientists still have a lot to learn. Usually found above 25,000 feet, it is a sort of river of high-velocity winds—this time a head wind of 115 miles per hour. We were blown far off course before navigator Morris realized what we had encountered. But more important, Morris advised, the head wind would cost us a half hour. McCool, the flight engineer, grew concerned.

"We're already behind plan on fuel consumption," he said. "Can you give me an estimated time over target?"

"Estimating target 0400Z," Morris replied. Z time is Greenwich time, used by B-36 crews because they fly through so many different time zones on a long-range mission. We had been due at Montreal at 0330Z.

"I don't think we can make it back to Carswell," said McCool, after a minute of computation. "Keep me advised of changes."

At 36,000 feet, we were burning more than 1,300 gallons of fuel per hour. On this mission the jet stream meant only that we might have to land at an alternate base in the U.S. On a wartime mission it would have been serious; there are no alternate bases in enemy territory.

We escaped the jet stream at last and continued overland to the target—and ran into our first fighter interception, planes from the Northeast Air Command, based in Newfoundland.

"Bogie at six o'clock, low," reported one of the gunners. The plane made a pass from the rear and slipped under us to the right, tracked all the while by our five gunners. The fighter made two more passes, then disappeared into the night. Three more times before we reached the target we encountered fighter attack.

Finally, 18 hours out of Carswell, we reached our IP, or initial point—the point about 75 miles north of Montreal at which our actual bomb run was to start.

Bennett turned over control of the plane to radar bombardier Kennedy, who could steer it as he tracked the target, through a tie-up between his bombsight and the plane's automatic pilot.

The interphone was quiet and the atmosphere tense as we covered those 75 miles, just as if we were on a real bombing mission. The plane jogged left, then right, as Kennedy lined up his sights. Seven miles below, through a layer of broken clouds, the multicolored lights of Montreal shone brightly. Kennedy didn't need the lights. His radar sight could have found the city in total darkness, just as it could penetrate cloud cover. Blackouts in the next war will be wasted effort. Then . . .

"Bomb away!" Bomb. Singular. It takes only one.

Now came the dreary part of the mission—2,000 miles back to Carswell. Until the bomb drop, the monotony was tolerable. There were things to do, an event to look forward to. Now there was nothing but a long grind through the night.

It was cold. Outside the plane the temperature was minus 53 degrees Fahrenheit. The plane's heaters helped, but not enough. The cold had its compensations, though. We were able to chill what remained of our milk and fruit juice by placing the containers against the cold steel of the fuselage.

The crew was tired, not only from the hours and the vibration, but also from the long period at high altitude, another wearying factor. I noticed that I had a mild case of hypoxia, a gradual loss of the faculties due to shortage of oxygen, brought on by six hours at the pressure equivalent of 10,000 feet. My feet were cold, and although my heavy flight boots were readily available in a bag by my side, several attempts to get them out failed—my fingers were all thumbs. A few whiffs of 100 per cent oxygen through the mask cleared up the trouble.

The fuel situation was still touch and go. Engineer McCool and navigator Morris kept up a steady interphone conversation, comparing distances to go, times, and fuel remaining, while McCool and his assistant, Champion, tried every way in the book to cut down on fuel consumption. The rest of the crew offered its own opinions. "If we can't make it home, I'm for New York," or, "Let's go to Dayton. I have a friend in Dayton." Bennett picked our alternate: it would be Shreveport, if we couldn't make it all the way.

Then, almost abreast of Shreveport, McCool announced:

"A/C from engineer. We can make it to Carswell with 600 gallons reserve." It was cheering news to the whole crew. After 27 hours in an airplane, all you want is your own familiar bed.

"I don't know how you did it, Mac," came Bennett's voice over the intercom, "but I'm for you."

Back Where We Started From

Finally, there was Carswell below us, the polished metal of a score of B-36s glittering in the Texas morning sunlight. Bennett killed the troublesome number two engine and we came in toward the runway on the other five. We had 560 gallons left.

Twenty-seven hours after we had taken off, number 5713 touched gently on the runway, 78 tons lighter than it had been on take-off, more than 26,000 gallons of its fuel having been dissipated into the atmosphere of eastern North America.

That was Mission Fifty Four Baker. Mission successful and flown as briefed. Montreal was theoretically a pile of rubble. But it didn't have to be Montreal. Later, comparing distances on a map, I found that, flying the same distance from bases in England or North Africa, we could have reached any target east of the Ural Mountains, which split Russia. An equivalent flight from our base at Okinawa would have brought within reach such targets as Omsk and Novosibirsk in the eastern part of the Soviet Union. With our world-wide ring of air bases in Alaska, Okinawa, North Africa, Spain, England and Greenland, no Russian target is out of range of B-36s like 5713.

I came away from Fort Worth deeply impressed by the competence and the precise teamwork of the crew of 5713 and by the realistic training program of General LeMay's SAC. And I came away with a new confidence in our ability to deliver that much-discussed instant retaliation "the day the balloon goes up." ▲▲▲

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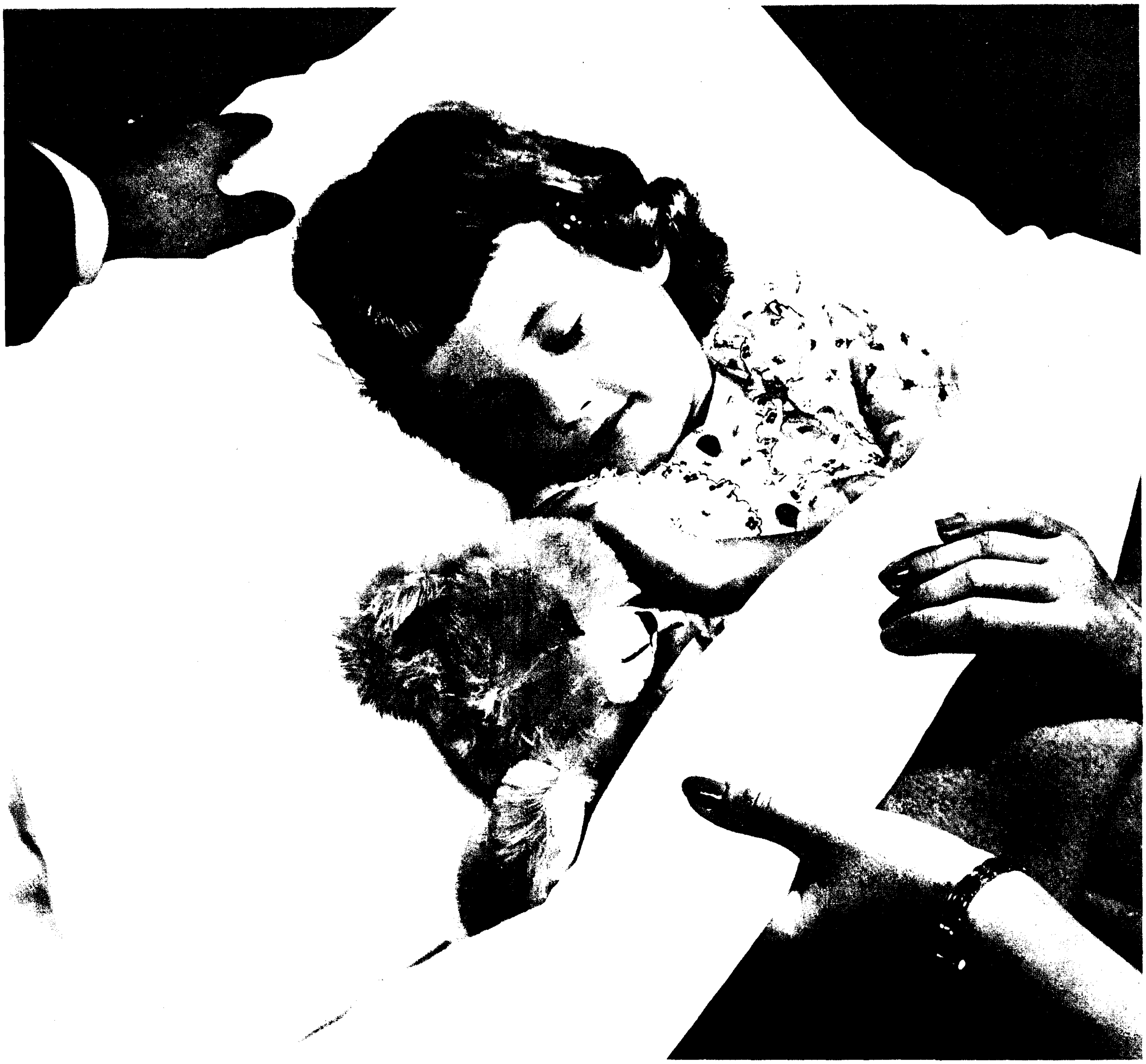

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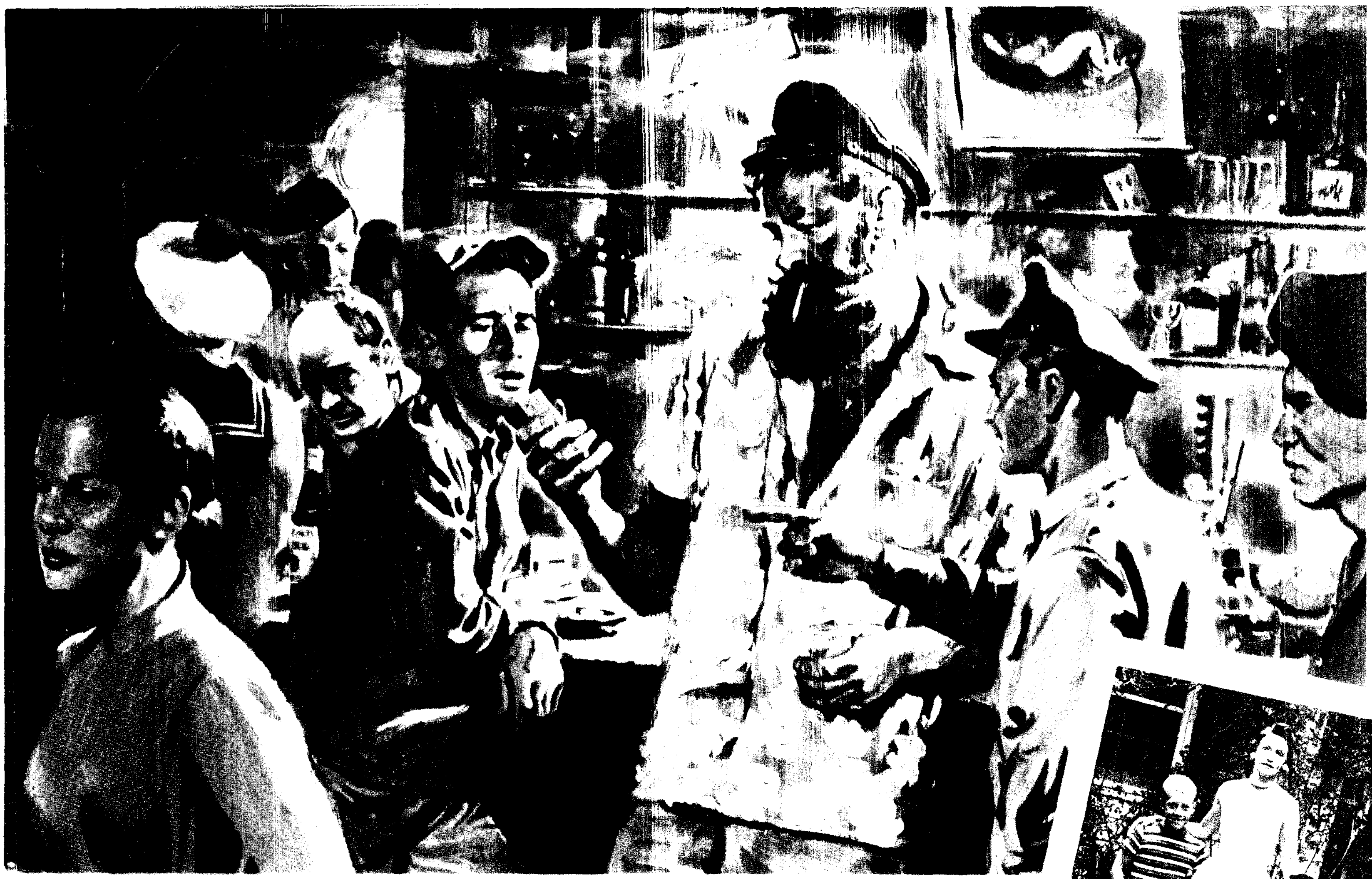


When Tommy showed us his snapshots from home, Cottonmouf and I could share his world with him

Fight For Money

By DON STANFORD

What man wouldn't give up a year of his life for a chance to make a fortune for his family

THE rainy season of the tropics had started, and there was a slime of reddish mud over everything in Haiphong. There was a film of green-gray mold on your belt and your wallet and your shoes every morning; and whatever clothes you wore were never entirely dry—you always felt clammy all over.

Even with the bamboo-and-rattan sides of the building rolled up, it was crowded and stuffy in the Café de Paris, now that the proprietor had moved his sidewalk tables inside for the duration of the rains. The place was always full of our pilots, the young American pilots and the little almond-eyed Vietnamese girls laughing together. Most of the pilots were so damn' *young*—they get younger every year. These were mostly kids left over from Korea, seasoned pilots with thousands of hours of multiengine time and no place at home to practice the only trade they knew. They were good enough kids, but I couldn't talk to 'em; they made me feel like the last survivor of my generation.

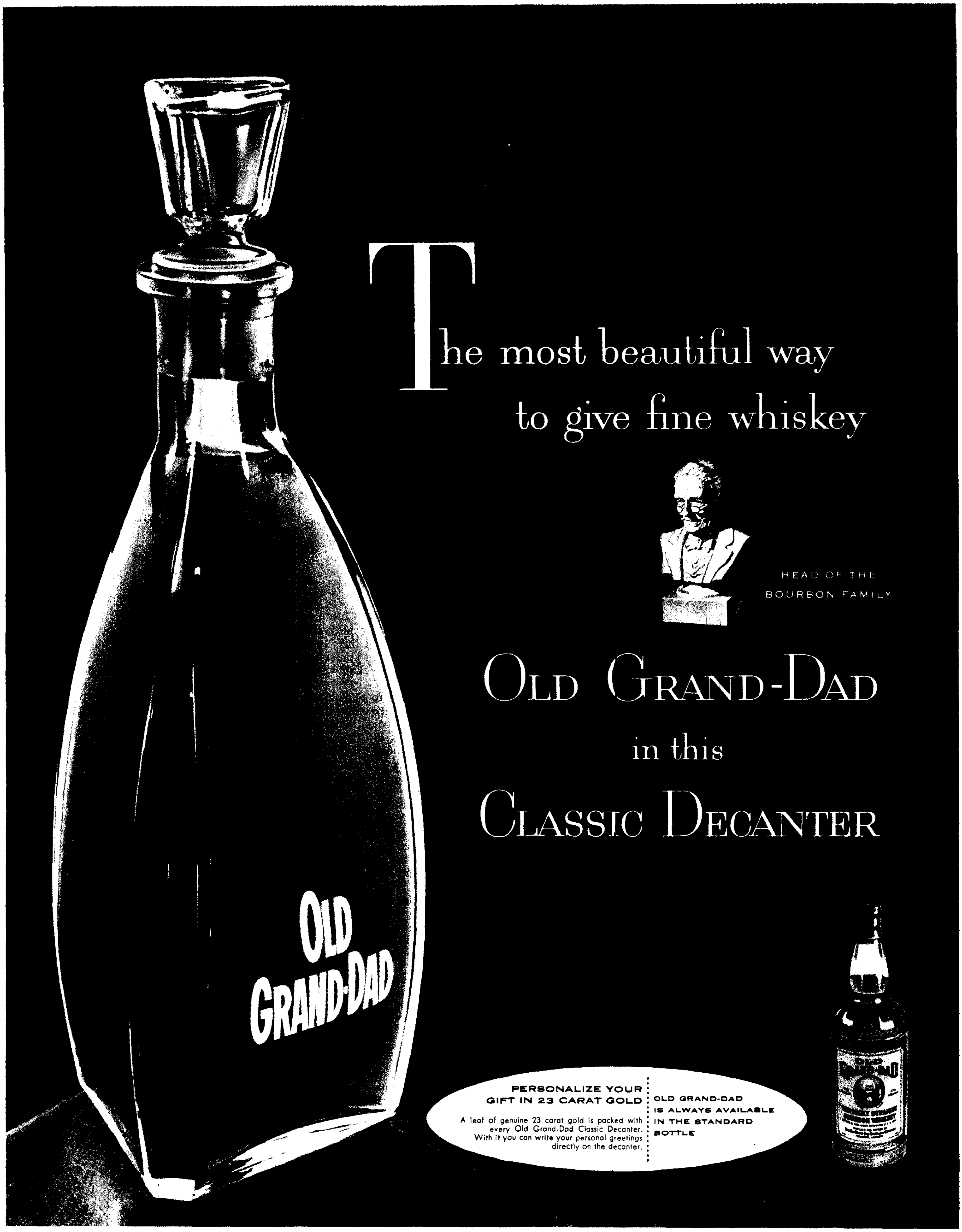
So there at the bar of the Café de Paris in Haiphong, with torrential rains splattering outside in the red mud of the street and the sullen, defiant roar of heavy multiengine cargo aircraft overhead, we few doddering old relics of World War II kind of clustered together—for defense against all that youth, you might say. And that's how, while the kid pilots and the little sloe-eyed girls laughed in the background, I got to hear the story of Cottonmouf and Tommy Chandler, and of a woman I have never seen, although I seem to know her very well indeed. She is very real to me, and her reality is comforting in a way I can't quite explain.

Now, this was quite a while ago, back before the truce in Indochina, and as usual there were all kinds of us around Haiphong drawing two thousand dollars a month for flying drop missions over the besieged French fortress of Dienbienphu. A couple of centuries ago we'd have been called mercenaries—professional soldiers who'd fight for anybody anywhere, so long as they got paid, men who fought because they knew no other trade. Nowadays we don't fight, we fly airplanes—but for the same reason, or lack of it. And, like the French Foreign Legion, we are a strange conglomeration of anonymities. You don't question a man's statement of his name or nationality, no matter how improbable, and our only security check is by a sort of vigilante system, in which punishment is swift and merciless.

Even in Haiphong, Cottonmouf was a little improbable. He must have been downright incredible when he barged into a Madison Avenue architect's office that day in early spring. There were six feet and eight inches of him, and close to three hundred pounds. A great, piratical black beard adorned his burnt-leather face and, as if that weren't enough, a big gold-hoop earring dangled from his pierced left ear. That earring was his trade-mark, a little touch that made him look more than ever like a buccaneer two centuries misplaced.

He picked up the girl at the reception desk and set her to one side. He barged into the drafting room and strode down the long rows of drawing boards, bellowing his welcome. And a couple of minutes later Tommy Chandler found himself standing beside the flamboyant giant in a bar near Grand Central, while the other men in the place blinked and stared and turned their eyes away, not

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



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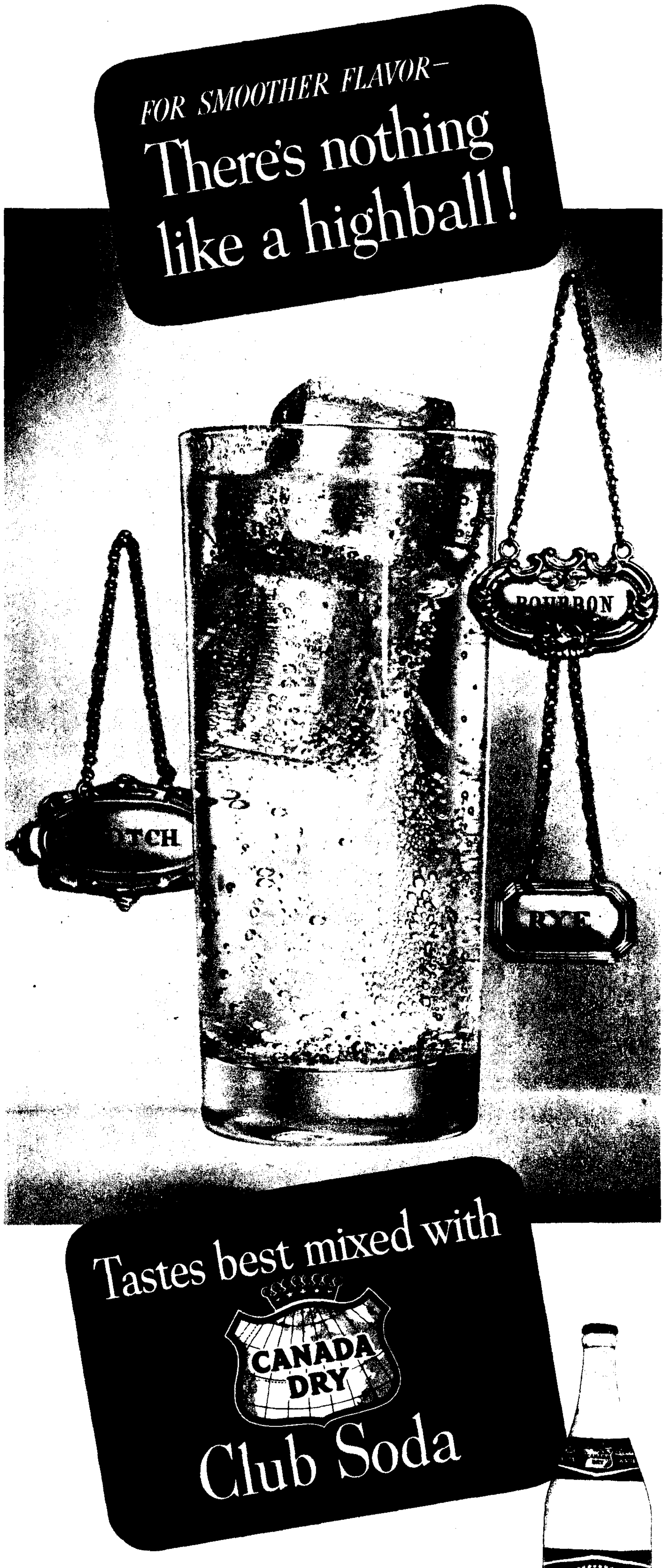

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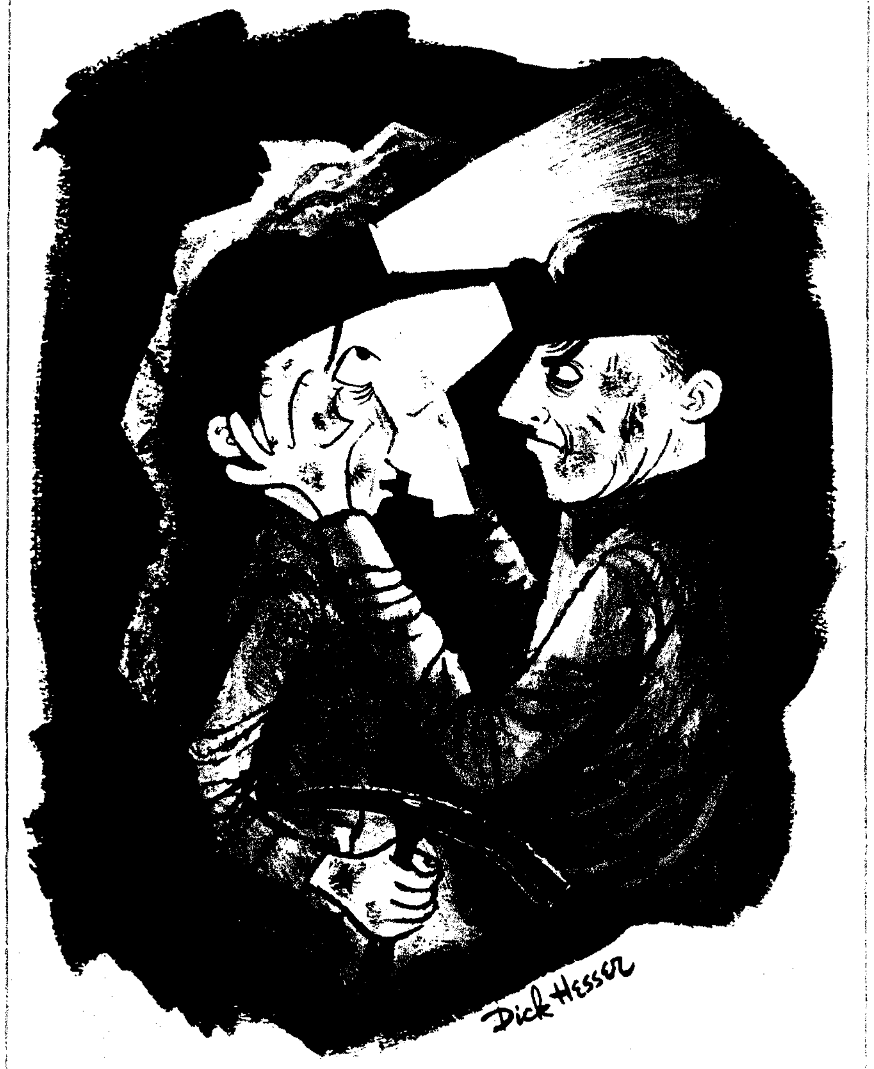


COLLIER'S DICK HESSER

smiling after all. Cottonmouf looked preposterous only at first; afterward, something about his savage vitality made you look at yourself and kind of shrivel away, feeling wistful and sad and futile.

"Goin' out to Saigon," Cottonmouf bellowed, "place out in Indochina. Got a little war out that-a-way—nothin' much t'speak of. Payin' two thousand dollars a month for flyin' cargo! Hell, we only got fifteen hundred from Chiang in forty-seven—remember?"

THE *we* did not apply to Tommy Chandler, who had not flown for Chiang against the Reds; the "remember?" referred only to the fact that Tommy had heard this story from Cottonmouf before. No one else in the bar was talking now; all eyes were watching Tommy and Cottonmouf. Tommy sucked in the stomach that nine years of bending over a drawing board had softened a little, squared his shoulders and set his jaw. He nodded noncommittally.

"Man could put by most of that two thousand," Cottonmouf said. "Hell, there ain't much t'spend it on out there. Like drivin' a bus, two runs a day; end of a year a man'd have fifteen-twenty *thousand salted* away! Sure could use you out there, Tom, boy; use a real top pilot out of my old outfit any time. How many hours' multiengine time you got by now? You keepin' that license up, hey, boy?"

Tommy could hardly hear his own normal speaking voice when Cottonmouf finally shut down; it was as though the roaring of a hurricane had subsided, leaving him temporarily deafened. He could feel the ears straining all over the room to hear his answer; a warm flush crept up his neck to color his ears. He had quite a few thousand hours in multiengine aircraft; he flew enough to keep his active-reserve commission and draw his pay . . .

"Gotta get movin'!" Cottonmouf roared with delight, and gave Tommy a slap on the back that nearly winded him. "Got maybe ten days, no more. Got to get you a passport, got to get you some shots, boy. Smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever, the lot. Got to get you an outfit; got to get you out of that there office. Got to—"

"Now, hold it!" Tommy Chandler protested, and laughed bold and free in Cottonmouf's face while the tingling, reckless excitement glowed in his own. He was letting himself pretend to himself as well as to the other men in the bar that he could do this fantastic thing, that he *might* do it. "What is this deal, chum?" Tommy asked. "Who's paying two thousand dollars a month for old worn-out transport pilots, and why?"

"Why, hell, son, you don't want to ask that!" Cottonmouf said, surprised, and roared with laughter. Then he lowered his voice to what he thought was an undertone and confided, "It's like this, Tom, boy: there's about a billion Chinese Communists out there, with you-can-guess-who feeding 'em guns and supplies and what not. And there ain't nobody at *war* with 'em except France and this here pitiful little handful of Vietnamese who don't want to be gobbled up, see? So the Communists are givin' 'em a hell of a licking, an' there's various people would like to help out without actually goin' to war, which maybe they can't for one reason or another, see? So they send in supplies and such by a commercial delivery service—that's us. Now, we can't ask just who it is that's payin' the bills, can we, boy? As long's we're gettin' paid?"

He produced an incredibly thick wad of money and threw a bill onto the bar. Before Tommy could ask the question he was framing, about mercenaries who are careful not to question beyond their pay checks, Cottonmouf jerked his head toward the door. A strange, shy hunger Tommy had seen before suffused the giant's face; he lowered his voice as close as he could get to a whisper and said, "Can't talk proper in here, Tom, boy. Come on, I got to hear all about The Girl . . ."

THE GIRL was Cottonmouf's name for Deborah, and Deborah was waiting at the station when Tommy swung down from the steps of the rear smoker at his accustomed time but still with an unaccustomed spring in his stride. The daydream bubble had burst, and Tommy knew he wasn't going off with Cottonmouf as a soldier of fortune; but he was warmed by the conviction that he *could* go, and by the tingling joyful awareness of his reasons for having decided not to. The drab tale of Tommy Chandler's small, bleak struggle with futility would have been depressing ordinarily; but the wistful, hungry interest with which the giant Cottonmouf had listened to it had made it something else again.

Tommy felt almost exactly ten years younger as he bounded across the parking lot and opened the door of the five-year-old car. He was no tired, underpaid commuter, but a dashing lordly man to whom wealth and romance and adventure had just beckoned, and who had sagely renounced it all for the love of his incomparably beauteous lady, and for the greater wealth of his children and his home. He could hardly contain his bursting eagerness to tell Deborah all about it—to assure her that Cottonmouf was welcome to the airplanes and gunfire and the zest of danger, that *his* life was this warmth, this beauty, this love, this deep, sweet-scented kiss . . .

What he got, of course, was a perfunctory brush of colorless lips across his own, a voice that was close to a wail of vexation. Deborah's face was scrubbed and shiny; her lustrous dark hair was jammed under a bumpy kerchief. And the vision of serene loveliness that was Tommy's sustaining wealth shattered in the trembling recital of the trials that beset the Chandlers from day to day, which Tommy had somehow forgotten in the exultant listing of his triumphs for Cottonmouf's admiring ear.

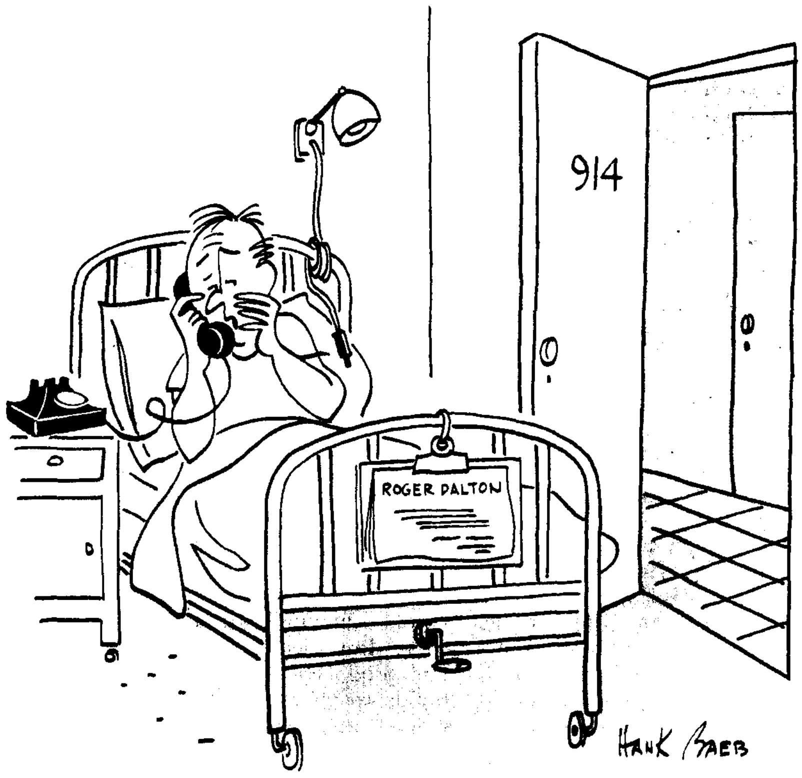
If Deborah had not had such a thoroughly trying day, on that day of all days; if the oil-burner motor had not burned out for keeps and the dentist had not said that Gopher would have to have an orthodontist right away and the leak in the basement had not started again; if she had had time to lie down for half an hour before meeting Tommy's train, and maybe change her dress and put some make-up on; if she had even been moved to kiss him as though she truly loved him, which she did . . .

But the way it was, Tommy Chandler was suddenly catapulted right back into harsh reality, into the life of an ordinary guy with a dull, plodding job, who didn't make quite enough to get ahead or, for that matter, stay even—a man with a wife and a couple of kids who deserved better than the failure he was and always would be, unless—

"Listen!" Tommy Chandler said, and his voice broke under a strain he couldn't stand any more. "Listen, Deb, how would you like to have, say twenty thousand dollars, all at once?"

"Why, that would be very nice, thank you," Deborah said tiredly, because she wasn't in any mood for games and she was too worn out to catch the crazed decision in Tommy's voice.

And then she did catch it, in a rush of alarm, and she wasn't weary any more as Tommy said, "I mean it, Deb. We could do it. We could have twenty thousand dollars put aside in a year, just one year. We could get caught up, for the first time since you were unwise enough to marry me. We could pay your father the money we've owed him since Tom, Jr., was born; we could clean up all the little bills, all at once; we could pay off the note at the bank. We could get Gopher's teeth fixed; we



"Mercy Hospital? I'm inquiring about the patient in 914, a Mr. Roger Dalton—could you tell me how he's coming along?"

COLLIER'S HANK BAEB

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could move out of this jerry-built place we got stuck with; we could afford to start *living*. And we could keep going, if we could just get that kind of start. You know we could . . ."

Yes, she knew that. She'd been married to Tommy for twelve years, ever since he and Cottonmouf had picked her up at Oscar's in Oakland back in 1942, when they were both flying NATS aircraft out of Alameda. She knew Tommy: he didn't have much brilliance, much push, but he was steady, he was sound and reliable. Given a decent start, Tommy would never fall behind; they'd just never had a decent start. They'd got married on nothing, and they'd been on a crazy Alice-in-Wonderland treadmill ever since, having to run as hard as they could just to stay in the same place. Sure, if they could once get out of hock, start even, they'd be fine. But how?

"A year," Tommy said, and she heard the desperate plea for understanding in his voice. "One lousy year, Debbie. A tough year—it'd be hard on you and the kids, I know, hard on all of us. But only a year. We ought to be able to stand anything for just a year, if it'd pay in advance for a fresh start . . ."

HIS voice was slow and unemphatic, strong with a growing decision. She absolutely couldn't believe it at first, her good, steady Tommy—husband and father and confirmed commuter, thirty-six and comfortable and unchanging and beloved—speaking with crisp, decisive briskness, voicing thoughts only a young man might dare.

"Tommy!" she said, and tried to laugh but it didn't come off; a little sob of panic caught in her throat and she whispered, "Oh, Tommy, has there even been—"

Has there ever been one single year of the years we've had together, she had started to say, that you'd give up for twenty thousand dollars? Will there ever be such a year for you? Because there hasn't been, there couldn't be, for me! But she didn't say it—not then, because she loved him with all her heart and because she had a deep, penetrating wisdom where he was concerned. And she could see that he was trying to hide something from himself and from her, and even though it broke her heart she had to give it to him: he *wanted* to go.

He was trying to sell her on what he'd sold himself—that it was only for his lady fair that he'd mount his snow-white charger and go into battle—but Deborah knew better. As of this minute her husband was free of being a poor, ineffectual, debt-ridden drone who couldn't even afford to buy his wife a new coat; he was a man among men, a knight-errant to whom rare and dangerous and romantic adventure had beckoned. And he had an excuse good enough to convince himself he wasn't being selfish about it; he *had* convinced himself.

She could say no, she could say it any one of a number of ways, and make it stick. All she had to do was finish that one question, and Tommy would sheepishly say, why, no, there hasn't been any year with you I'd give up; how could there be? And he'd pick himself up once more, the way he did every time life slapped him down, and nothing more would be said. But he'd be that much older and more beaten, he'd have that much less hope, and what would that make her?

"Well," she said, with a phony perkiness in her voice, blinking furiously to keep her eyes from filling, "the kids and I could hold the fort here, all right. You wouldn't have to worry about us. I g—guess you couldn't very well take us along, could you? But, well, you wouldn't have to worry about us, anyway; we'd be just fine. We'd—"

"You said that," Tommy pointed out suspiciously.

"Did I?" Deborah said brightly. "Yes, I guess I did. Well, some things bear repeating. Only, Tommy, are you *sure?* I mean, it seems awfully drastic. If you really think it's what you ought to do, why, we're right behind you, of course. But couldn't we think it over a while? In a couple of months—"

"I have to leave in ten days," Tommy said, and she held onto the door handle and got her lower lip between her teeth and bit it until the sharp pain drove the giddiness away.

And then, in an absolutely steady voice, she said, "Golly, we'll be pretty busy, won't we? Southeast Asia, that's tropical. There's a whole trunkful of your old suntans in moth balls in the attic—I'll have to get them on the line to air in the morning. And there probably won't be any PX out there, so we better try to think of everything else you'll need . . ."

AS I said, I heard this story a little bit at a time, mostly in the Café de Paris in Haiphong. Tommy had to break off in the middle of a sentence every time a C-119 thundered overhead, making the whole place vibrate. For hours we would sit there, lifting our feet every few minutes so the wizened little Vietnamese woman could swab away the reddish mud that kept creeping in from the rain-soaked street outside; hearing Tommy Chandler's mild voice above the violent drive of the rain and the laughter of the little almond-eyed girls with the kid pilots all around us; sharing the letters in which Deborah finished the questions and the thoughts and the assurances she hadn't dared voice before Tommy left; studying the snapshots of a slender girl with grave, dark eyes and a couple of solid-looking kids in blue jeans.

Cottonmouf used to listen like a gigantic child with its nose pressed up against a bakeshop window. He would fiddle with his buccaneer's earring, and scowl as he strove to comprehend the nature of Deborah, of Tommy's treasure: a woman who could be mother and sister and friend and child and lover to her man, all at one time; who could give him comfort in his weakness and purpose for his strength, and a love that promised him he would never be alone, as an adventurer is forever alone.

That was what Cottonmouf needed of his friend Tommy Chandler: the assurance that Tommy's world—where a man could possess a home of his own and a family of his flesh, in whose love he was forever secure—could exist, and that a man like Cottonmouf could see it and believe in it even if he could not actually reach out and touch it. I could understand Cottonmouf's need because I came to share in it in the same way; no doubt Tommy's need of Cottonmouf had always been similar, in reverse; but there in Indochina, Tommy forever lost his need.

Because Tommy had reached out to touch Cottonmouf's world, instead of just looking at it and cherishing the knowledge that it existed; and it all came to pieces in his hand. He made his dream come true, and it bit him; he could never again take solace in believing that he could escape to the giant's world—because Cottonmouf's world was unbearable to him now.

He had his adventure, it wasn't daydream any longer. But it was no good, and the reason was simply that somewhere along the way of the past twelve years, Tommy Chandler had ceased to exist as an individual. He had become exactly one half of a curiously complete and entirely indivisible creature called Tommy-and-Deborah, or the Chandlers. With the other half ripped off him and left several thousand miles away, he simply wasn't entirely alive; he wasn't much good for anything but writing letters home.

Oh, he flew his missions. He was a good pilot, and he did his job well, but he did it with a joyless bitterness and a cold, ruthless efficiency you don't often see among mercenaries. He did his job, but he begrudged every minute of the year he had foolishly committed himself to spending in this state of suspended animation. The difference between Tommy Chandler and Cottonmouf was striking.

COTTONMOUF flew a battered and filthy old airplane named Hard Case, and he flew it with reckless, swashbuckling abandon. He and his crew wore Hawaiian-print sport shirts or Chinese pajamas or anything they happened to feel like wearing; they kept no discipline and no training; they were a hard-drinking, ragged, unshaven rabble who took preposterous risks mostly to prove they didn't give a damn.

Tommy Chandler wore immaculate suntans, and saw to it that his crew did the same, and that every man was clean-shaven and sober and on time for flights. His airplane had no name; it was a tool to be kept clean and in good order, and he was as coolly impersonal toward it as he was toward his men. He ran a taut ship, which the Navy says is a happy ship; maybe it is. His men didn't like him, but they had confidence in him, and from that, there grew a certain arrogant pride that was perhaps close to happiness. Tommy flew his two missions a day, taking no unnecessary chances but shirking no duties; then he went to his sack or to the Café de Paris to write to Deborah, and think and talk and dream of her. And the clear disillusionment was in his eyes for anyone who cared to read it.

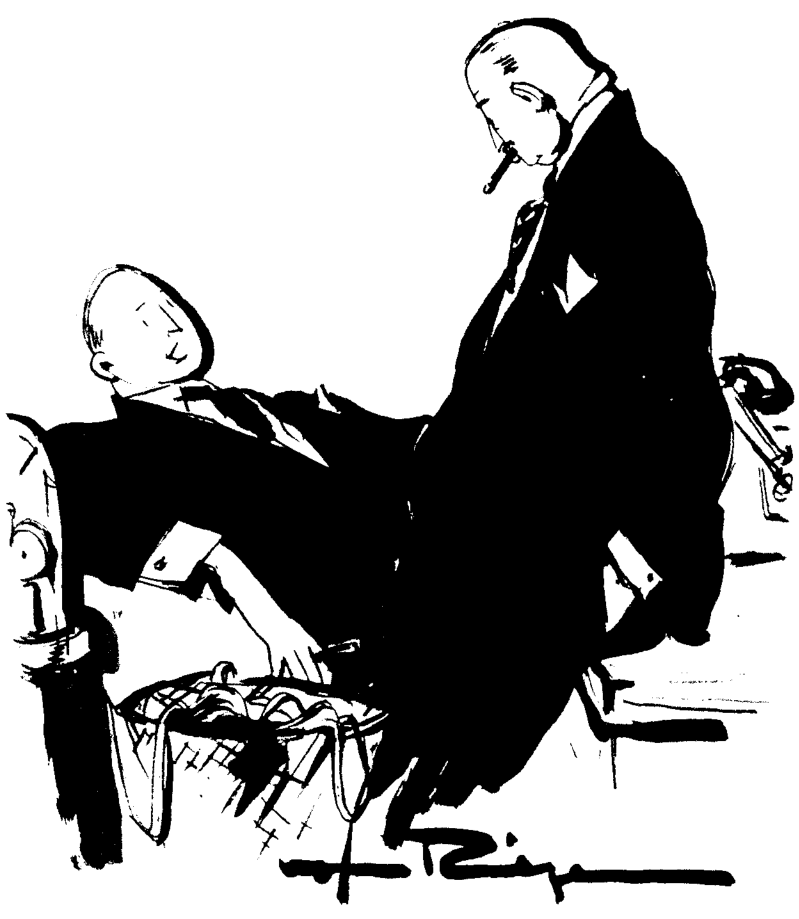
He had just about one month of the Big Adventure, the mouthful of ashes he'd bitten off. And then, the day before Dienbienphu fell, Cottonmouf got shot down.

It had never occurred to Tommy that anything could happen to a fabulous creature like Cottonmouf; it had never occurred to anybody. The young pilots all regarded the big guy as immortal; I believe I had almost come to think of him that way myself. It was a shock to everybody—but most of all it was a shock to Tommy, who saw it happen.

Cottonmouf's plane, Hard Case, made a pass over the fortress, but the Viet Minh ack-ack was heavy and accurate and getting better all the time. Cottonmouf had to pick up and get the hell out of there with most of his cargo still aboard. His beat-up old airplane was full of holes; he could have gone home, he should have gone home.

Instead, he went up and circled away around and got down through a rain cloud somehow and came roaring up the valley from the opposite direction, flying so low the French in the fort said later they could see the Communist gunners ducking their heads as he came over. But they got him, they nailed him good. Hard Case came apart and broke up all over the valley, so there was no single big explosion but a whole mess of little fires scattered over maybe a square mile of rain-soaked terrain, flickering in the ground mist.

Tommy Chandler, coming in next, saw it all. He came in anyway, cold and unemotional as a machine, flying



COLLIER'S

"Yes, sir, that boy of mine has a head on his shoulders. When I took him into the business, you should see the secretary he hired"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Place pear half on gingerbread square, homemade or made from your favorite gingerbread mix. Top with lemon sauce.

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his unnamed, unloved airplane low and slow over the jubilant Viet Minh gunners while his crew dumped cargo with cool precision.

And then he went home. He walked away from the airplane without a backward glance—walked straight into the pay office and quit.

He didn't quit out of cowardice, believe me—nor out of grief, either. A man gets invited to a war, he has to expect to get shot at. I guess you could say Tommy Chandler quit out of revelation. He just suddenly saw that he had no right to be there in the first place: his life was not his own to risk. It belonged to Deborah, who had been generous enough to give it back to him to play soldier of fortune with, just because he wanted to so badly. It was Deborah, not Tommy, who'd get hurt if his airplane went the way of Hard Case. So where he belonged was back at that drafting board, putting aside a buck a week toward the orthodontist's bill, having the old car's worn tires recapped, plugging leaks in the cellar on weekends.

The paymaster gave Tommy what he had coming; with what he'd had to spend getting over, the money would just about pay his way home. The paymaster also gave him Cottonmouf's padlocked brass-bound foot locker; most of us in this business have no next of kin, and in case of fatal accidents the paymaster usually has instructions to turn over our gear to a designated buddy. So Tommy went home, looking a little older and very grave—like a man who has perhaps failed to prove something he's set out to prove, but in the process has had something like the eternal verities proved to him.

That was quite a while ago, of course, and I had better not say just where I am now. This is another of those delivery-service deals, you know, only here you got a choice of sides. It's funny, but I must be getting kind of nearsighted about reading price tags, which is unusual for a mercenary. I seem to be on the low-paying side of this operation; it's the Commies who are loaded with dough this time. But however that happened, I stopped into a little café for a coffee last night. We're back a few miles from the front and the other guys are quite a way off, so you don't hear any shooting. But the heavy cargo aircraft are laboring overhead all the time, and this little café was full of kid pilots laughing with the little native girls; it was kind of like Haiphong.

AND then I noticed this giant of a man hunched over a little table all alone, leafing through a bunch of dog-eared snapshots; and if I hadn't seen Hard Case go down and disintegrate all over the valley beyond Dienbienphu I'd have thought— Well, I'd never seen Cottonmouf without his beard, but there was something about this oversized citizen with the clean-shaven chin that . . .

So then I noticed his left ear, with the lobe torn like somebody had ripped something out of it, and I carried my coffee over and sat down.

"Took away your earring, did they?" I said conversationally. "They take the beard off too? Wanted to stuff some of those quilted winter uniforms, probably. How'd you get away from 'em?"

Cottonmouf glanced around furtively. Then he straightened in his chair and his big white teeth flashed in his dark face and he bellowed delightedly: "Why, hell, they *let* me loose! They were on short rations—and they couldn't feed a man from Tennessee! But I'm dead, chief; I can't wear no beard no more. Can't go home no more, either . . ."

I got it out of him, embarrassed as he was. True to the big guy's Treasure Island concept of himself, he'd never put a nickel in a bank anywhere—always carried wads of currency in that brassbound foot locker, which he'd turned over to Tommy Chandler as a sort of lighthearted legacy. I don't know how much exactly, but this line of work pays kind of liberally, and Cottonmouf never had anybody to spend any money on. Of course the Chandlers must never suspect that Cottonmouf had miraculously lived through that crash in Indochina; the kind of people they are, they'd be in hock all their lives trying to pay him back.

HE SHOWED me a picture of one of the solid, laughing Chandler kids, standing in front of a new-looking house with a new car in the driveway. There was a mess of wire braces across the kid's teeth, and Cottonmouf said, awed: "You know how much it cost to straighten that kid's front teeth? Two thousand dollars! Just to straighten a little kid's teeth!"

I'd seen pictures taken with a telephoto lens before, and this one told me all I needed to know about how Cottonmouf had kept abreast of the affairs of the Chandler family. Well, he can afford private-detective agencies; his new foot locker must be half full of cash by now.

"Well, I be go-to-hell!" I said, and hunched myself over the little table and reached for the rest of the pictures, feeling happy and kind of interested in life for the first time since Indochina.

Propulsion

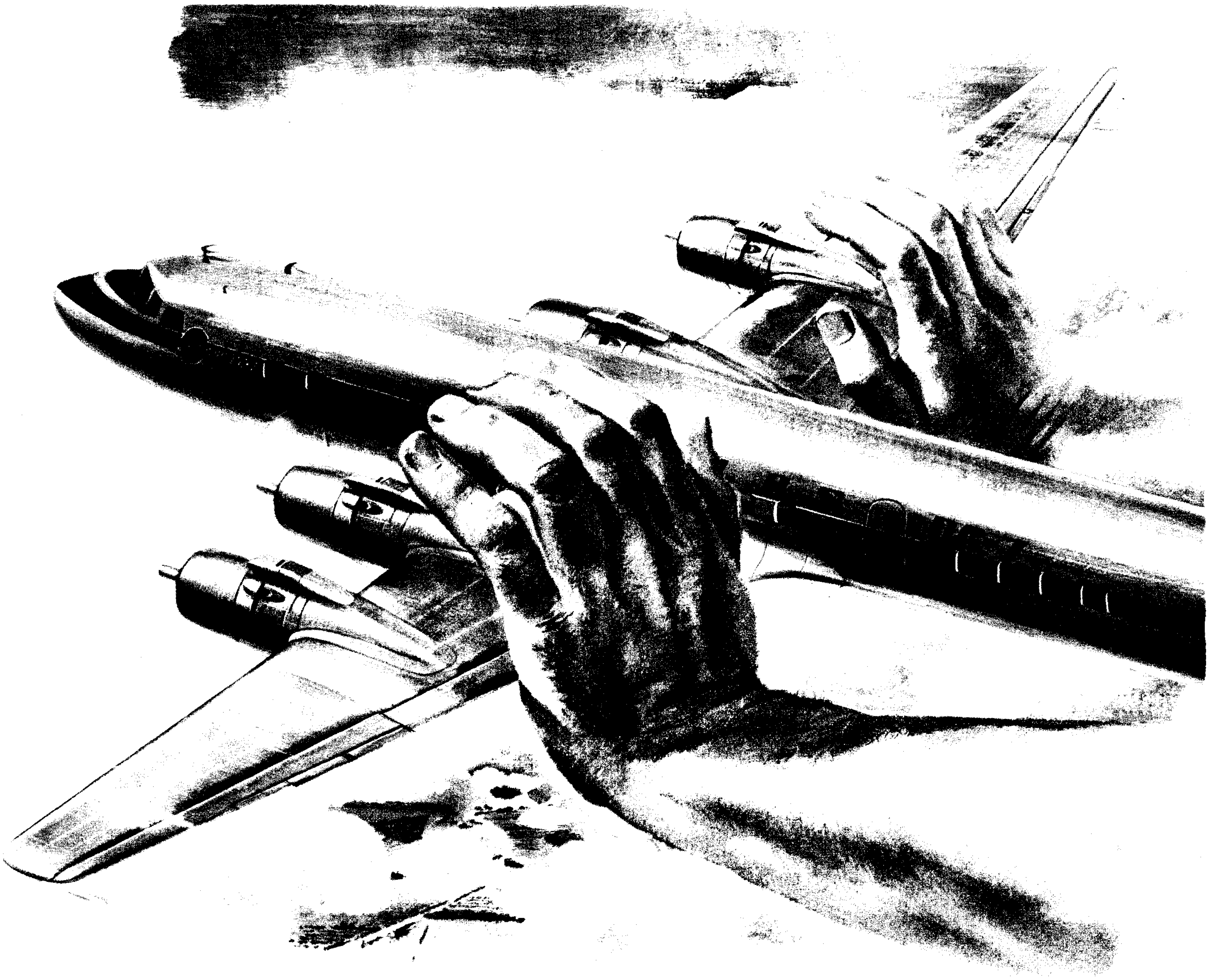
Canoes and kids are much alike,
They all are hard to steer;
But both operate much better
When paddled from the rear.

—MARIE HAND

It gets under your skin, swapping back and forth your bits of knowledge of what a guy like Tommy Chandler's got; it's kind of good to reassure yourself there *is* such a way of living. So we chattered away half the night, like a couple of old women, and finally I asked Cottonmouf—slyly, because he hadn't dared to ask me first— "How come you're on this side, son? Pay's better over that-a-way, I've heard tell. And you're only in this for the dough, aren't you?"

"Why, hell, son," Cottonmouf said, scowling furiously, and I could see him making up the lie, the joke, the hard-case flippancy. And then he remembered all at once that he didn't have to lie to me, because I knew about Deborah too; and I could see him remembering that, even before the big white teeth flashed in that challenging piratical grin.

"Why, hell, son," Cottonmouf the mercenary said, and the hard glitter of purpose in his eyes belied the smile on his mouth, "we got to fight them sons *somewhere*, don't we? And we might as well knock 'em out down here, because I sure don't aim t'have 'em messin' around Westchester County, New York!" —DON STANFORD



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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ARTHUR LAVINE

THE MARVELS

IN OUR MUSEUMS

The first in a series presenting the wonders of U.S. museums, their vast stores of information, the drama of their contents, and the brilliance of their displays

WHILE the rest of earth's living creatures spend their lives in the struggle for mere existence, man—the talking beast—does more: he is earth's sole seeker after knowledge; every scrap of knowledge he gains he stores for future use as a squirrel stores nuts for its hunger.

Among the most remarkable of activities in the human search for knowledge is the building and filling of museums. Men have been stocking museums in every corner of the world for many hundreds of years, amassing vast stores of information about the earth, its composition, its creatures and its history. But never before in the long biography of civilization have the accumulations of the search for knowledge been so well stored, so well catalogued, so easy to learn from as they are in the twentieth century—and in the United States.

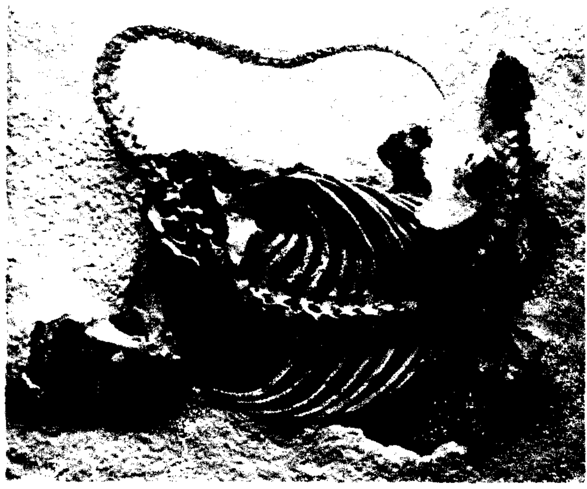
Our modern museums are marvels of visual communication and entertainment, and fun to visit. If you haven't been to one recently, take the children this Sunday and see for yourself.

On these and the following pages, Collier's presents the first in a series of photographic articles devoted to the best and most brilliant displays in museums of natural history in cities throughout the nation—museums concerned with the earth and the life upon it.

Perhaps the most famous museum of its kind in the country is the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Of all of its vast and richly endowed halls, the museum is proudest of Brontosaur Hall (left), which has been called the "best dinosaur display in the world." Three years ago, the hall was a musty collection of glass cases and old bones. Today, from one end of its 150 feet to the other, it is a magnificent reconstruction of a mood and a time aeons beyond man's memory, but not beyond the spirit within him which goes hungrily after knowledge as great, unforgotten beasts once went hungrily after life in the morning days of earth.

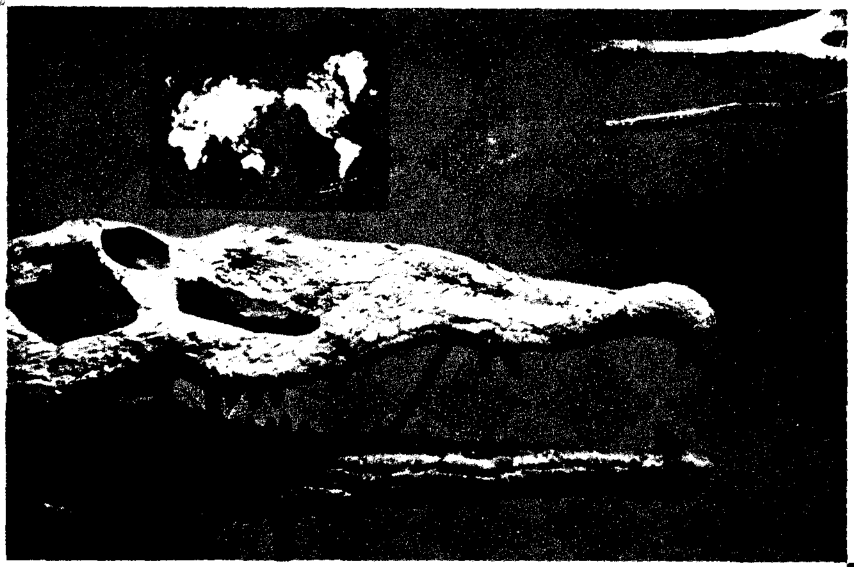
CONTINUED

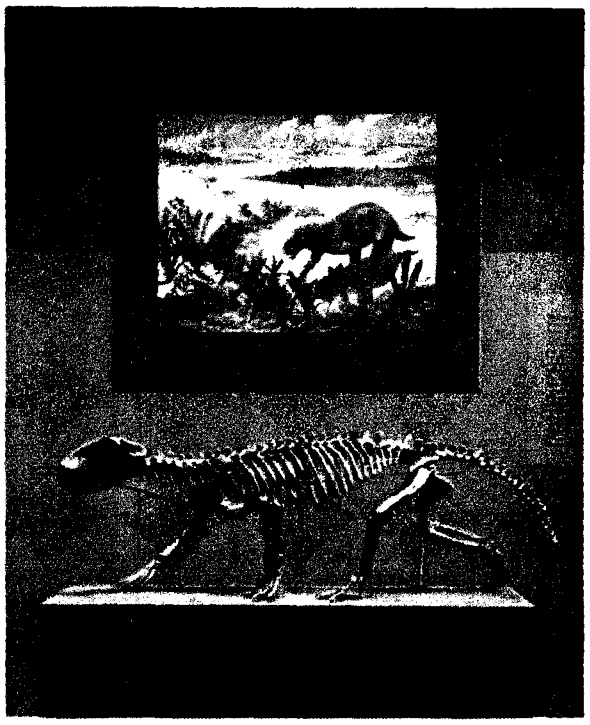
Giant dinosaurs dominate Brontosaur Hall in the American Museum of Natural History, as they dominated earth 125,000,000 years ago. In the foreground is a model excavation site



The perfectly defined skeleton of an ancient reptile, more than 225,000,000 years old, was found at Norman, Okla., embedded in rock. Experts may spend months painstakingly chiseling away the rock to expose a single such specimen for study and display

This head of a phytosaur, a crocodile ancestor, was uncovered in Cameron, Ariz. It's the largest such skull known. A small skull (right) shows the size range of these reptiles, and the map tells by picture—rather than by labels—where they lived





The bones of a small predinosaur reptile from South Africa are supported by iron bars, which the museum calls "plumbing." A drawing, above, gives visitors a look at the fleshed creature

A Revolution in Old Bones

Only scientists can fill a museum with the evidences of knowledge. But scientists sometimes fall into the habit of talking to themselves. Only within the last 25 or 30 years have they realized that they —and their museums—must talk also to the public. The realization has wrought a somewhat slow but absolutely sure revolution in museum display. Brontosaur Hall is an outstanding result of the revolution. It is the work not only of scientists but of experts in visual education as well.

In 1905, when the museum's 67-foot-long Brontosaurus was put together out of crates of bones brought from their ancient resting place in the soil of Como Bluff, Wyoming, the skeleton was set up amid a confusion of other specimens, and remained that way almost 50 years. Cases containing smaller collections caught whatever light they could from high-hung electric fixtures and dirt-streaked windows. Once in a while the big, barnlike room was painted. But the last time decorators began work, in 1952, something extraordinary happened: looking over the collection, scientists and artists employed by the museum suddenly saw how drab and uncommunicative it was. Under the supervision of Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, curator of fossil reptiles, they set about building a huge concrete island in the center of the display area and set the 125-million-year-old monsters upon it in attitudes of life. Next they redesigned and relighted the cases, outlined the history of dinosaurs on the rich blue walls and set lights in the ceiling which illuminate the specimens without blinding the spectators. Color and brilliance were everywhere. When the work was done, all the rich treasures the scientists had collected for more than 50 years could be seen and understood and appreciated. Today, on a busy weekend, as many as 20,000 people may go through Brontosaur Hall, and come away with the feeling that they, too, like the scientists, have touched the past.

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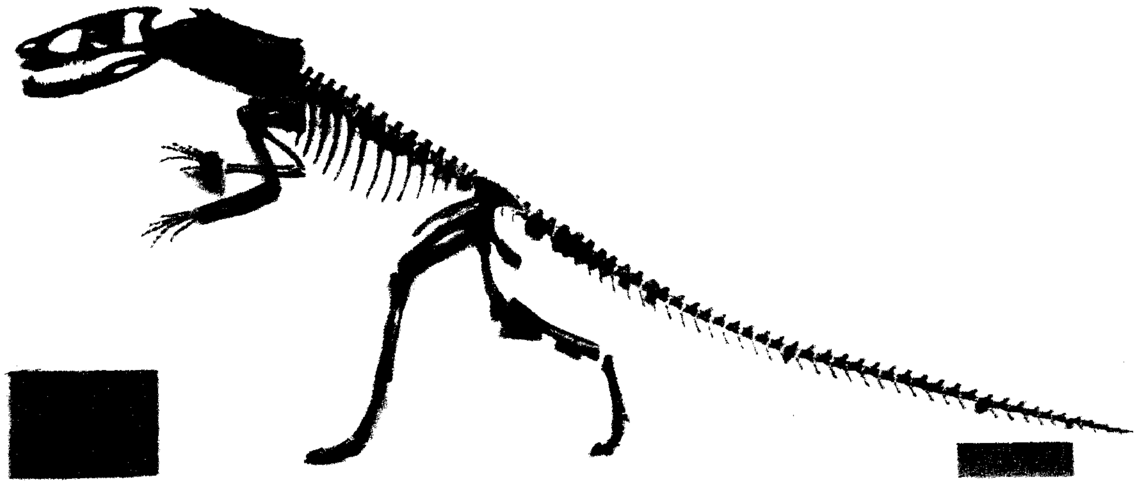
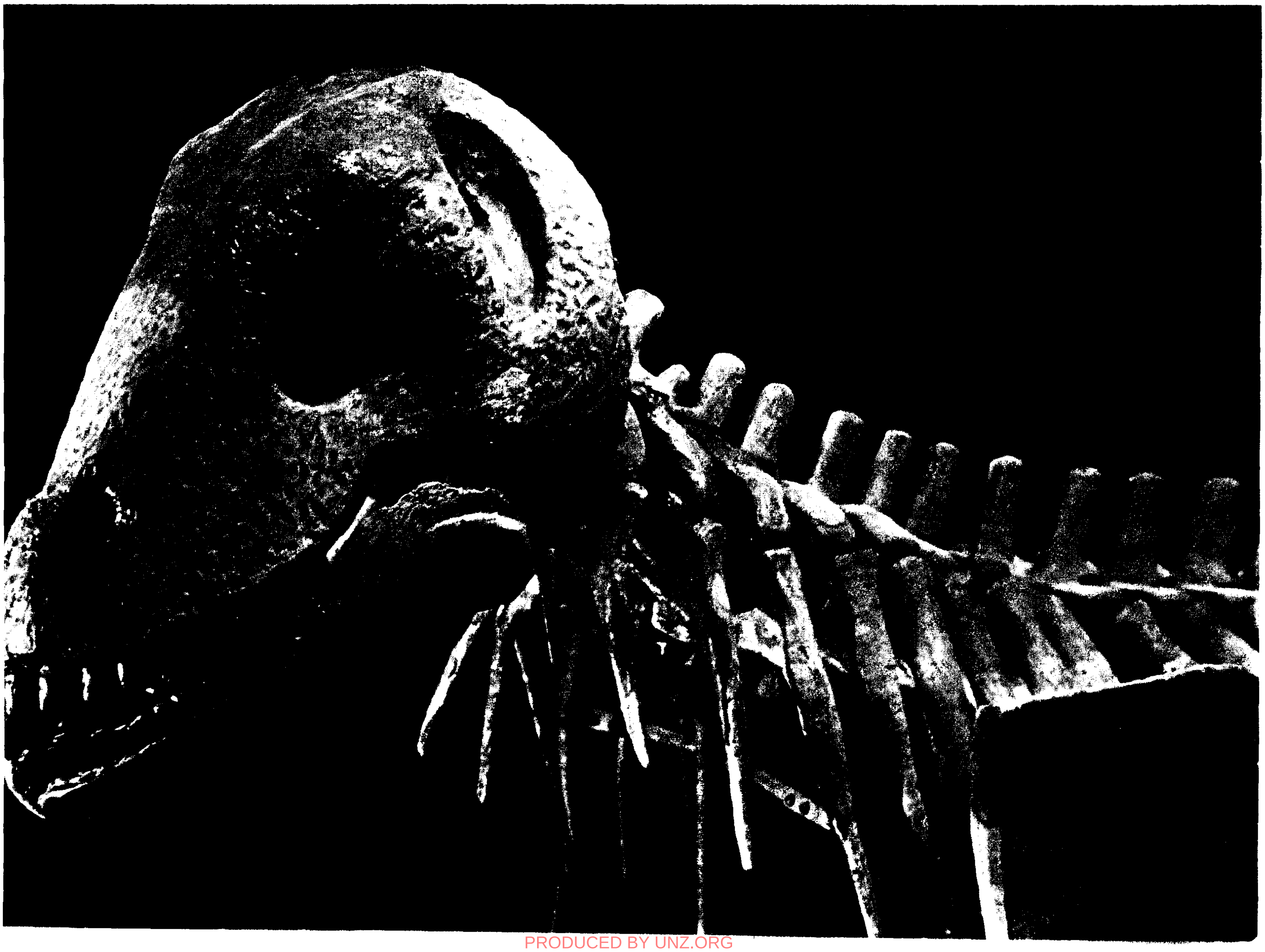


A fine example of modern exhibition techniques, this is a restoration of a thecodont reptile, a type from which some dinosaurs evolved. Having only a few bones to work with, the staff arranged them anatomically, then painted in the missing bones

Dramatically lighted in a large glass case, this massive-headed monster is Moschops, one of the first mammal-like reptiles. It came from the Permian period, 225,000,000 years ago, predating Brontosaurus, which lived in Jurassic times, by 70,000,000 years

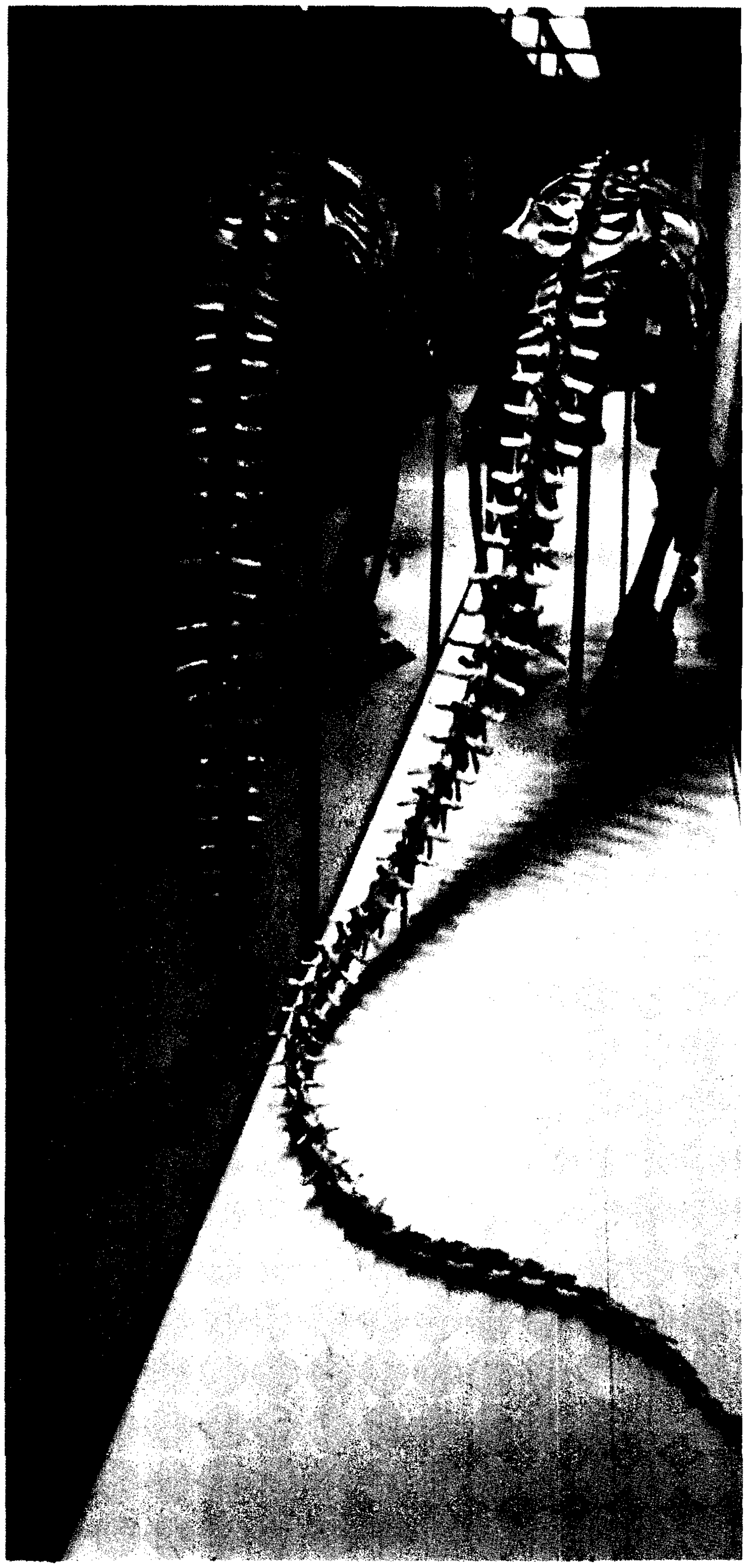


Where The Past Is Present...

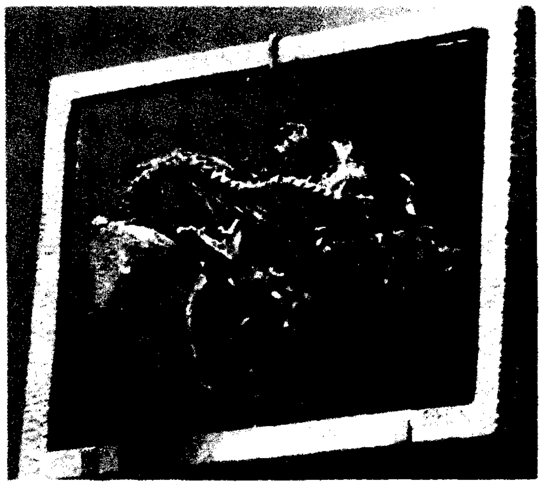
Color and light are not all the museum has added to Brontosaur Hall. Labels are easier and faster to read, but more important, perhaps, the display lends a kind of drama to education. The hall is filled with surprises. Here a case is lighted in such a way that it carries a reflection of its contents on its glass, so a viewer sees not merely one end of the animal within but end and side at the same time. The animal seems to move. And there a model of a dinosaur, hatching out of its shell, shocks you with its apparent vitality. And a little beyond, a fossil of one of the first crocodiles seems to take on the flesh of reality.

All together, the great hall creates excitement that whets the appetite to learn, providing the kind of show which is making American museums good and important places to visit. In museums like these, we can all share in the immensity of creation and in the everlasting urgency of the unending search for knowledge. ▲▲▲

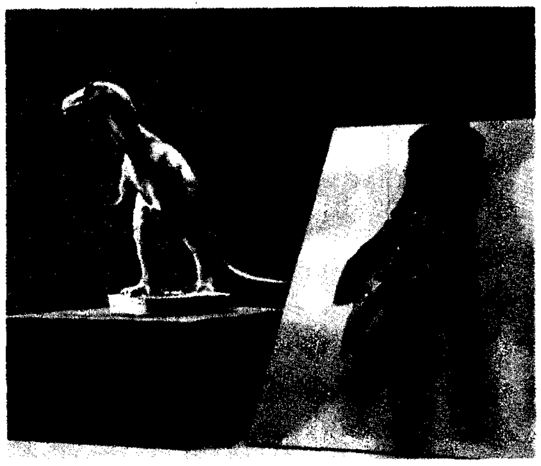
This model re-creates the hatching of a type of dinosaur which grew only eight feet long. The eggs are six inches long. Eggs of the giant dinosaurs have never been found



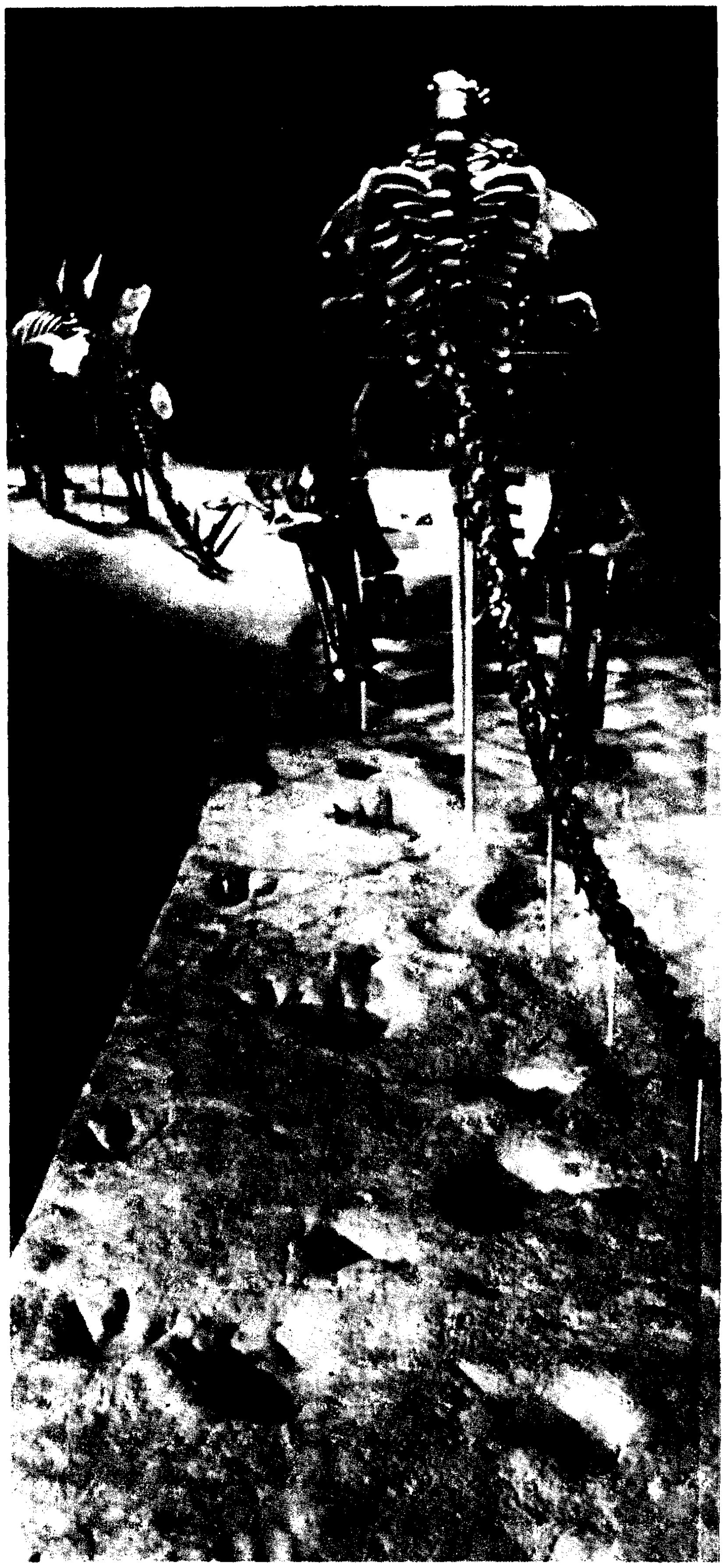
The skeleton of an early dinosaur called Plateosaurus, found in Germany, is in a wall case which has three glass sides. Anyone standing at a side of the case can see the reptile reflected in the front panel. The museum's staff strives for such startling effects to give visitors an added sense of drama and animation



This tiny Permian reptile, known as Captorhinus, is hung on wall over a mirror so that students, who are interested in every detail of anatomy, may examine its solid feet and long jaw

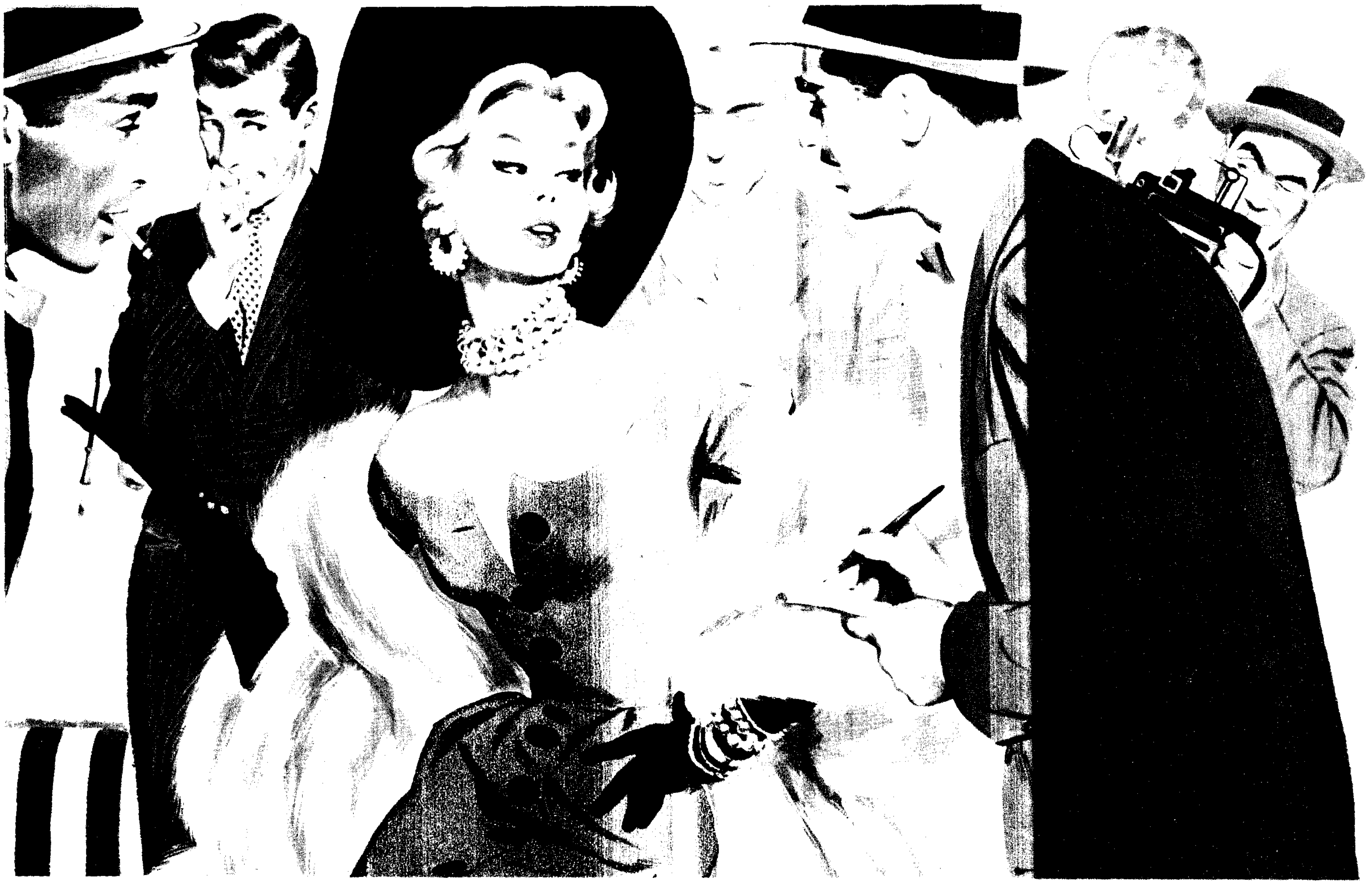


Foot of giant, carnivorous dinosaur, found in the Red Deer River, Alberta, is displayed beside miniature plaster figure of monster to which it once belonged



These petrified dinosaur footprints, one of the most effective displays in Brontosaur Hall, were found in the Paluxy River bed in Texas, cut in blocks and put together again, in the museum, like a jigsaw puzzle. Mounted behind the great beasts, the tracks bring a 125,000,000-year-old record of life into the present

Beautifully preserved skeleton of crocodile, dug up in Arizona, is shown with a cast (on vertical form) of its underside. A model of the reptile, as it looked fully fleshed, stands in foreground



Tearing Peggy away from the convention hall, I held a hurriedly arranged press party for her

Her Honor The Dumbbell

By HANNIBAL COONS

Dear George put a lot of great big words in Peggy's pretty little mouth. And—ooh—look what came out!

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 27, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
The Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

George, I trust that your two days in Washington have given you a good grounding in politics, because I have a sudden political assignment for you of the utmost importance. Lock your dispatch case at once and prepare to head with all speed for Des Moines, Iowa.

But perhaps I had better start at the beginning.

You are no doubt aware, George, that next Thursday morning is a time of unusual interest in the life of this company. It is next Thursday that we open at New York's huge Radio City Music Hall our long-awaited CinemaScope horse opera, The Mayor Was a Lady, starring Miss Peggy Paris in the role of the fabulous Pink Stockings Riley, who once got herself elected mayor of Dodge City, Kansas. The only other detail you need to know about the production is that it cost us nearly three million dollars to make, which means that it is only slightly less important to all of us than the continued bellows-like action of our lungs.

Now, by an amazing coincidence, also on next Thursday morning our beloved head boss, Mr. Lou Bentley, dismounts from a boat in New York after his extended tour of the European film marts. And how delighted he will be to find himself greeted by this sensational opening of a Federal picture at the prestige-laden Music Hall—with big ads all over New York featuring Mr. Bentley's name in the large—or block—letters. He will thus land back in this country much as Nero arrived back in Rome after a Sunday outing in his chariot.

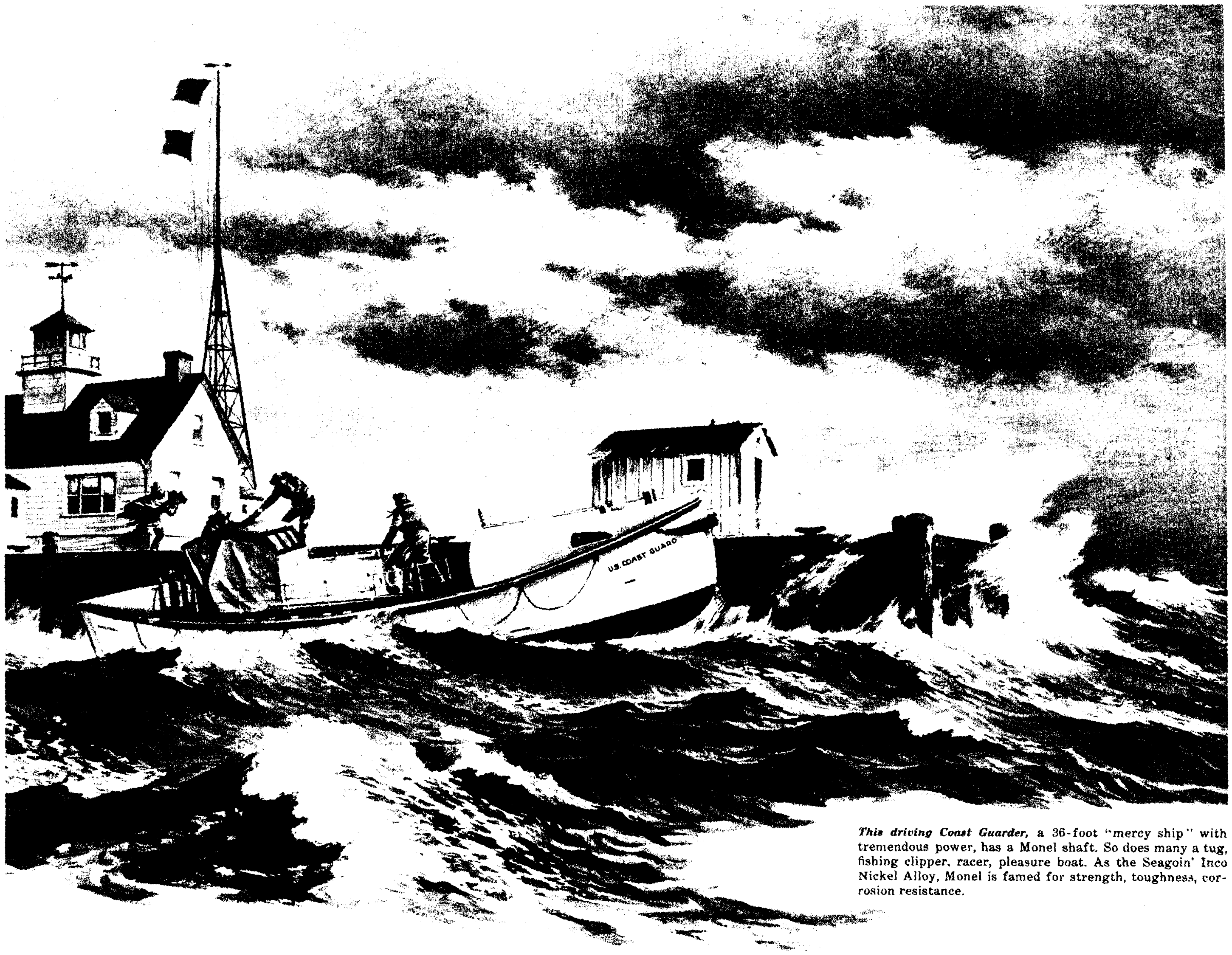
This, as you know, will please him no end. Nothing so tickles any Hollywood producer as to arrive somewhere supposedly unannounced, and then be greeted by large street signs saying: Welcome to Kansas City, Mr. Booboo. It does something wonderful for their metabolism, often putting them into a warm bonus humor for as long as forty minutes. Anyone lucky enough to be on hand can often win a stirring promotion right there in the field.

So it's a most fortunate coincidence for the New York sales heads that they have happened to schedule this important new picture into the Music Hall on the very day Mr. Bentley and his traveling executive claque arrive back from Europe.

The reason for the coincidence of course being that it's no coincidence at all. Ever since Bentley and the others left here nearly five months ago, the New York sales department has been going absolutely crazy arranging this Napoleonic homecoming for them. There has been more intrigue over the arrangements than over a tailoring fitting for Louis XIV—hurried cables, secret conferences, more huggermugger than a Klan meeting. The New York sales end naturally has been trying to hog the whole show, and all the remaining executives here, down to the rank of corporal, all have been feverishly trying to get to New York to join the welcoming party.

The result being that exactly one person is going from here—Marty Kling, who has been in charge of production while Bentley's been gone. Mr. Kling has decided that we can't afford to take

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



This driving Coast Guarder, a 36-foot "mercy ship" with tremendous power, has a Monel shaft. So does many a tug, fishing clipper, racer, pleasure boat. As the Seagoin' Inco Nickel Alloy, Monel is famed for strength, toughness, corrosion resistance.

WHEN Storm Warnings Are Up

—it's a relief to know the Coast Guard and Inco Nickel are on the job!

THE glass is low.

The winds and seas are high. And all small boats are ordered into port. All but one . . . a 36-foot Coast Guard motor lifeboat.

She's ordered *out* . . .

And bow up, out she goes . . . she and her "Unseen Friend," Inco Nickel . . . to stand by a ship in distress.

This dauntless, little 36-footer is propelled by a strong, tough corrosion-resisting Monel shaft. That's why she's got so much sustained drive . . . why pounding, gale-swept seas can't hold her back.

In this mighty midget, engine mufflers, rudder stock, frame and keel bolts, even tiller ropes are also made of this same Inco Nickel alloy. Thus the service that has "Semper Paratus" – Always Prepared – for its motto makes sure that its motor lifeboats have the rugged strength and corrosion resistance to win the battle against the cruel sea.

On sea or land . . . high in the sky or deep underground . . . wherever there's important work being done, there's Inco Nickel. You rarely see it because it's usually intermixed or alloyed with other metals to add strength, toughness, corrosion resistance or other special properties.

That is why Inco Nickel is called, "Your Unseen Friend."

The sea's a killer . . . and, for years, Inco corrosion engineers have been going up against this killer at its marine testing station in North Carolina, finding out the "why" and "how" of salt water's destructive action on most metals. What they've found to date makes mighty interesting reading as famed novelist Cal Calahan tells the story in his "When Metals Go To Sea." For your free copy, write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 204c, New York 5, N. Y.

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INCO
TRADE MARK

Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

Creme de Menthe Frappe
Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass.
Fill with DuBouchett green Creme de Menthe.
(60 proof)
Serve with 2 small straws.

Make every meal festive

DuBOUCHETT
ROCK-AND-RYE

Rock and Rye
(70 proof)
Try this old time favorite straight or in a delicious Rock and Rye Old Fashioned.

with this delightful trio

DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry Flavored Brandy

Blackberry Flavored Brandy
(70 proof)
Delightful straight drink.
Makes delicious cocktails and coolers.

DuBouchett Cordials

Any meal becomes a party meal when you top it with delicious DuBouchett Cordials. Straight or in mixed drinks, they add a smart touch to your entertaining...cordials with the *natural* tang! Try one tonight.

Many, Blanc & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind.
Free! Recipe book featuring 23 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials.
Write DuBouchett Booklet, Suite 3623, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

everybody, so the only fair way is for him just to go alone.

Well, I don't intend to hold still for it. When Bentley walks down that gangplank I intend to be at the bottom of it, blowing my own personal horn. If Mr. Bentley isn't instantly aware of his sterling publicity department, it will be only because he has gone deaf, or rather blind. Because I intend to be on hand, not in person, but on the front page of every newspaper in New York.

Meaning that while everybody has been at his ridiculous maneuvering, I have done a little maneuvering of my own. I knew there must be some way I could force myself into this happy home-coming, and I have finally found it. On page twenty-three of the morning newspaper, I read a small item to the effect that the annual U.S. Conference of Mayors is to open next Wednesday at Des Moines, Iowa.

Well, George, I just can't tell you when I have been as interested in the annual U.S. Conference of Mayors. Because Miss Peggy Paris, the star of our mighty production, The Mayor Was a Lady, actually happens to be the lady mayor of a new little community over in the Valley here called Sherman Woods. Honorary Mayor, that is.

This second coincidence likewise being no coincidence whatever. I got Peggy made Honorary Mayor there over a year ago, when I first heard that she was going to be in this picture. She'd just bought her new house over there, and it took about five minutes to get her elected Honorary Mayor—by unanimous proclamation of the guy who runs the little weekly newspaper. They didn't have any Honorary Mayor as yet, so he was delighted to have Peggy. As you know, half the stars out here are Honorary Mayors of some patch of houses or other. It's been a good standard publicity stunt ever since the late twenties, when Beverly Hills started it all by making the late Will Rogers Honorary Mayor. It's been good clean fun for all, and many of the movie people involved—such as Andy Devine and Fibber McGee, and lately Gale Storm and Jerry Lewis—have rendered valuable service to their home communities by helping to raise funds for the new playground, adding a little class to the dedication of the enlarged fire station, and in general helping to jazz up the community spirit.

The only trouble with this Honorary Mayor stunt is that there's never been any way to give it any national importance. It's usually ended up in a lot of time and work on the part of the stars involved, but with no real publicity —except for some thrilling stories in a few little neighborhood papers with a total circulation of around seven.

But wait, George, wait. Uncle Dick, under the pressure of circumstance, has finally figured out a way to put this stunt on the network.

As follows: Peggy is to leave here Monday night for New York to make a bunch of personal appearances on radio and TV shows to plug the picture. So, since she is Honorary Mayor of Sherman Woods, I will just have her stop off Wednesday afternoon in Des Moines at the U.S. Conference of Mayors and demand a seat! They'll throw her out, naturally, but the resultant ruckus can hardly help but get her and The Mayor Was a Lady a tremendous slosh of national front-page publicity in the Thursday papers. Thus when Mr. Bentley steps off the boat in New York Thursday morning, I defy anybody to keep him from knowing that good old Dick Reed, boy publicity director, is strictly on the ball.

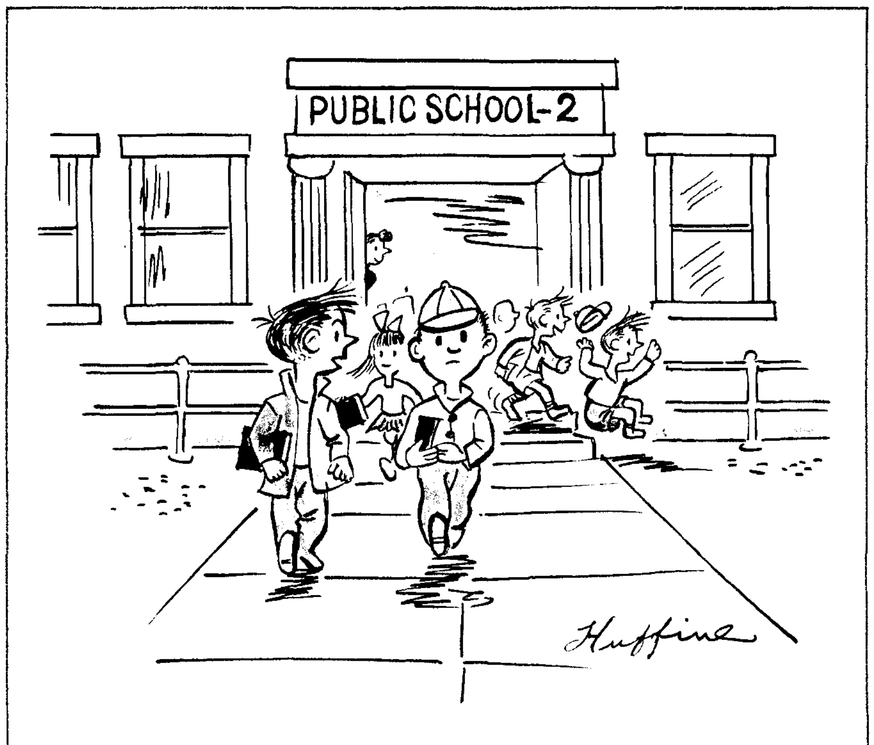
Isn't it a beauty? Peggy is all for it. That girl would walk down Hollywood Boulevard dressed in one sprig of parsley, letting blind men shoot lighted matches from between her teeth, if she thought it would get her picture in the paper one extra time. There are moments when she frightens even me.

But there's nothing frightening about this one. This one, I think you will agree, is a dandy. So speed to Des Moines at once, welcome her there Wednesday afternoon, and point out the way to the auditorium.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MY, WHAT A FINE CHANCE TO SEE DES MOINES. BUT I'VE SEEN IT. I TRAVEL QUITE A BIT, YOU KNOW.
GEORGE



COLLIER'S

"More history tomorrow. Miss Jennings is going to tell us about Hitler—whoever he was"

DAVID HUFFINE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE MAYFLOWER
WASH DC

GEORGE, I AM NORMALLY PATIENT WITH WHAT YOU THINK OF AS YOUR HUMOR. BUT THIS JUST ISN'T THE TIME FOR IT. OKAY?

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK BOY, LISTEN. THIS JUST ISN'T THE TIME FOR THIS GAG. THESE ARE PARLOUS DAYS, AND THOSE MEN WILL BE THERE ON IMPORTANT BUSINESS. I SAY THE CITIZENS WILL RESENT IT.

GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE MAYFLOWER
WASH DC

GEORGE, WHEN I NEED YOU TO DO MY WORRYING FOR ME I WILL HAVE YOU EQUIPPED WITH A BUILT-IN FROWN. LIKE OUR OTHER EXECUTIVES. UNTIL THEN, GET GOING.

DICK

FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
Des Moines, Iowa
October 29, 1954
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here. To tell you the truth, I am here for the first time, and frankly I am amazed. I had always thought that Des Moines had a population of around 14, including the people sitting on the hotel porch; instead, it's a bustling city of nearly 200,000—bigger than Bridgeport, Connecticut, Youngstown, Ohio, or Pasadena, California. Why didn't somebody tell me? I'd have brought a dinner jacket to wear with my new brown pants.

But enough statistics. To business. And not a minute too soon, because I have been in this town for not over three hours and already I'm shivering like a washed dog in January. In fact, on the way to the hotel the cab came past the auditorium, and the minute I saw it, with all those flags up on it, I began shaking so that the driver stopped and got out to see if he had a flat.

I'm telling you, Dick, the annual Mayors' Conference just isn't any place for old George. Any such important gathering as this gives me the willies. Not because of what it might do to me, but because of what I might do to it. In the heat of battle I have been known to be seized by inspiration, and if I got really inspired here, I could have the Civil War going again no later than Friday noon.

And I would have to get pretty inspired to do anything about this one. Meaning that even a preliminary check on the arrangements shows that this whole project is, just as I thought, impossible.

All due, naturally, to the current international rash of spies and saboteurs, which has tightened up the security arrangements at all government gatherings. By the time this gathering convenes Wednesday morning, a strong Indian won't be able to shoot a greased arrow into the place.

If you'd like the details, the local police are to be assisted in the guarding of the auditorium itself by the Iowa National Guard, and the tickets for the spectators' gallery won't be handled at the auditorium at all. A separate frisking station for spectators has been set up well across town. Thus the police at the auditorium will have to be governed by only one simple instruction: no tickee, no laundry.

So just sending Peggy up to the door of the auditorium without any ticket would get us nowhere, because she wouldn't even get far enough in for any reporter in the place to know that she was there. And if we sent her over to throw a fit at the cross-town ticket desk, what good would that do? There won't be any reporters or photographers over there.

In other words, as I see it, the security committee at this meeting has put a cork in our bottle—they have thrown up a ring of outer defenses that even my agile mind can see no way to get through.

And even if I could figure out a way to wangle Peggy far enough in to catch the ear of the reporters, the best we could accomplish would be to make the mayor of every city in this country mad at us. Nobody in this world likes to be made to look ridiculous, as every mayor at this conference would if Peggy should suddenly appear at the door waving her honorary Yo-yo. The next time we wanted a little zoning favor, or needed to close off a few streets to record a little film nonsense—*anywhere*—we would get a no that would give you a punctured eardrum. And I wouldn't blame them a bit.

I say have a care. This is no time to enrage City Hall. Not en masse. Let's forget this caper. I'm a brave man, but this is foolhardy.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
DES MOINES IOWA

I'VE KNOWN COCKER SPANIELS WITH A SHORTAGE OF B-1 THAT WERE BRAVER. NOW LISTEN, SERGEANT YORK. PEGGY IS LEAVING HERE MONDAY NIGHT ON THE SUPER CHIEF RIGHT ON SCHEDULE. SHE WILL ARRIVE IN DES MOINES AT 1:10 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON. BY THAT TIME, IF YOU DON'T MIND, HAVE SOME WAY FIGURED OUT SO THAT THE REPORTERS WILL BE SURE TO HEAR HER KNOCKING ON THE INNER DOOR OF THAT AUDITORIUM. THAT IS ALL I WANT FROM YOU. NOW IS THAT CLEAR?

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, SIR. JUST SEE THAT I AM BURIED AT ARLINGTON WITH THE OTHER HEROES.

GEORGE

FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
Des Moines, Iowa
October 31, 1954
Air Mail

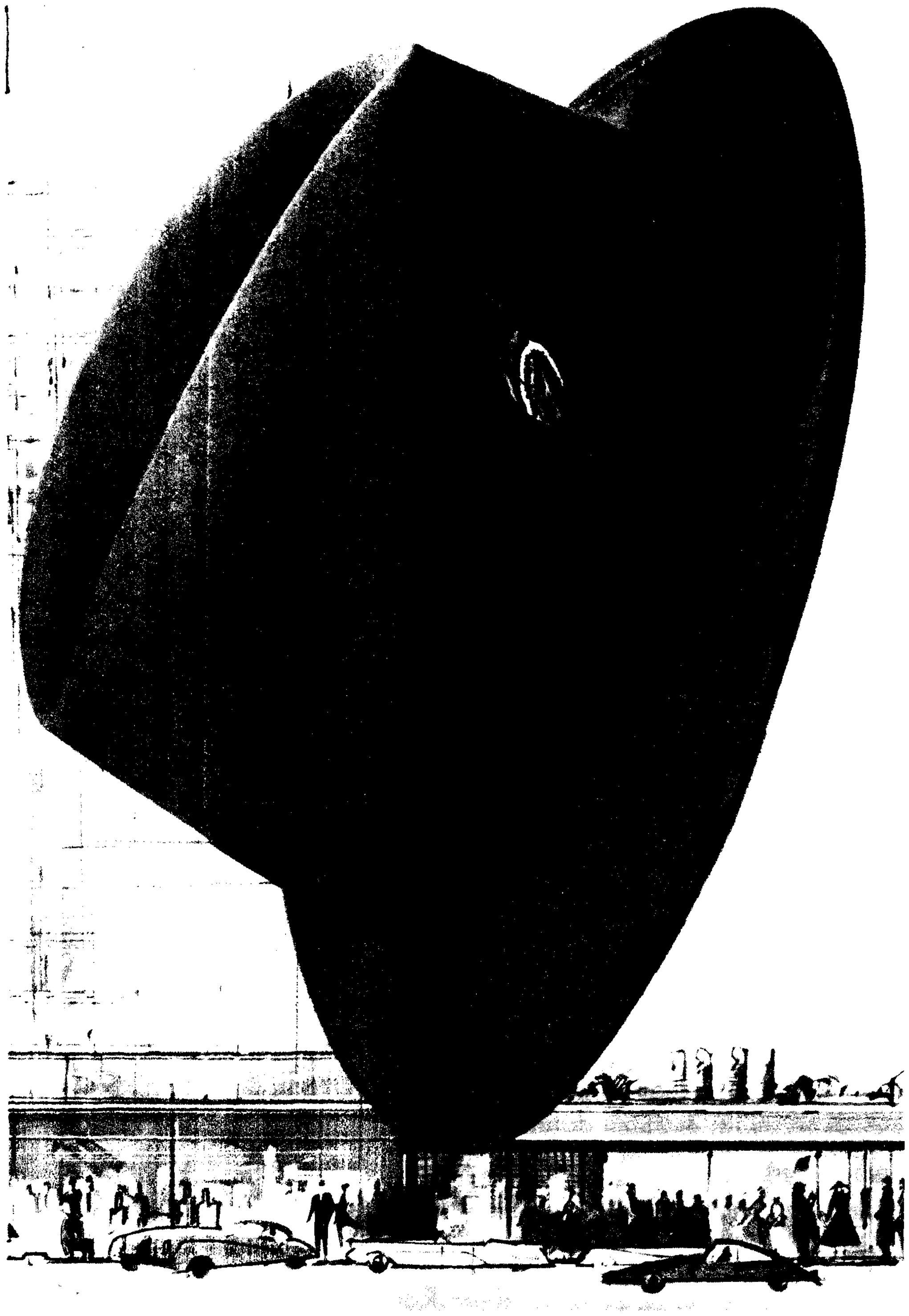
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, what do you know, the skies are clearing. When I sent you that answering wire yesterday, I was a little bit dispirited. In fact, I was looking in the yellow pages for some place in Des Moines where I could rent a sword, so that I could fall on it. But now, as I say, the skies are clearing.

In other words, I have been thinking—from sheer necessity. And I suddenly see that if we can't make a frontal assault on this fortification, maybe we can bore from within.

As follows: Dick, all in the world I



Pioneer of shape engineering

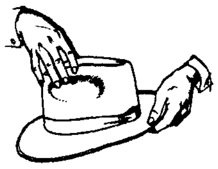
NEW CONTOUR, $10 BY

MALLORY

Mallory designers have been spinning their calipers for over a year. Their imaginations have produced a new hat—Contour, a most becoming Mallory because of its modern proportions! And we honestly believe you'll call it *wonderful*. See the New Contour—$10. Other Mallory hats to $40.

Feel the difference in a Mallory

MALLORY HATS FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



The Thing Nobody Can Add to Oil

It is a credit to the whole oil industry that its products have kept pace with the requirements of car manufacturers.

Today's engines, with their high speeds and high compressions, required new oils. In order to develop these motor oils, it proved both necessary and helpful to use certain chemical additives.

These *additives can be added to any oil.* To very good oil. To very poor oil.

But there is one thing nobody can add to oil: a basic quality. That basic quality, provided by nature, is what really determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

That's why we say:

Today's BEST oils start with Nature's BEST crude

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil *and fortified by carefully selected additives,* they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

Keep the power you bought

INSIST on a brand of

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

have to do to get Peggy into that place is to go over across town to the ticket desk tomorrow morning, and get her a ticket. Period. I'll get us each a ticket. They'll be in the spectators' gallery, but what's the difference? Once we're seated in the front row of the gallery, in full view of everybody, including the reporters and photographers, all I have to do is to figure out some sort of small ruckus she can cause, something that will turn the nation's spotlight on us for a few minutes—and the job'll be done. Nothing to it. I'm finally beginning to get inspired. Hasty regards,
George

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood California
November 1, 1954
Air-Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Federal Pictures
Fort Des Moines Hotel
Des Moines, Iowa

Dear George:

George, I don't know. I'm beginning to cool on this one a little. I've been thinking myself, and it's becoming clearer by the minute that if Bentley should get off that boat and be greeted by the *wrong* headlines, due to my voluntary efforts—I shudder to think of the result. The only recourse I would have would be to slay myself before Bentley could make it out here.

In the first place, George, in addition to Mr. Bentley's possible personal displeasure, there's a little matter of money involved. Bentley is to have talks there in New York with the Hunt National Bank, who financed The Mayor Was a Lady, and who, we fondly hope, will finance an increasing number of our productions to come. If I did anything that would mess up those talks—oh! What would happen to me a cat lover wouldn't have happen to a dog.

This hazard, as I now learn, is even further complicated by the human gall bladder. Meaning Mr. Bentley's, which hasn't been too good for some time. And now I hear, by letter from Paul Brown in Paris, that while Bentley was roaring around over there all these months, he naturally got off his diet, took aboard all sorts of rich and strange foods, and as a result his gall bladder is currently thumping like a kangaroo doing a tap dance on a kettledrum. All the members of his traveling group, Paul said, were purchasing tennis shoes to wear on the trip home, so that they wouldn't jar the deck. And with a situation like that prevailing, it is just no time for anybody in this firm to take chances. As in the military, at a time like this it is better to do nothing than to do the wrong thing.

Everything considered, let's forget this one. When Peggy gets there, greet her kindly, hand her a box lunch, and send her on to New York. We will figure out some new project with which to dazzle Mr. Bentley, after he gets home and gets back on his diet. It will be safer then, I assure you. Best,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

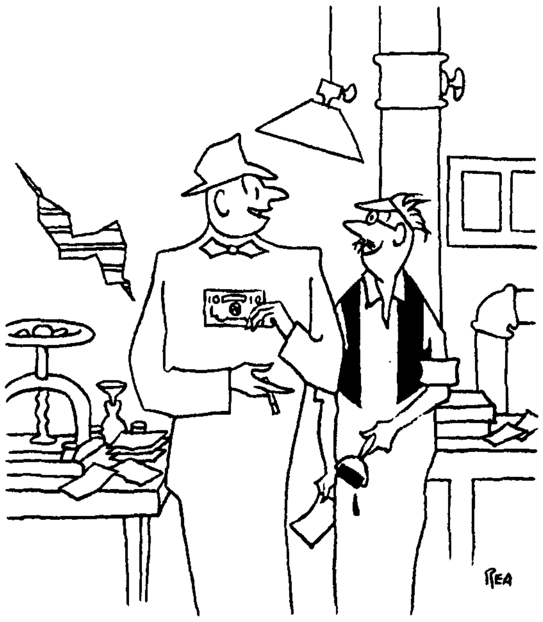
CAN'T POSSIBLY BACK OUT NOW. HAVE ALREADY GOT OUR TICKETS. ALSO HAVE SECRETLY ALERTED THE REPORTERS TO WATCH FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S PERFORMANCE. BUT DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING'S ALL SET.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
DES MOINES IOWA

NO, GEORGE, WE DON'T DARE TAKE THE CHANCE. IF PEGGY SHOULD RISE IN THAT GALLERY SHE WOULD HAVE TO SAY SOMETHING SENSIBLE, AND THAT GAL HASN'T SAID ANYTHING SENSIBLE IN TEN YEARS. DON'T THINK OF LETTING HER GET UP THERE AND TRY TO MAKE A SPEECH. IT COULD BE FATAL.
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DON'T WORRY, I TELL YOU. NATURALLY SHE HAS TO MAKE A SENSIBLE SPEECH. AND I'VE SPENT THE ENTIRE MORNING WRITING ONE FOR HER. RELAX
GEORGE



"Great work, Matzuli! Print up a bonus for yourself . . ."

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

GEORGE SEIBERT
FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
DES MOINES IOWA

OH, NO, NOT THAT! I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THE POSSIBILITY OF YOU MAKING ANY POLITICAL PRONOUNCEMENTS. THERE GOES NATO. LOOK, GEORGE, I'D JUST LOVE TO LET YOU DO IT, BECAUSE I KNOW YOU COULD DO IT SO WELL, BUT AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, I HAVE A SUDDEN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU IN PORTLAND, MAINE. DROP EVERYTHING AND GET UP THERE AT ONCE, AND THE MINUTE YOU ARRIVE, WIRE ME. I'LL BE ANXIOUS TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE THERE.
DICK

SECURITY COMMITTEE
U.S. CONFERENCE OF MAYORS
DES MOINES IOWA

QUICK. MOVIE STAR PEGGY PARIS ARRIVING YOUR CITY PRACTICALLY THIS MOMENT, DETERMINED TO MAKE SPEECH AT MAYORS' CONFERENCE. SHE HAS BEEN WORKING TERRIBLY HARD LATELY, AND HAS GOT HERSELF CONFUSED WITH JOHN FOSTER DULLES. RUSH TO THE SPECTATORS' GALLERY AT ONCE AND APPREHEND HER AT ALL COSTS. SENDING SEVERAL STRONG MEN TO GIVE HER EVERY POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE ON THE TRIP HOME.
RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SOMEBODY'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MISS PARIS. THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT GIRL. SHE MADE AN APPEARANCE AT THE MAYORS' CONFERENCE NOT OVER AN HOUR AGO THAT SET THE PLACE ON ITS EAR. WHY DON'T YOU TRY GETTING MORE REST? DOESN'T ANYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD EVER GO FISHING?
JOHN ANDERSON
SECURITY COMMITTEE
U.S. CONFERENCE OF MAYORS

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, RICHARD, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, STOP GOOD GOVERNMENT? WE'RE MAKING POLITICAL HISTORY HERE, AS YOU'LL SEE IN THE MORNING PAPERS. AS SOON AS I SEE THEM MYSELF I'LL SEND AIR-MAIL SPECIAL WITH ANY NECESSARY ADDED DETAILS.
GEORGE

FORT DES MOINES HOTEL
Des Moines, Iowa
November 4, 1954
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity,
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy time. Yesterday was just higgledy-piggledy from dawn on. I guess the only way to cover the day's events is one at a time.

The first of them being the fact that Peggy actually arrived here not at 1:10, but at 8:54 in the morning. Her normal schedule was naturally to get into Kansas City on the Super Chief at 4:35 A.M., sleeping on the there-detached Kansas City car until she was routed up to Des Moines, and then arriving at 1:10 P.M., just as you had it.

But during the night I suddenly saw a flaw in this schedule: it would give us no time whatever for speech rehearsal. And since the speech I had written for her ran to twenty-eight pages, it was necessary that she should have a little time to run over it. I didn't want the first political speech of my career ruined by a sloppy performance. So I called up the stationmaster's office at Kansas City around six yesterday morning and, by pleading illness in the family, induced him to go out into the yards, arouse Miss Paris, and get her to a telephone.

Hello, she said somewhat groggily. Who? What?

This is George, in Des Moines, I said; wake up and listen. Headlines depend on it.

Georgie boy, she cried, how sweet of you to call! Where are these headlines, and how do we get 'em?

In two minutes she had agreed to hasten, getting a plane up to Des Moines, and arriving almost the moment she left—to be precise: 8:54.

Since I had thoughtfully aroused her in time to have breakfast before leaving Kansas City, we went to work at once, rehearsing her in my speech. It covered quite a bit of ground. With a free shot at the ear of the nation, I had seen no reason to hold back. After a tightly knit opening, I had taken matters up in some detail, starting at Plymouth Rock and covering most of the other rocks of any historical interest to date. In the final thirteen pages, I explained with utter clarity just what should be done about each of our present problems, international and domestic. It was, if I do say it, a masterpiece. A little long, but a masterpiece.

Peggy, incidentally, was delighted. "Boy," she said, "when I get through delivering this oration to the peasants, I defy any newspaper in the country to handle it in less than eight columns. Help me on with my toga, varlet, and let's go."

After a hasty lunch, we handed over our tickets at the door of the auditorium and proceeded without incident to the spectators' gallery. I found Miss Paris a seat in the front row, and took a modest position of my own toward the rear. Strange newspapermen can be very suspicious of a publicity man seated alongside a movie star. I therefore retired to the shadows, feeling, I must say, a little of the combined pride and horror of a parent whose innocent offspring is about to recite Mary Had a Little Lamb at the P.T.A. meeting. But at least I had rehearsed her well; it was now in other hands.

And I still think that everything would have gone off exactly as I'd planned, except for one slight detail I had somehow forgotten. Since you make movies out there in such infinitesimal little hunks at a time, movie actors are accustomed to learning no more than about two lines of dialogue for any one day. In Hollywood, if you can remember hello, and good-by, you're set for Thursday. So what actually happened was that at the first real pause in the proceedings down on the floor, Peggy rose, and in a sudden, shocked silence hurriedly introduced herself to the assembly as Peggy Paris, Honorary Mayor of Sherman Woods, California. This successfully fended off the guards who were about to grab her. Then, with the nation's spotlight finally full upon us, she delivered my ringing opening paragraph—a simple statement saying that she was glad to be there—and then turned and looked at me in utter panic. Twenty-eight pages of something brilliant came after that, but it was quite evident that she suddenly had no idea what.

So she sat down.

Oh, no! Not already! Ashen and desperate, I felt through my pockets for an asp. She had ruined everything. What in Heaven's name could I do?

Then, to my amazement, I discovered that I'd evidently done it. Starting like a hesitant patter of rain, there suddenly came from every corner of that packed auditorium a mounting thunder of applause. I sat back astounded. What were they cheering for? All I had said so far—I mean, all Peggy had said—was that she was delighted to be there, and that she wished that everybody in America could be there today to see our republic at work.

And I suddenly saw that that's what they were cheering for: the fact that she *was* there. They wanted no political pronouncements from her. With movie stars, their mere presence is enough. Particularly in Des Moines, Iowa—or anywhere, for that matter, outside of Hollywood. The word that she was actually Peggy Paris had galloped through the crowd, and they were cheering simply because she was sitting there among them, looking modest and unassuming.

And that's what I had done, I had written her such a truly monumental speech that she couldn't begin to remember it, and thus she hadn't said anything wrong. When she'd got up and actually started to deliver the speech, the whole idea had become so overpowering that she'd just given up and sat down. Which was exactly what the occasion called for.

The real Peggy Paris, at her egotistical best, would of course only have gained us the resentment of this entire assembly. If she had ever got going with any of her normal speed, she would undoubtedly have ended up down on the main floor, pushing the chairman aside and starting in on jokes and witty sayings. She might even have taken off her warmer clothing and danced. I've known that girl for years, and she is indeed frightening. And this was one occasion when she definitely had to be kept under control.

And I had kept her under control. I had given her a strong sedative by the simple expedient of writing her a speech so long that she couldn't possibly remember all of it. I had, of course, spent the morning impressing her over and over again with the vital importance of every page—knowing that at some point she would be bound to bog down and, thinking that she'd ruined everything, might sit down and shut up for once.

So, in that horrible split second before the cheers started, my only worry was that I had overdone it—boggled her too soon. But as Lincoln proved at Gettysburg, it's a physical impossibility to make any speech too short. Peggy was forced to rise again, and bow and bow.

Finally, tearing her away from the triumphant scene, I held a hurriedly arranged press party for her at the hotel before she left for New York. It was there that the reporters got the stuff for those extra columns on the good work of all of Hollywood's Honorary Mayors in general. Also, from bits of the speech she now remembered, Peggy was able to sound halfway sensible in response to their questions on civic affairs.

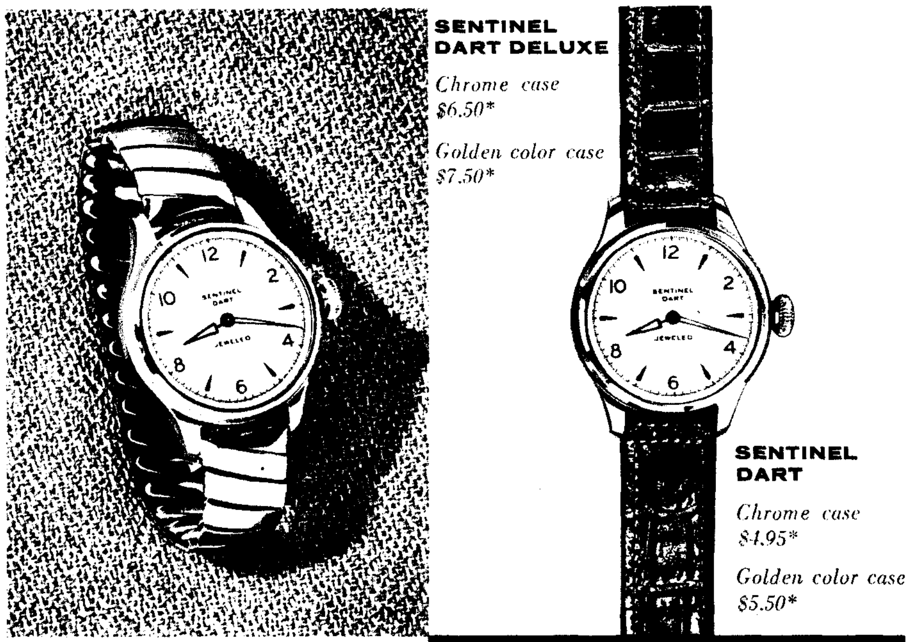
This morning there's even some talk of running her for governor. Since the Mayors' Conference, while highly important, is normally a fairly dull event to cover, the boys are making quite a story of it.

At any rate, I believe that Mr. Bentley will be pleased—not only by this morning's flood of front-page publicity for The Mayor Was a Lady, but also because Peggy's grandfather was also once terribly plagued by his gall bladder. The old gent was finally eased by a Chinese druggist in Brooklyn. I phoned this druggist last night, and as Mr. Bentley stepped off the boat this morning he was handed not only all the New York papers with your triumphant headlines, but also a bottle of Peggy's grandfather's magic elixir. With definite instructions from you to take it, on your guarantee. And I have just talked to Sam Simes in the New York office: Mr. Bentley is not only pleased, but comfortable for the first time in weeks.

Good old Reed, he was heard saying . . .

As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS



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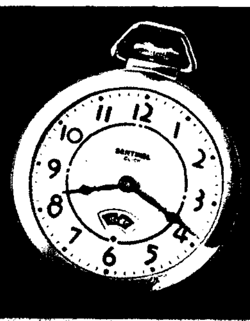

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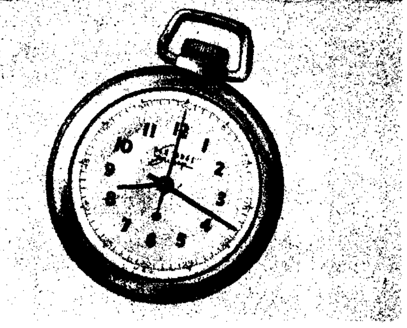
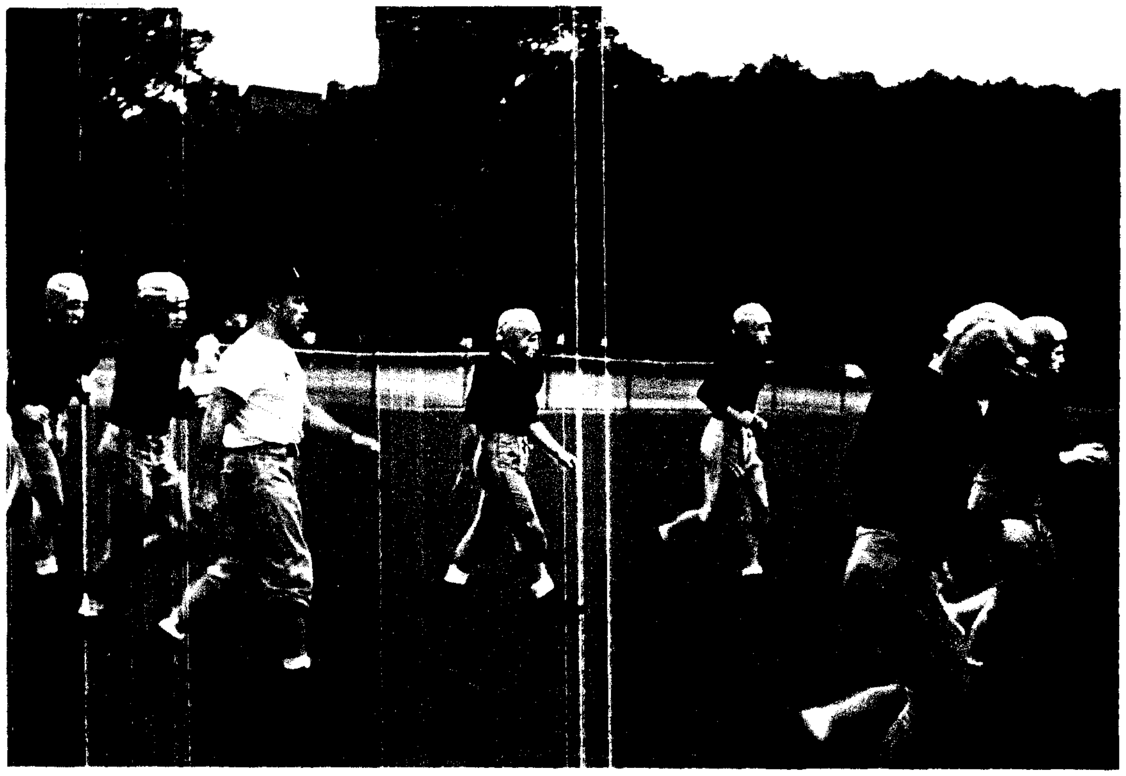




Blanchard briskly leads members of plebe squad across drill field. Rigid cadet routine permits only an hour and a half a day for football practice

Plebe coach, who once did Army's kicking, gives punting lesson to a quarterback prospect, Robert Schwarze, of Jersey City, N.J.

Plebe coach Blanchard studies football movies with head coach Blaik

"Mr. INSIDE" Is

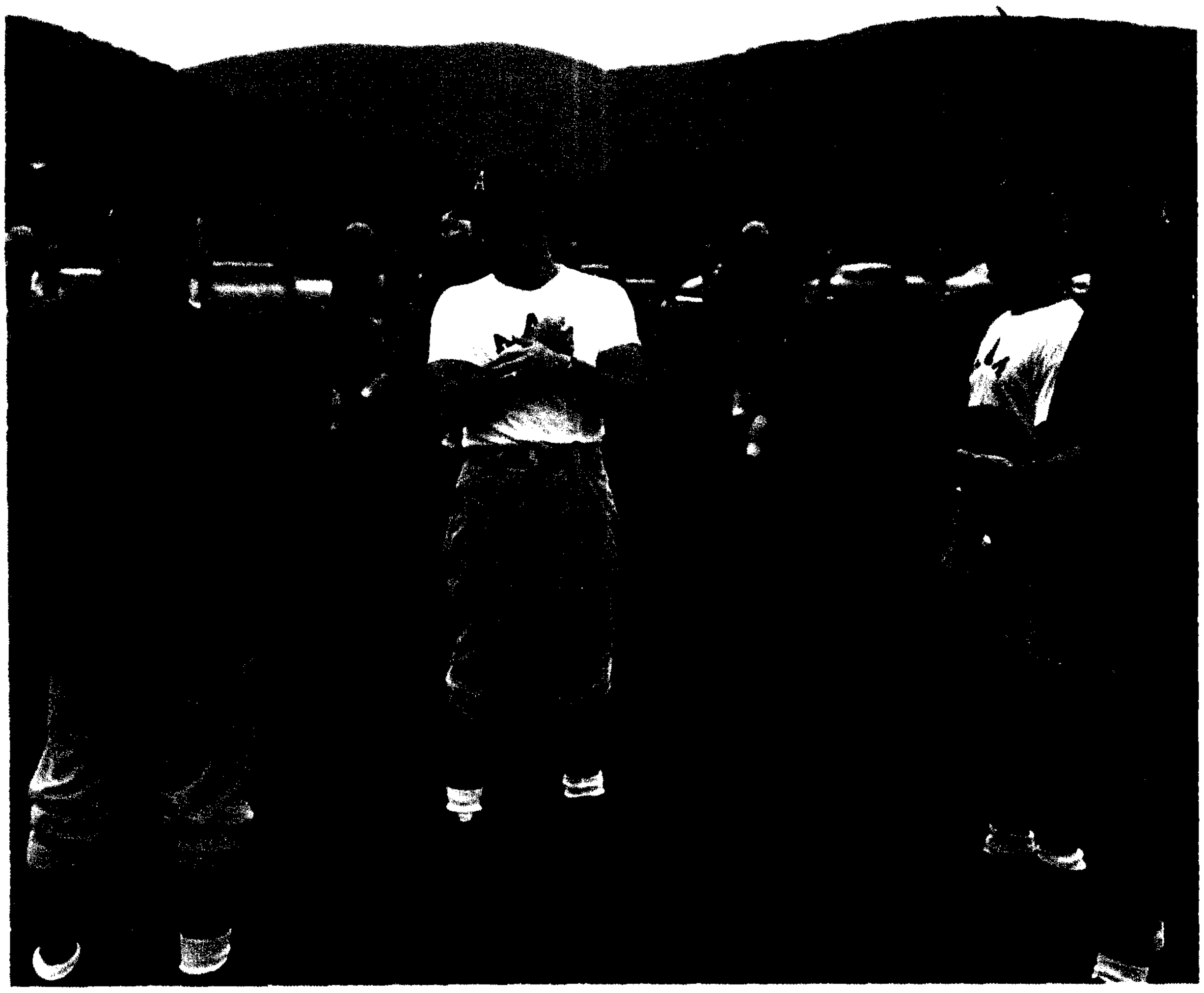
Doc Blanchard's a coach now. But the greatest fullback i

SEVEN years ago, West Point graduated the greatest fullback in its history. He was Felix A. (Doc) Blanchard, 205 pounds of jarring power and blinding speed. In combination with halfback Glenn (Mr. Outside) Davis, Blanchard—Mr. Inside—sparked Army to three consecutive undefeated seasons: 1944, '45 and '46. He bulled his way through enemy teams for 1,908 yards and 38 touchdowns. He won Maxwell, Heisman and Touchdown Club awards as the best college football player in the land. Then he got his military orders and entered the regimented, unpublicized life of an Air Force career officer.

Now, at the request of Army athletic director Earl Blaik, twenty-nine-year-old Doc Blanchard has returned to the Point. He's come back a qualified jet pilot with the rank of captain to serve a three-year tour of duty as head coach of the plebe football team. Instead of sharing a room with two other cadets, Doc now has a home on the post with his wife and two small children—Felix Anthony III, five, and Josephine, seven months. Where football once occupied only a small fraction of his rigid routine, it is now a full-time, year-around business. His main task is to develop strong freshman candidates for next year's varsity. But he also scouts future Army foes, talks to high-school football players who are thinking about entering the Military Academy, works with the varsity in spring training, and screens the plebes for football material in early summer.

Doc's fame is still so great that almost half of all the current Army athletes listed him as their top sports hero on the annual questionnaire sent out by the publicity office.

Only ten pounds heavier than he was as a cadet, he still looks ready to take his position in a West Point backfield. Earl Blaik, who calls Blanchard one of his "old horses," tested him against some young colts after one recent practice session. He had Doc race the varsity in the short sprints designed to improve the players' swiftness and wind. Blanchard outsped the whole squad.—HOWARD COHN



Left: While the squad takes calisthenics, Blanchard talks with the three other former Army stars who are his aides: Joe Steffy (l.), Gobel Bryant (r., front), Lt. Bobby Vinson. Right: Doc packs old driving power showing plebes how to take a hand-off

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

Doc takes the quarterback's role demonstrating T-formation play. "Belly the ball when you get it," he orders his running backs, "and charge hard and low"

Attentive players watch coach show them a blocking position. The plebe team plays a six-game schedule

Back at The Point

my history still looks ready and able to crash through the line

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and some people **ask** for what they want
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Indian Sign

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Army in his youth was nonexistent, he thought. He had a sense of waste of the years—fifteen of them, with fifteen or twenty more to make captain and the paltry half pay of retirement. His strong years would be gone in the effort, his building years, his years to live and make his place.

He put on his black overcoat again, frogged it and hooked his saber in the vent. He started evening rounds: number one post and back diagonally behind the guardhouse toward number two. Suddenly he heard Trooper O'Meara's angry voice—young Tim, the first sergeant's son: "Damn it, Pop. Stop talking about Molly, I tell you!" And at once there was a crack of a fist, like a dry stick breaking.

Before Disbro could reach them, there was the sound of three more blows, and Sergeant O'Meara's voice in hot anger: "Stop talking about marrying her then, Tim! I won't have your record smirched!"

"As you were!" Disbro called, and the father and son stood apart in the light wash of the lantern from the back window of the guardhouse lean-to. They were struck from the same die, those two O'Meara faces, with the blunt chins and gun-black eyes.

"If this is a family difference, save it for quarters. No more of it here!" Disbro said and looked at them both.

Trooper O'Meara picked up his hat, said, "Yes, sir," and went back into the guardhouse.

"You'd kill for that boy, wouldn't you, O'Meara?" Disbro said.

The first sergeant stood silent for a moment, held by his thirty-four years of service. Then he said, "Yes, sir. Or kill *him* for the blockhead he is!"

After his inspection round, Disbro re-entered Headquarters. First Sergeant O'Meara sat at a desk going over the troop horse books and the quartermaster accounts. Disbro went into the inside office, stretched out on the table and slept.

WHEN he woke up, it was just on to 3:00 A.M. The first sergeant was no longer in the outer office. From the west window Disbro could see Major Pharr's set of quarters on the Row. There was light reflected brightly across Pharr's shaded windows. The plank door in the rear of the major's set opened suddenly, and a cloaked figure ran out.

The moment he saw her, Disbro wrenched open the back door of Headquarters and raced toward her, leaping at her and twisting her around to face him. She struck at him, but he caught her wrist. "Take this from me, Molly," he said. "If it's Pharr, stay with it and lay off of B Troop! Stay off my lines and formations, or I'll have your old man rawhide you!"

"Like fury you will! I'll have Major Pharr skin you alive! Let go of me or I'll scream for him now!"

Disbro let her go, and she scurried off toward the stables. In that moment he cursed Pharr, willed him dead and sweated and clammy in his grave.

As he stood there with anger burning inside him, Disbro could hear in the distance the sound of wagon wheels again, from the direction of the Bledsoe Road: the second serial of pork.

Just then lanterns began to flare up in the A Troop barracks and stable area, the A Troop first sergeant's whistle blew, and as Disbro opened the door to go back into Headquarters he could hear roll call beginning.

He filled a basin with water and put it on the stove. He stripped off his blouse, tucked his shirt band in around his neck and hooked in his razor strop to edge his razor. He shaved slowly, dried his face and dressed again.

Presently First Sergeant O'Meara came back into Headquarters. "Second serial of the pork convoy coming up, sir," he said.

"Check if Major Pharr has been called. It's half past three. There's a light in his set, but check anyway. And clean the mud off your trousers."

O'Meara's mouth twisted tight, and he dusted fiercely at the mud on his knees. "I gave him his call, sir. He is not in quarters. Left already."

There was a quick knock then, and the door opened. Maslin Hostetter, commanding A Troop, came in, strapped for patrol in field kit and side arms. "Major been here, Lane?"

"No, but he's left his quarters. He ought to be in your area by now, if he's riding with you."

"He isn't in the area. That's why I'm here. It's time to shove off."

"Shove then, boy—you've got your orders."

Lieutenant Hostetter grinned and pulled at his hatbrim, and he went out, his spurs scattering gravel as he doubled back to his area. As Disbro followed him out under the ramada, he could see the axle lanterns on the second serial of the pork convoy.

In the other direction, presently, he could see A Troop leading at the walk toward West Gate, with its pack mules in train behind it. The head of the column halted until the moment of four o'clock; and then, on the dot, the troop began to pass through the gate, en route for the northern district.

THE second serial of wagons began to roll onto the post. Disbro went back inside Headquarters. In a little while, Sergeant O'Meara came in, with the manifests in his hand. "That's it, sir, the rest of it. Another hundred barrels—how old is anyone's guess."

"The draft mules will go into the empty A Troop stables," Disbro said. "The wagoners will be quartered in A Troop barracks. That's all, O'Meara."

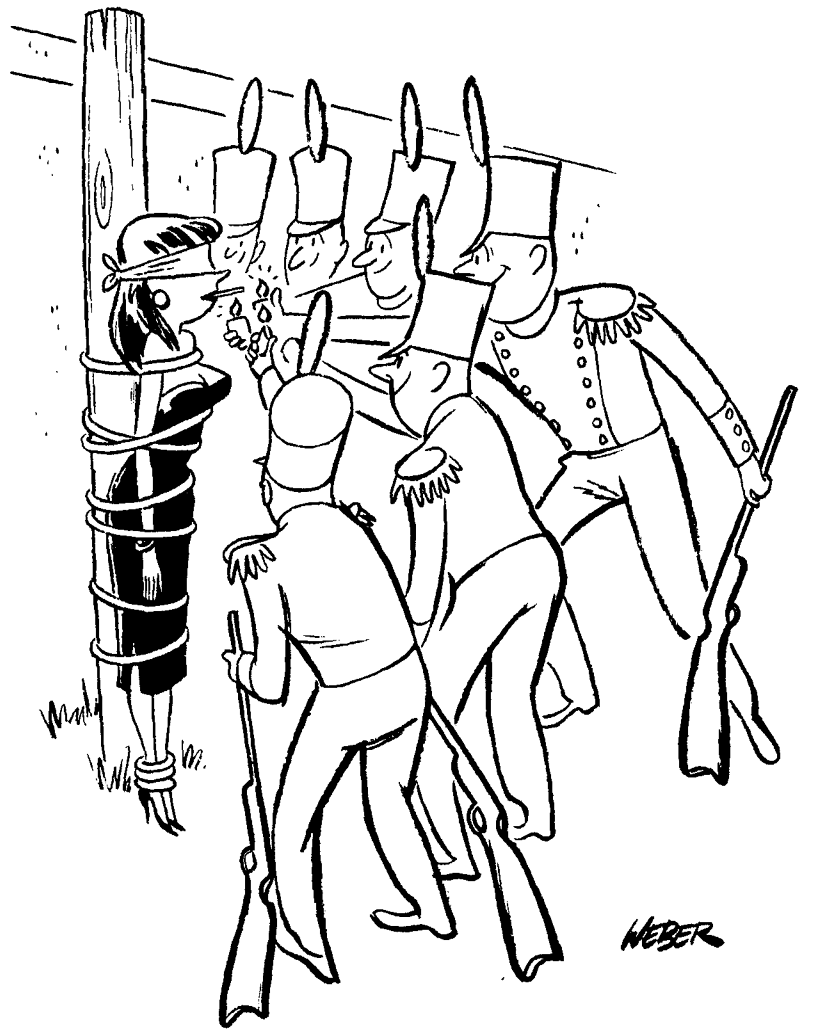
"Yes, sir. Except the woman, sir."

"What woman is this now?"

Sergeant O'Meara swung the door wider. "Step in, miss. This is Lieutenant Disbro, the officer of the guard."

The girl was shaking with cold, her pinched face framed in the hood of her traveling cloak. She raised her hands to her face as a child will in uncertainty. "Poor girl was sitting in the stagecoach still," O'Meara said. "It came just ahead of the convoy."

Disbro pulled a chair around by the stove. "Sit down," he said gruffly. "We'll get you warm in a minute." Sergeant O'Meara went out and closed the door behind him. Disbro turned the pipe draft full and poked up the stove. He knelt to do it. She walked stiffly to the chair and sat down, and as he looked up at her he had the quick impression that she was fighting to hold



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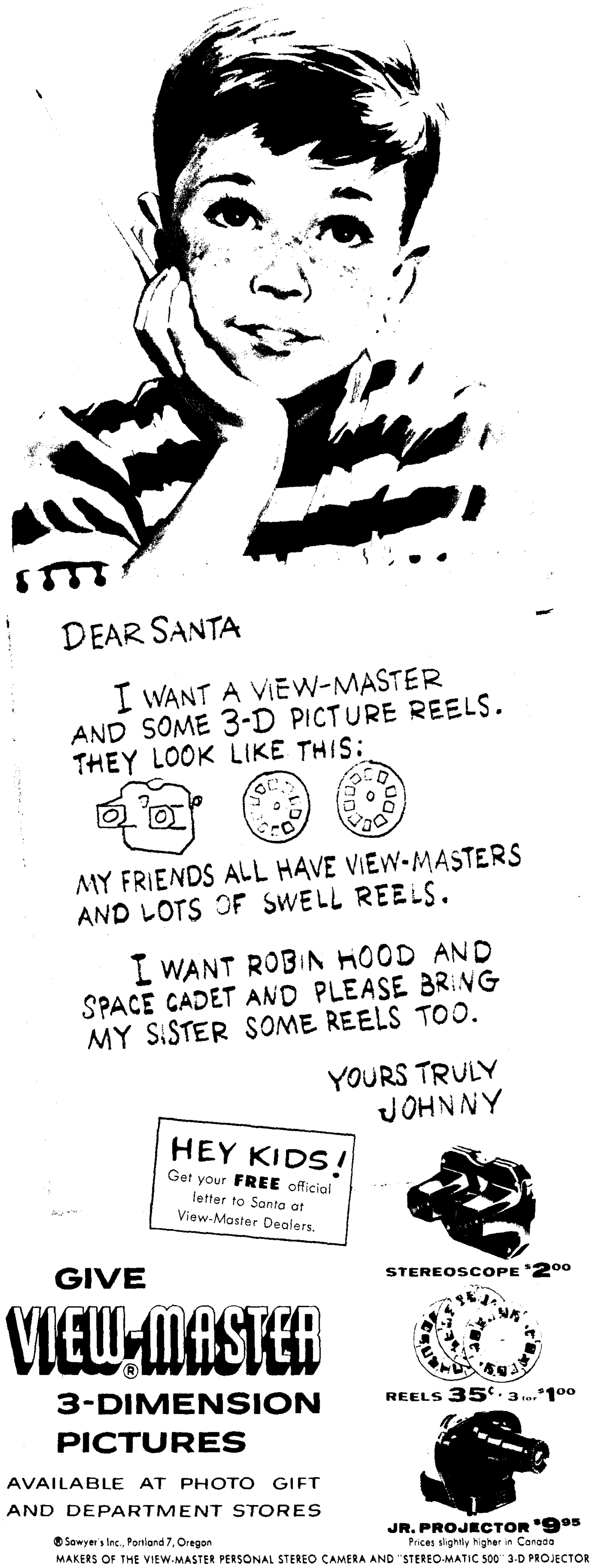

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back tears, striving desperately to control herself. "Don't cry," he said.

And then she laughed and the sound was harsh. "I don't have to be treated like something fragile that will break!"

He stood up and suddenly he realized that the tightness he had seen in her expression was not the determination to hold back tears but the contraction of her facial muscles from cold. "Go ahead, laugh," he said, "but let me see your hands." He took her right hand and began to rub it harshly between his own rough palms.

THE coffeepot started to bubble on the stove behind him. He poured a steaming cupful and gave it to her.

"I'm Kitty Buell," she said.

"Lane Disbro. How are your feet?"

"I'll take care of them myself, thank you," she told him.

Disbro flushed. She was a little thing, but she had dignity. Perhaps that wasn't the way to put it: presence, rather; strength, not helplessness. He said, "Buell? There's a General Buell."

"Yes," she said, "he's my father."

"But he's at Big Foot—twelve hundred miles to the north. What brings you here?"

"Colonel Bohannon is my uncle."

Disbro cleared his throat heavily. "Colonel Bohannon must not have got word you were coming, Miss Buell. Regimental Headquarters moved out of here six weeks ago to Fort Donophon—permanently. Mrs. Bohannon went with him. Major Pharr commands here now—or rather the quartermaster, Captain Magnusson, does, in Pharr's temporary absence."

"But Dick's—"

"He's not here," Disbro said. "He left with A Troop on the north-district patrol—just before the convoy arrived. There are Comanches reported in force, north of us." Then, sharply, he said: "You know Major Pharr?"

She looked up at him as if she did not understand his words. Then she pressed her lips tightly together and clasped her hands. "We were to be married, before he was ordered here."

He stood for a moment, puzzled. "I'd better get you some breakfast," he said finally, "and a place for you to sleep." Again she looked up at him as if she had not heard, and he felt desperately sorry for her for some reason. "Come on, Miss Kitty," he said and smiled. "Nothing's as bad as a night's ride, until after you've had your breakfast." He patted her shoulder gently.

"Thank you for that." Her smile was a faint shadow. "You are a very kindly man, I think."

"If I am, it's the first time I've been told it in years!"

He sent a runner for Mrs. Winbigler and had a room in Colonel Bohannon's old quarters made ready for the girl. He took her down the Row. When he came back to Headquarters, the quartermaster, Captain Magnusson, was in a pre-breakfast tizzy.

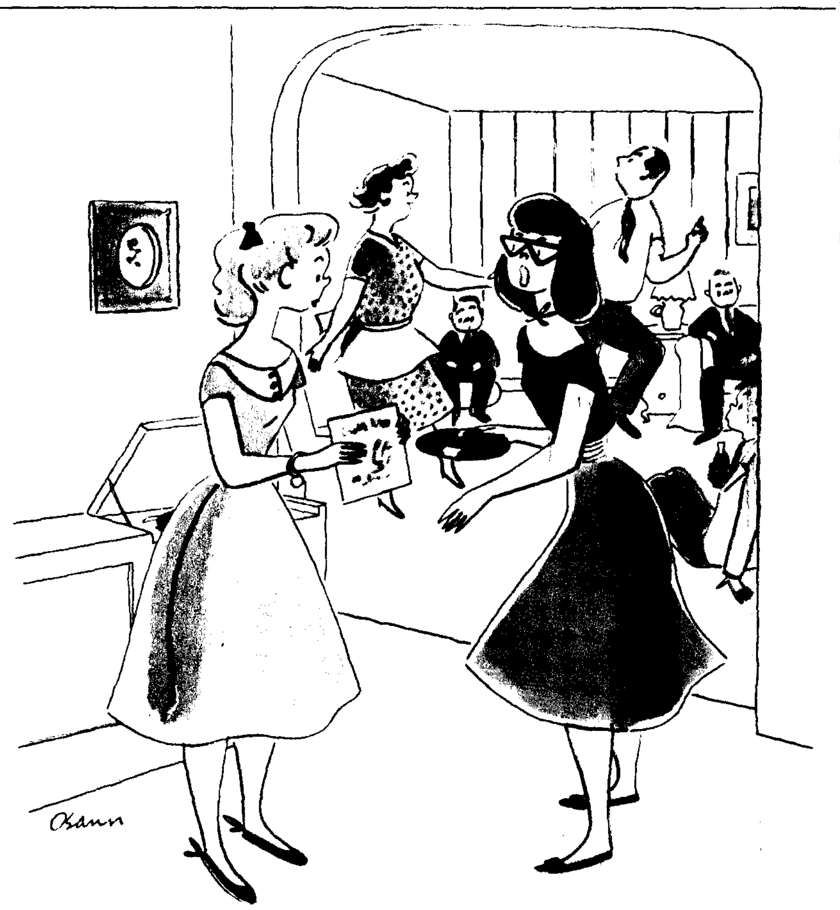
"Disbro, look at this," he said and thrust a telegraph flimsy toward him:

TO C.O. FIRST SQUADRON FROM REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS. PORK SHIPMENT 200 BARRELS NOT AVAILABLE TO YOUR COMMAND FOR RATION ISSUE. ALLOCATION IS TO GENERAL BUELL'S PROVISIONAL BRIGADE AT BIG FOOT. YOU WILL PROVIDE ADEQUATE ESCORT TO TRANSPORT IT OVERLAND TO BIG FOOT LEAST POSSIBLE DELAY. BOSTWICK FOR BOHANNON COMMANDING.

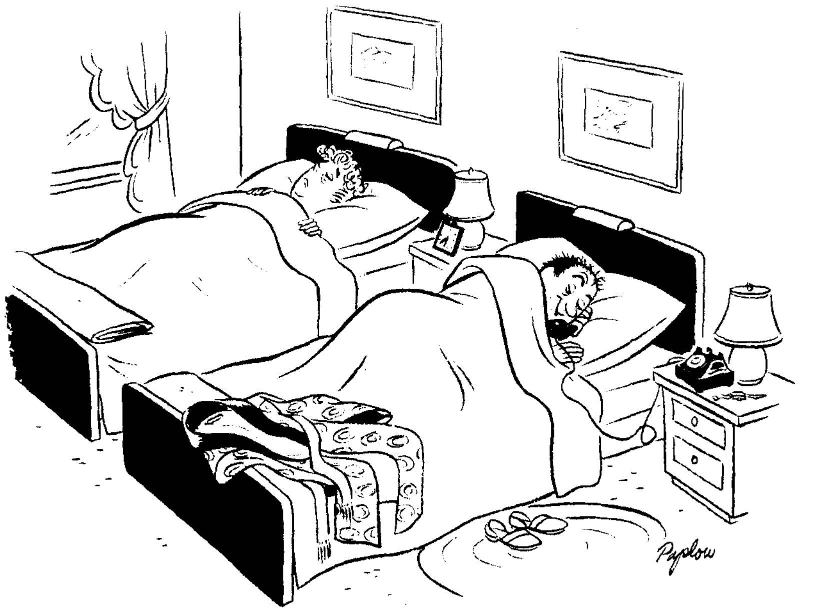
The country to the north seemed to howl suddenly in its vast and empty silence, to rush down upon Disbro like a ghost charge of men long dead. There were twelve hundred bleak and roadless miles of it, leading off endlessly to the Corkscrew River country.

"But what shall I do"—old Captain Magnusson looked at him helplessly—"with Major Pharr off on patrol?"

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "You're lucky your parents aren't good sports like mine" KATE OSANN



COLLIER'S "I may be a little late getting in, boss . . . the wife is sick in bed" BOB PAPLOW

"You haven't much choice of what to do, sir. This is a regimental order."

"I know, but I'm not a line officer. I'm not—"

"Put it this way," Disbro said. "The pork can roll tomorrow at reveille if you'll give me full authority to use all post facilities to ready the convoy. In the meantime, we'll have to get a dispatch rider after Major Pharr—to find him in the field and get his decision as to whether he'll come back with A Troop to escort the pork, or whether my troop will take it to Big Foot."

"Write the messages."

Disbro wrote them; and then, with a twinge of spleen for Pharr, he said to Magnusson, "General Buell's daughter is here without proper chaperonage. She's Colonel Bohannon's niece. When you acknowledge this order to Regiment, I think you should ask Colonel Bohannon what we're to do with her."

The old quartermaster captain shook his head until his white jowls quivered. "You write that wire too, Disbro." Lane wrote it and went out to start work on the convoy.

HE ORGANIZED the entire post complement as a fatigue party to buck the boxes and take the wheels off all twenty commissary freight wagons, so that the farrier sergeant could make an axle inspection. He put men to work repairing worn brake shoes and bars. From the squadron's own escort wagon train he took replacement parts where they were needed, and he allocated one spare wheel each from the escort train to the meat wagons. From train stores he drew items to complete each wagon's equipment: shovel, pick, wheel-locking chain lengths, pails, lanterns, brand-new covering tarpaulins, a keg of grease per wagon and a keg of spare mule shoes. He picketed the draft mules on the parade ground and had the veterinary go over them.

By dark, Disbro had his route plotted and his ration supply made up. Fourteen of the twenty wagons were passed for the long trek and drawn out of the work line for reloading. There was an estimated four more hours' work on the other six, so Disbro had lanterns rigged and the fatigue party kept at it.

When his half troop came off guard at five o'clock, he turned it over to First Sergeant O'Meara with the other platoon for readying for the field, as there was no word yet from Major Pharr. "One hundred fifty rounds of ammunition per carbine," Disbro ordered. "Fifty per hand gun, and sixty days' rations, horse, mule and man."

An hour later Captain Magnusson sent for him again. "Disbro," he said, "I can't understand this. The courier is back. Major Pharr is not with A Troop at all."

Disbro stared at him. Then he glanced at the map of the district. "You'd better order them in and let me take the pork to Big Foot with B Troop. Neither Hostetter nor Bynum knows that country."

"Can you get it through?"

"By Heaven, sir—*I* don't know. But an order is an order."

"We have another one, by telegraph from Regiment. Miss Buell is to go with the convoy. An escort from her uncle at Fort Donophon will meet you at Laughing Mountain."

"That's splendid—six thousand pounds of pork and a woman!"

"I'm giving you the order, Disbro," the old man said and averted his eyes.

Disbro went out and walked back toward the wagon park. He stopped and looked toward Pharr's darkened quarters with the ghostly tarpaulins of the wagons in row behind it. Then he stepped around front, pushed open the door and struck a lucifer. It flared high enough so that he could see to cross to the hanging lamp. He lighted the lamp, warmed the chimney slowly and turned it up. The damp, fireless room came out of the shadows around him, bare-walled in the yellow light: the bucket chair by the ash-blown hearth with the whisky bottle and the shattered glass; the stripped cot and the homemade chest of drawers; the map on the wall and the bare equipment pegs. There was an ugly feeling to the place that Disbro could sense; like cold fingers under his jaw.

He stepped back to the open door for a moment and stood there staring out into the darkness. There was the light sound of slow-walking feet on the gravel path that ran along in front of the Row to Colonel Bohannon's set next door. "Miss Buell?" he called.

"Yes?"

"I'll pick you up in a few moments—for evening mess." . . .

She came to the doorway, walking slowly, and as the light from within struck her face, he drew his breath in softly. Almost any white woman west

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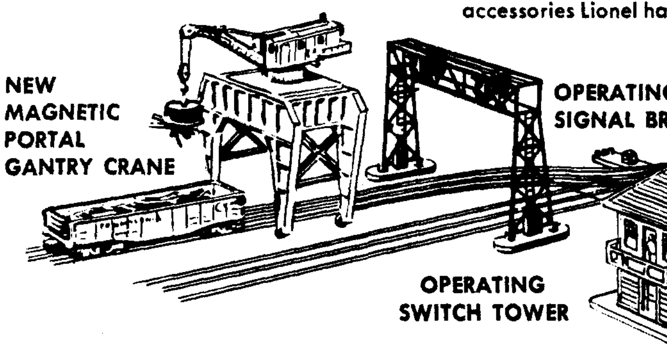

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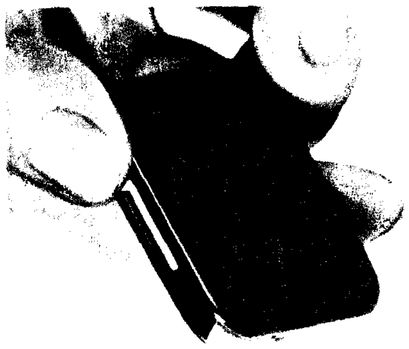

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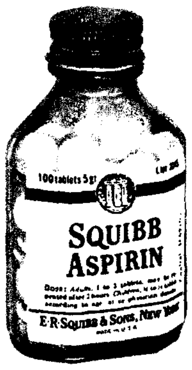

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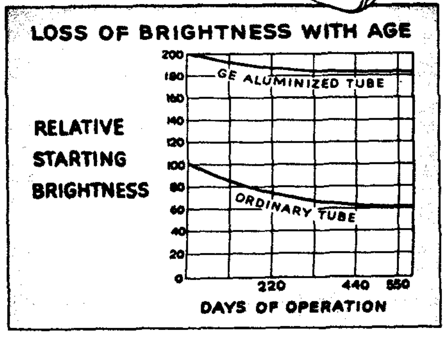

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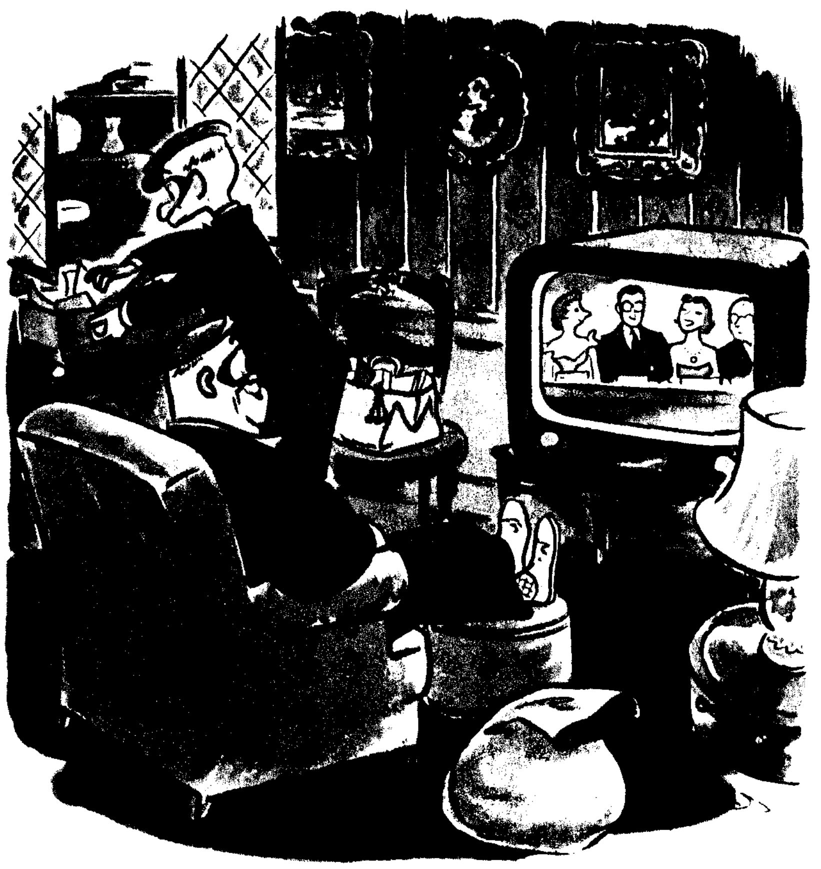

COLLIER'S "Sometime I'd like to get on a quiz show where they try to guess your occupation" LARRY REYNOLDS

of Kansas City is beautiful at first sight, but this girl was beautiful at second. She was a head shorter than he, with straight shoulders, and she walked with the ease of a good horsewoman, her head held high. Her face was a gentlewoman's face, fine-boned, and her eyes were steady on his as she looked up at him.

He felt a strange and heavy unease throughout his whole lean body. "I hope you slept well," he said.

"Thank you." It was merely as if he had given her something through official courtesy and she had accepted it.

Her restraint caused him to feel a faint flush of annoyance, and he wanted to break her down, to see if she were real. "You're going with us tomorrow," he said bluntly. "It'll be worse than the Kansas City trip."

"Am I? Where?"

"To Fort Donophon, with the meat convoy. I hope you have suitable gear."

"Why am I going to Fort Donophon?"

"Because your uncle has wired the order. There are no accommodations here for an unattached woman."

She was looking beyond him, into the lighted room. Then she turned and looked up at Disbro. "I see," she said. "If that is to be the way of it, so be it."

He was uncomfortable again. He said, "I don't see any reason to keep this from you"—he gestured to the room behind him—"because you undoubtedly came out here expecting to see Major Pharr. He's gone—missing. He did not ride with the patrol this morning as I told you he had when you arrived. He's not here—nor has he been on the post all day, or we'd have known it. I don't know what's happened to him."

She stared at him, her mouth half opened. "But that's not *possible*." She took a step into the room, and in that moment Disbro saw the seat of the canvas bucket chair in the lamplight. He moved quickly in front of the girl.

"What don't you want me to see?"

"Look, if you want to," he said. "You were engaged to him." He knelt down beside the chair while she stood and watched him.

The canvas seat was stiff as soft tin when he touched the underside. He put a finger to the crusted dampness where the blood had been thickest. He smelled his finger: sour spice with a faint breath of rot. He put his finger through the hole, the size of a service caliber bullet, in the canvas back of the chair. He got up quickly to inspect the far wall and then the floor, until he found where the bullet had plowed into the boards. "A down shot," he said, "from above him and in front as he sat in the chair. It went completely through him and into the floor behind."

Disbro looked at Kitty. The color had drained from her face, and she stood rigid, her small fists clenched at her sides. He stepped close to her, put his hands on her upper arms to steady her. They were very close together, looking into each other's eyes for just a breath; then she laid her forehead on his shoulder and he couldn't think for a moment, for the close warm fragrance of her hair. The tip of her ear brushed his cheek and he felt a tremor welling deep inside him. He stood back, his confusion making his fingers numb and his brain thick.

"But where's his body?"

Disbro was in utter panic at the suggestion of a break in her voice. "I don't know," he said. "Let's get out of here. You mustn't—"

"Oh, do shut up"—she stamped her foot—"and stop treating me like a child. It just isn't possible—that a man is killed and his body disappears!" She stood for a moment staring at him, then she looked beyond him at the walls of the room as if she wanted to fix them in her mind, to remember them. Softly

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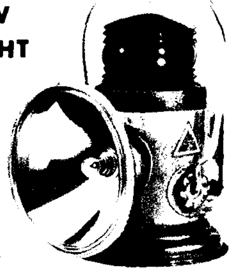

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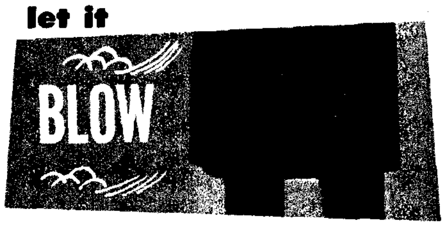

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she said, “Who could have moved his body?”

“Whoever shot him,” Disbro said.

“But *why?*”

“I can't tell you that. I don't know.”

For a moment longer she stared at him; then she pressed her hands to her face. “Let's get out of here,” she said.

He crossed to the lamp, turned the wick down, and blew it out. The blackness leaped in upon them. He could see the lighter oblong of the open door, but not Kitty. He reached out his arms to fend off the darkness and moved slightly, bumping heavily into her, tightening his arms around her to keep balance. He could feel the tremor in her whole body. He buried his face fiercely in her hair, turned her face, and kissed her full on the lips. And she kissed him in quick and solemn violence that they both felt identically, in that way it can be at times—the kiss holding them safe for a moment from the echo of death that hung in the room.

Then there was a faint laughter deep in her throat, with a woman's soft triumph in it. “Thanks. I think I needed that kiss badly, Lane, or I wouldn't have let you,” and she turned away from him, and her full white skirts under her cloak rustled as she hurried out the doorway. . . .

B Troop had the twenty meat wagons moved out north at reveille. The morning was frost-laced, and the breath of the men and animals was white against the lightening dawn. Just before the order to march was passed, Sergeant O'Meara rode up on Disbro's left, his face slit in a tight grin. “She's Miss Buell—the general's daughter! All grown up,” he said.

“That's right. What about it?”

“I was her father's first sergeant years ago, sir. Taught her to ride myself—at Fort Leavenworth. Born to this country she is. She'll be no trouble to us.”

“You see that she isn't then, O'Meara. Keep her housekeeping arrangements out of the men's hair until they get used to the fact a woman is with us. And *ride this troop,* O'Meara. If we run into Comanches farther north, I'm going to need cavalrymen—and I've got to make them out of this rabble, as issued.”

“Yes, sir.” O'Meara shook his head. “Can't beat a properly brought up Army brat, sir. Ready and waiting she was, almost before we were. Baggage ready and loaded.”

“You're in the pork business now, O'Meara. Move out.”

DISBRO rode slowly up the line toward the head of the column to settle to the long day's march and his mission. He passed Trooper O'Meara. Young Tim's splendid body moved easily with his mount's movement, in the balanced muscle flow of the born cavalryman. His hatbrim was up in back and pulled down in front, to keep the light from the eye his father's fist had damaged behind the guardhouse.

First Sergeant O'Meara was riding the line on the other side. He turned as Disbro passed and threaded his way through the column between two of the wagons, passing close to his son with neither man speaking. Young O'Meara turned his face deliberately, ignoring his father.

Disbro watched the play between the two men for a moment and then rode on to the column's head. Later in the morning he passed the word back for the first sergeant. “O'Meara,” he said carefully, “someone is going to hang for the major's murder—for there is no doubt in my mind that he was murdered, that they'll find he was when they find the body.”

The first sergeant glanced sidewise to Disbro's face. “Yes, sir.”

“A first sergeant knows a deal more about the inner workings of the men in a troop than the troop commander does.”

“Sometimes, sir.”

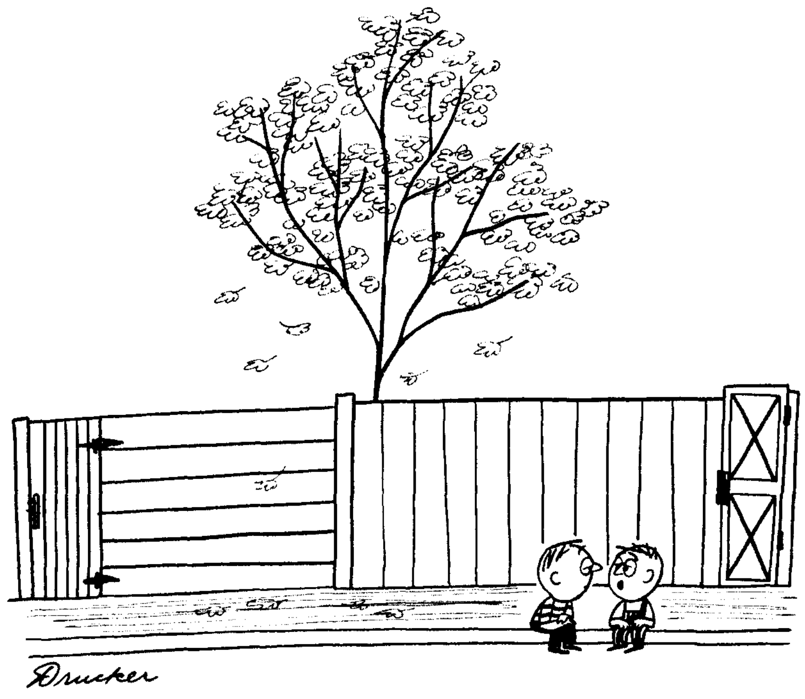
“If you know anything now, it might be good policy to tell me, O'Meara—for in this regiment nobody is going to get away with murdering a squadron commander. Half this troop was on guard last night when it happened. The other half was in barracks. Anyone had the opportunity.”

“With the Magoffin girl loose too!” O'Meara said. “Don't forget that.”

“You saw her then?”

“I saw her go in,” the sergeant said curtly, “about two.”

“I talked to her,” Disbro said, “when she came out an hour later. She didn't



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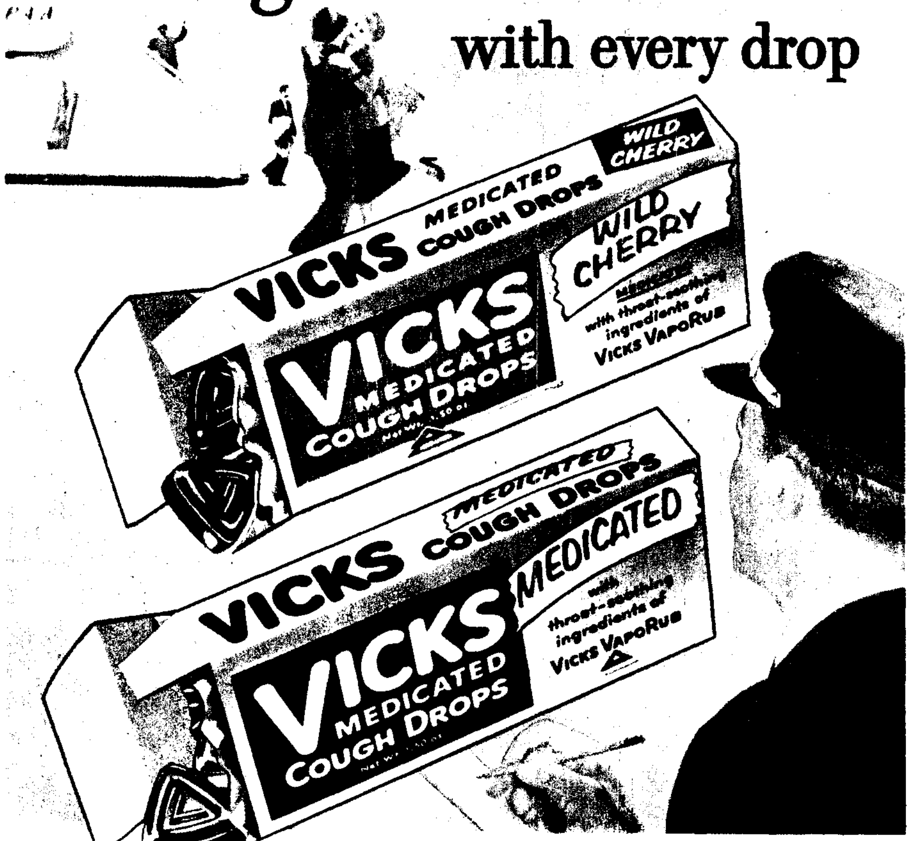

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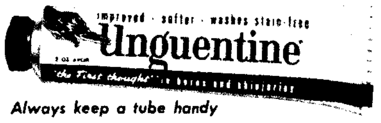

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do it, if that's in your mind. He was alive when she left, from the way she acted and talked."

O'Meara didn't say anything.

"It was a service gun that did it," Disbro said.

"And that's all you've got, sir?" O'Meara shook his head. "It ain't evidence for a court—especially with no body. It don't put anyone in B Troop on the hook, unless you get more."

"They'll find the body, Sergeant."

"Time enough—*when* they do, sir," O'Meara said firmly.

Disbro turned and looked at him. "Why the emphasis?"

"No reason, sir."

"Make it up with your boy then, Sergeant. The Magoffin girl's miles behind us and getting farther. It'll be four months or more before Tim gets back. Blood's thicker than water."

O'Meara averted his eyes, saluted and rode back down the line.

LATE in the afternoon, Disbro dropped back down the column's length. "I think you've been avoiding me," Kitty said, "and you have, haven't you?"

"I have an unholy respect for fire," he said gravely.

"A kiss need not put one's immortal soul in the devil's skillet."

"That," he said, "is purely a matter of reaction."

She tossed her head in annoyance, caught her lower lip lightly between her teeth and turned her eyes to the long column ahead.

They rode on in silence for a while. The sun had become solidly cloud-banked, and the air was thickening with wet mist. Their clothing began to bead with it.

"You knew my first sergeant before?" Disbro said.

She nodded. "Years ago. I'm sorry I didn't recognize him when I arrived, for I'm eternally grateful to him. He didn't just teach me to ride when I was a girl—he taught me horses." She smiled in mild enthusiasm. "The Army was closer in those days, somehow. A greater professional friendship between officers and noncoms. Real friendship and real loyalty."

"Old Army," he snorted.

"You don't like it, do you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know." She frowned. "Perhaps I've been watching you, studying you. What else is there for me to do?"

"And what have you found?"

"Quite a bit," she said easily. "Disappointment, perhaps. A shadow of frustration. You're a good officer, I would say, caught in the runway of slow promotion—backed up inside by it, wondering where it all leads."

"Where *does* it all lead?"

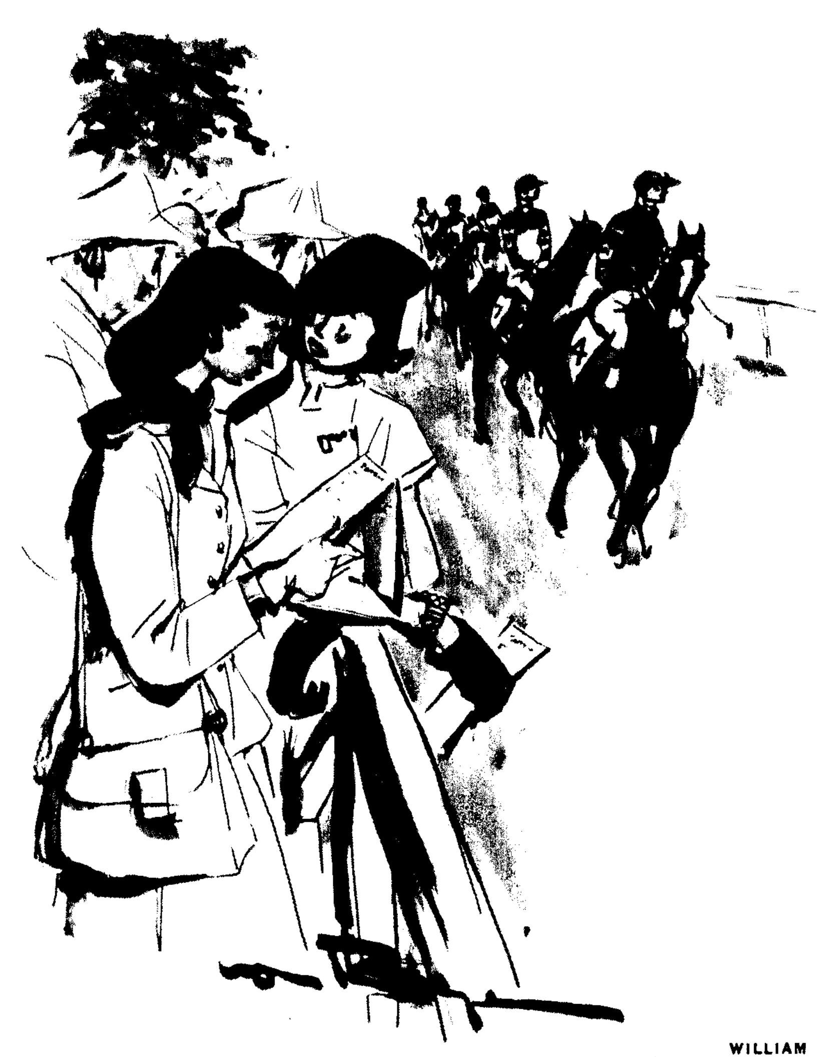
She turned in the saddle slowly and faced him. "If I should ask you where my life was leading, could you tell me? Could you tell anyone?"

He shrugged. "You're a very attractive young woman. That shouldn't be too difficult. I imagine you will forget Pharr in time. There'll be someone else—"

"You say it bluntly," she said. "I told you the night I came that you were a kind man. You're a hard man too, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't know exactly"—she looked at him curiously—"unless it's because there's a hardness in me too, which recognizes like. I should like to be your friend, Lane." She took off her gauntlet and held out her hand. He stripped off his own glove in confusion and took her hand in his. "It's working a little backward, isn't it—a kiss first,



COLLIER'S "I wish somebody would give me a hunch" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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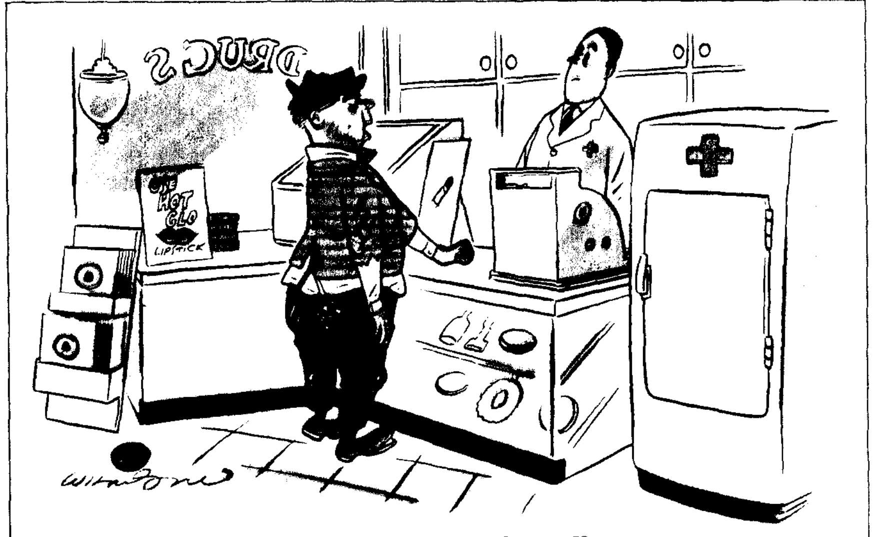


COLLIER'S "I would like something that will give me double my money back if I'm not completely satisfied!" FRITZ WILKINSON

and then a handshake? Am I to forget the kiss?"

"I think you are. Entirely," she said, and caught her lip lightly between her teeth again.

IT BEGAN to rain steadily just before they made junction with A Troop at Maslin Hostetter's bivouac point. Second Lieutenant Bynum, Hostetter, Disbro and Kitty Buell sat around the Headquarters fire with their slum.

"But where's the body been cached?" Hostetter asked.

"They'll find it," Disbro said.

"Who did it, Lane?"

"You fellows tell me. You know as much as I know."

"Not Molly Magoffin," George Bynum said and shook his head. "She couldn't drag his body far; no woman of her weight could. Do you think so, Miss Buell?"

Kitty looked across at him. "I don't know."

Lane Disbro shook his head. "It wasn't Molly. She knew he was still alive when I caught her on the Row. Otherwise she wouldn't have threatened me with his authority. She couldn't have dissembled that much. She's not that much of an actress."

"Who then?"

Disbro snorted. "Anybody who hated him—and who didn't? Anybody, that is, except the ten wagoners of the second serial and Miss Buell here. The deed was done by the time they arrived on the post."

"We've got a tall order on our hands then—the whole garrison," George Bynum said.

"Not quite," Disbro said. "You can't do away with a body in a half hour."

"What half hour?"

"Between three and about half past, I'd say. You could only hide it temporarily. And whoever did it knew that Pharr had not yet decided whether to leave the post with A Troop or meet them later in the field. The murderer decided to take a chance on that. If he got away with it that far, he would have until the courier returned to go whole hog and hide the body permanently."

"Go ahead, Lane," Hostetter said, grinning, "say it. *You* knew Pharr hadn't decided whether to go with us or not. Your First Sergeant O'Meara must have known it. Old Sergeant Major Winbigler must have. And *I* knew it, because I asked you."

"All right." Disbro looked across at Kitty. "I'll save all your necks, Maslin. *I* killed him," and he laughed harshly.

As Lane took Kitty down the line to her bed in the baggage wagon, she looked up at him. "There was more than an attempt at humor in what you said. Why did you say it?"

"Because," he said, "at the moment I wished I *had* killed him. What in hell could a woman like you ever see in a man like Pharr?"

"What right have you to ask that question?"

"I'm asking. That's right enough," he said.

"Is it indeed? What would you like me to tell you then? That he was handsome? That he swept me off my feet?"

"I'd like you to tell me the truth."

"Very well"—she held her head high—"I will then. I thought I wanted to marry him. Women can be like that at times—in spite of themselves. I was like that, and at the time I could do nothing about it."

"Not you," he said. "You'd have done something."

"I did," she said bitterly. "I followed him out here—"

"Pity you were too late," he said. "You'd have made a fine couple!"

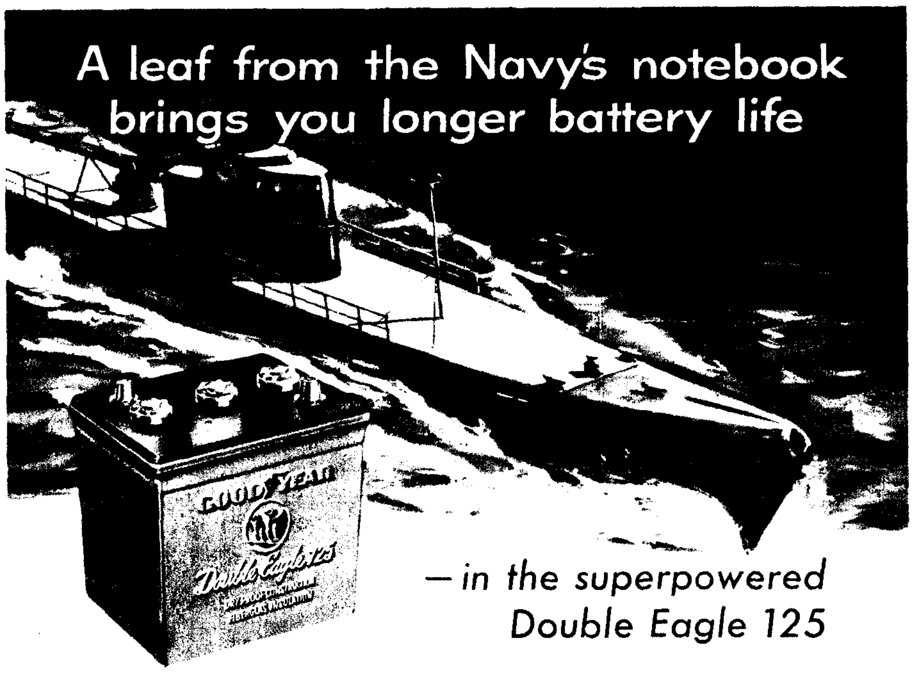
She turned quickly and struck him across the mouth. It stung tears into his eyes.

"I hope you know why you did that," he said, "for I do. Because you *didn't* love him. It's as simple as that." He chuckled deep in his throat. "Thanks—and a good night to you." He bowed mockingly and left her.

HOSTETTER'S A Troop started back in at dawn, and Disbro headed the meat convoy north into five days of drenching rain. The sodden, miserable weather bedeviled both the men and animals, and the convoy was reduced in speed to a bare ten miles each day. The thick clouds of choking smoke from their cook fires at night made their throats raw. The heat from the wet firewood was barely enough to raise steam from their clothing, let alone dry it, and so their sore throats went into chest colds.

The animals' hoofs sunk six inches into mud at each step, and the wheels of the wagons rolled half-spoke deep into the gumbo with the weight of the loads. The men bent their heads to the rain in sullen apathy, chafed raw by their saddles. Their flesh was gray crepe from sodden clothing, with the misery of it too deep for griping.

With each step northward, there was an added hazard: they were that much closer to Comanche country. Riding up and down the line, Disbro kept what



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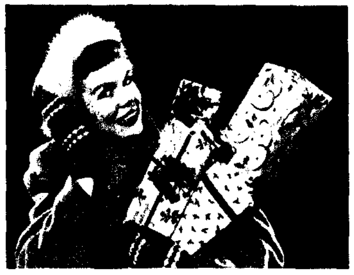
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lookout he could through the rain and mist, knowing that even though they would not be able to see an Indian attack until it was upon them, neither could they themselves be seen from more than fifty yards away.

He watched the girl sidelong whenever he was near enough to the tail of the convoy to do so. There was something between them now that would brook no further talk for the time. His sharp twist of jealousy the other night and her quick defensive anger—he wished they had not been there, for he was realizing, unwillingly, that this was not just another pair of slender ankles, not just another pretty face in the shadows. This was something else again: a woman who made no trouble, who carried her part of the load and asked no quarter. At move-out each morning, she was ready and standing to horse. All day she kept to the saddle, dismounting only for rest halts, mounting again at start-off once more.

THE rain continued until it was a way of life, cruel beyond endurance: slow, miserable, drenching rain, with no wind to swirl its monotonous fall. It walled the march in and roofed it low overhead. It opened briefly in front for their passing and closed behind the column's tail, like a vault door. Tempers drained short, sucked dry to flame in fury.

Disbro watched young O'Meara and his father closely. The boy would turn his back whenever the first sergeant approached his squad; and if there was no order, he'd move away, unless his father left first. It was not the action of a man bitterly angry with another; it was, rather, a completely effortless denial of his father's existence—neither love nor hate.

Sergeant O'Meara became thin-lipped with the hurt of it. Once, behind a halted wagon, he grabbed his son's arm in helpless fury, and Disbro heard this much: "Tim—" and the young trooper's voice, steel-cold, "What is it, *Sergeant?*" and Sergeant O'Meara's, "Damn you, Tim!" and the boy's answer: "You *have* damned me already. What's the matter? Can't you live with it?"

Sometime later that day, with it still coiling his mind, Disbro snarled at the first sergeant: "I thought I told you to make it up with the boy! What the hell are you trying to do—make him hate your guts?"

The color seemed to drain from the sergeant's face. His alkali-scarred lips became almost blue. "It's nothing, sir."

"Don't give me that! He won't even look at you. What's done it?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Not the Magoffin girl," Disbro said, "not the fight you had. What then?"

O'Meara shook his head. "I can't say, sir."

"By Heaven, you *will* say; for I won't have it in this troop!" And then, suddenly, Disbro stared at the sergeant. "Tim was on guard that night, wasn't he? He wanted to marry Molly. You think he killed Pharr, don't you? Well—did he?"

Sergeant O'Meara stiffened in his saddle, his face turned. "That's a lie, sir!" he said.

"Maybe," Disbro said, "but it'll bear investigation when the time comes. So will the mud on your pants that night."

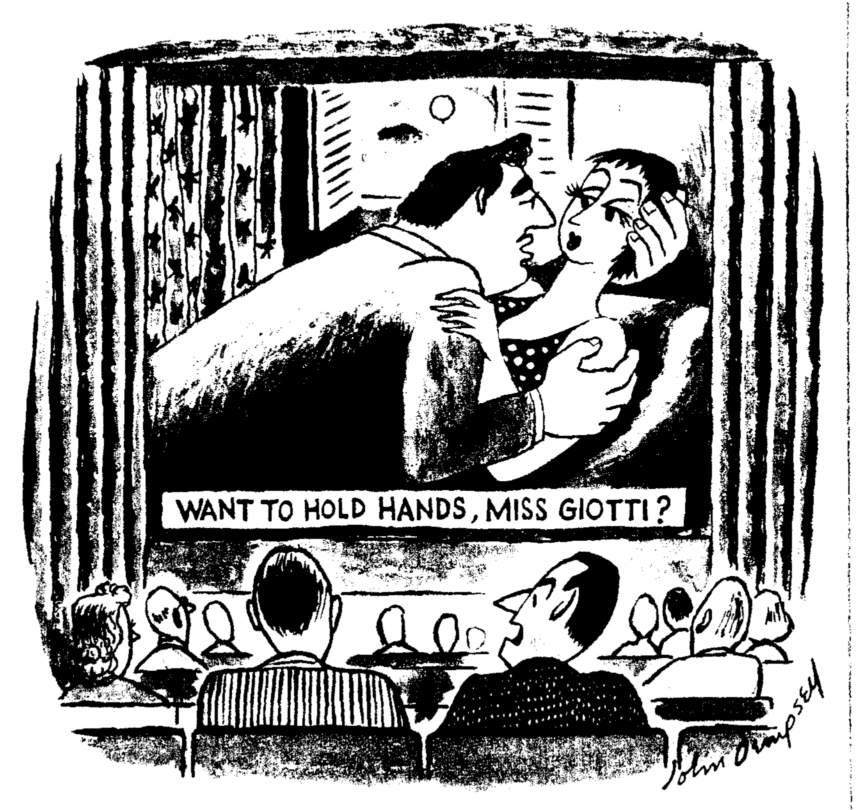
"When the time comes. *If* it comes, sir." The sergeant twisted his lips in under his teeth, held his face rigid, stared straight ahead of him. . . .

Disbro made his peace with the girl—or thought he did, but there was none to make. She was huddled under a tarpaulin lean-to against the side of the baggage wagon. The rain across the gable made an iridescent blue veil between her and the guttering fire.

"I'm sorry," Disbro said. "It's the best we can do. I hope you aren't too miserable."

"I am completely miserable, thank you. Come in under here. Don't stand there being drenched." He hunkered down and crawled under. The flames painted the fine structure of her face with rose-gold and blue shadow.

They were silent for a time, listening to the rain beat on the lean-to, coughing in the smoke of the smoldering fires. The girl moved slightly in her wet clothing, broke a soggy twig between her slender fingers.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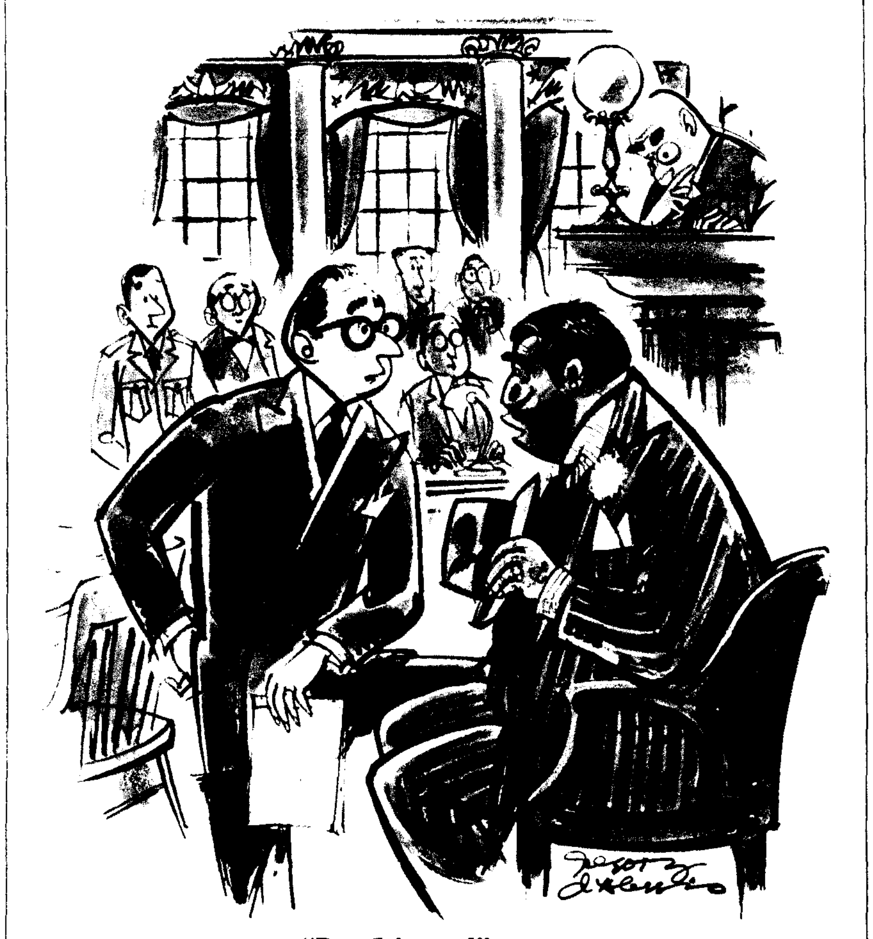

COLLIER'S "Den I fainted" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"What did you go into the Army for, Lane?" she asked.

"That's easy," he snorted. "Band music—and the uniform. When I was just a shaver."

"Why don't you get out?"

"I would—except for a woman."

"Who could break *your* heart?" She looked up at him sharply.

"Not that kind of a woman. I love this country. I'd like to build in it and grow with it. Work it with my hands, beat it into shape—but you've got to have a woman to work for—to work with. Without that, it's empty."

She took both pieces of the twig in her fingers and broke them again. "You mean that, don't you, Lane? You'd give full partnership and have to have it in return."

"There can't be anything else—out here. The East is different—so different that I've forgotten all about it. Never really knew it, except as a boy. But out here there is work for men and women. And it's only good if both do it. That's the only work that lasts—family building."

"It's strange you never married."

"What chance has a man?" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "You get rough outside, but you keep certain ideals. I was born to silk dresses and silver candlesticks and a certain way of life that I'd want my sons to know of. You meet that kind of woman on leave—but you can't bring 'em out here to fade and die of it. Besides, most girls see only the brass buttons, Kitty." He smiled and shook his head. "And out here, where life is to be lived, ladies don't grow on trees. I say that because I've always thought it would take a finely bred girl to meet the challenge, fight the life and win through. You know what I mean," he said. "You know this country."

She moved her head slightly but she did not answer him.

There was the impulse within him, so strong that his arm muscles became rigid against it, to reach out and take her hand in his. He had consciously to force the image of Pharr's face between them to control himself. Then his own face flushed slowly with the echo of his words, for it seemed to him that he had put his heart on his sleeve, talked her into the picture he had drawn, and then deliberately conjured up Pharr between them to smudge it.

She laughed suddenly, threw her head back almost in derision.

He said, "You laugh at the wrong times," and his voice was cold. "Three wrong times: the night you came, the time I kissed you, and this time." He put his arm tight around her, drew her off balance. "Laugh now," he said and he forced his mouth on hers.

FOR a moment it was as it had been that night in Pharr's quarters—a fierceness almost, bred of desperation, a reaching for the essence of each other that was beyond either of them to understand. There was blindness with it and loss of self, a mutuality that lived only between them. But it lasted only for a moment, because presently every muscle of her body stiffened against him, and she wrenched herself free, her hands held out to thrust him from her.

"Don't say anything," he whispered hoarsely. "You've told me what I wanted to know. Pharr is as dead to you as he is in fact!"

"Go away, Lane, I beg of you," she pleaded. "I think I am going to cry. And I never cry!"

"Cry then," he said, "for I'm asking you to marry me."

She was swaying her body from side to side as if she were fighting pain. Her hands were pressed tightly to her face. "Oh, no, no, no, *no*," she cried. "Go away, Lane, *go away*—"

He put his hand on her head, tilting it back so he could look into her eyes, and held it that way for a moment. Then he got up and stood looking down at her. "I'll go," he said. "But I'll come back."

—JAMES WARNER BELLAH

(This is the first of two parts)

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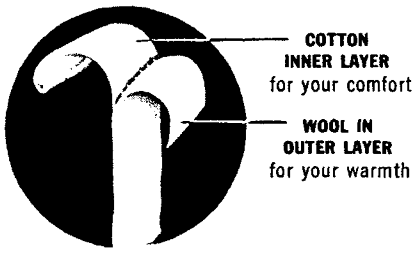
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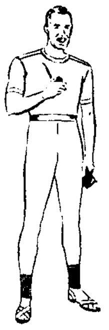

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The Rocket Scientist

Ten years ago, the creators of the Nazis' dread V-2 missiles were among the most hunted men in Germany. Today, they live in a quiet Alabama town with one hope—to become Americans

Artist Gerd de Beek bones up on field

THIS is the story of the Huntsville Germans, who ten years ago were enemy scientists on the mysterious Baltic peninsula of Peenemünde, whose destruction was high among our military musts, and of their long journey to American citizenship.

I first met them last spring at a public-affairs forum in Alabama's historic little city of Huntsville. Here gracious ante-bellum homes and Greek-revival styled buildings are as reminiscent of yesterday as the nearby, closely guarded Redstone Arsenal, the Army's guided-missile research center, is a grim symbol of tomorrow.

During the forum's question period, I was puzzled to note that a considerable number of the questioners spoke in accents far removed from the soft speech of Alabama; their questions were unusually searching and scholarly, and they weren't content with general answers. Afterward, I asked Mrs. Elizabeth Beamguard, the city librarian and a forum leader, who they were.

"They're the guided-missile folks," she said. "Our Germans." Then she added, apologetically, "But I shouldn't call them Germans any more. They'll all be American citizens soon, and they'll be good ones."

I said I'd like to meet them. And I did—some that night, and many others when I returned later to find out more about their modern Odyssey. Here is what I learned from Dr. Wernher von Braun, their leader, whose series of articles on space travel is known to Collier's readers: from his fellow research scientists, Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger and Dr. Martin Schilling; Walter Burose, the aircraft engineer; Gerd de Beek, the scientific illustrator; young Walter Wiesemann and the rest. For each—and there are more than 100 Germans working at the Redstone Arsenal—the Odyssey began in a time of terrible defeat. For some it will end this month and for many others next spring in naturalization ceremonies before a federal judge in Alabama.

Hannes Leuhrsen, a city planner in Germany, devised detour for Huntsville traffic. Standing near road-building machine, he shows Mayor R. B. Searcy where bypass goes

* * *

THE MEN AND WOMEN and children on Peenemünde knew by the summer of 1944 that the war could not last very much longer. By day the big guns thundered in the east, and at night shells streaked the sky. The Russians were coming nearer and nearer. From the west, unremittingly by day and by night, droned the implacable bombers of England and America, for whom Peenemünde was a top-priority target. It was at Peenemünde that the terrible V-2 missile had been devised, the secret weapon that, had Hitler not decided against its earlier development, might have blown England out of the war.

By the fateful spring of 1944, the bombers' mission had been all but accomplished. True, the scientists still labored in underground sanctuaries devising new deadly weapons, and replacements continued to join the survivors of the air raids; somehow children played in the ruined housing areas, and wives and mothers kept food on the table. But the death lists lengthened, and getting new equipment for the bombed-out laboratories and shops was becoming more and more difficult. A man did not have to be a coward to believe that it was time to quit Peenemünde.

But Hitler had other ideas. Take rifles and grenades, the scientists and technicians of Peenemünde were told, and fight the Russians when they come. Stay and die, Hitler had ordered.

That didn't make sense to many—among them Wernher von Braun, the talented scientist who had devised the V-2 at the age of thirty-one, and who knew more about guided missiles than any man alive. He had welded these scientists and skilled craftsmen into a team. Whatever he had once thought of Hitler—and he was not a Nazi party leader—he looked now with unbelieving horror on a despot who instructed them to stand and die so fruitlessly. He knew, too, that many would not die but be captured if they remained, and Russia thereby would possess the minds and know-how of his missile men.

That would not do, Von Braun decided. He would disregard Hitler's order and lead his associates southward to relatively safe Bavaria. There, in the mountains, smaller groups could carry on; and if defeat was inevitable, it was far better to surrender to the West.

Although he was not a military man, Von Braun held an honorary high military rank. Using the official stationery of the SS, the dread Nazi storm troops, he wrote and signed counterfeit orders for the evacuation of Peenemünde. Had the ruse been discovered he could have been executed, but in the chaos no one questioned the papers' authenticity.

Chief rocket scientist Wernher von Bra

Settle Down

By HODDING CARTER

The missile men loaded equipment into boxcars and trucks and set out, with their women and children, on a tortured journey to the West.

The German experts were in Bavaria when the Americans overran the area in the last weeks of the war. The details of what happened then is still a U.S. military secret. This much can be said: American Intelligence knew about the scientists; and was also aware that the United States didn't know much about guided missiles. So when Von Braun and his associates decided that they would offer their talents if the Americans wanted them, Intelligence quickly forwarded their proposal. Some of our military men were skeptical at first, but late in 1945, less than six months after Germany's surrender, five of the group, under close supervision, left their defeated country and were flown to the United States.

This spiriting away of the rocket scientists never could have been accomplished without the knowledge and co-operation of the State Department, the President and the immigration authorities, who looked the other way when the military undertook this farsighted recruiting. The objective warranted the procedure; our government knew we had a long way to go to catch up.

Behind the advance guard of scientists soon came others, selected by Von Braun and screened by American Intelligence. They were brought to the first rocket research center at Fort Bliss, Texas, in small and larger groups until they numbered more than 100 men. Jokingly they called themselves POPs—prisoners of peace. Their status and pay at the center was that of civilian scientists and technicians attached to the Army. Their families would be sent for, they were told, if they chose to stay and work under contract. Meanwhile, they knew that their wives and children were being well cared for at home under Army supervision, with plenty to eat, good shelter and much else most Germans were not enjoying. The men were being well paid. And they were together still as a team.

There is no way of knowing how many dreamed immediately of becoming American citizens. But all to whom I talked emphasized that something began happening to them not long after the main body reached Fort Bliss. The Army more than lived up to every promise. The kindnesses, small and big, shown them by the Americans, their former military enemies, by their new laboratory associates, by the families of Fort Bliss personnel; the invitations at Christmastime that first lonely winter—these memories loom large even today. And so, inevitably, it was not long before the American leaven began to work, and the Germans of Peenemünde started to talk of American citizenship.

* * *

THAT WAS NEARLY ten years ago. Ordinarily, the German missile men could have satisfied the residential requirement for U.S. citizenship in five years. But they were in an awkwardly special category or, rather, in none at all. For they were here and yet not officially here, and their families, which soon joined them, also found themselves in this equivocal status. Children were born in America, their older brothers and sisters attended our schools; the parents learned our language and adopted many of our ways—and stronger grew their determination to become Americans themselves. The impressive statistics: of the more than 100 German missile men who came to the States, only two chose to return to Germany, and both had personal industrial stakes there. Otherwise, all but two others, who later entered U.S. private industry, have remained with the Army. Then, in 1949, they found a way to clarify their status. An immigration quota once again was set up for Germany. Now the missile men had to be got into the United States all over again, but legally this time.

The method the Army adopted was remarkably

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Dr. Adolph Thiel listens as his wife plays in popular chamber-music group they formed

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Erika Wiesemann couldn't speak English in 1947. Today she teaches local kindergarten

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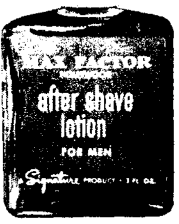

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simple. The Germans were taken across the border into Mexico on El Paso city buses, and returned immediately the same way. This fact is duly noted on their citizenship applications: under Method of Entry is written, "El Paso city line."

Now life was different. Almost to a man, the immigrants applied for first papers within a few weeks after their bus trips. And soon thereafter, in 1950, came a second epochal step. Hitherto they had lived relatively restricted lives at Fort Bliss. Now, they were told that our guided-missile research would be centered in an Army Ordnance installation called Redstone Arsenal, in a place named Huntsville, Alabama. Here they would have complete freedom.

To Huntsville, tucked beneath the green Appalachian foothills that rise hard by the Tennessee River, went the Germans of Peenemünde, to help open up the new laboratories and testing grounds, to find new homes, to make arrangements for the schooling of their children, who now number some 200. In this small-town American atmosphere, they told one another, they would become truly American.

However, they brought along with them certain characteristics which seemed to set them apart at first—characteristics for which Father T. L. Flynn, Huntsville's Catholic priest, who has a sizable number of them in his parish, has an explanation.

"Certainly we thought that they were a little odd when they first came here, and not just because of their speech. And then we found out what we thought strange was that they practiced virtues we like to think of as the old-fashioned American ones, but which we have in such great part forgotten." He listed the virtues—thrift, love of home and country, desire for education, piety, the will to work.

Father Flynn's observations are seconded by almost any other Huntsvillian to whom you speak. Citizens such as Alvin Blackwell, whose business is real estate, and who is amazed at their home-owning urge; M. B. Spragins, bank president, who calls them the best credit risks in Huntsville; Mrs. Beamguard, who says that the newcomers took out library cards before they had their water meters turned on; and Lutheran pastor George Hart, who counts a majority of them in his congregation, and who probably knows them better than anyone else. He wouldn't be in Huntsville were it not for the Germans, for up to their arrival, there were not enough Lutherans to warrant a mission church. Now a new church soon will rise to replace outgrown quarters.

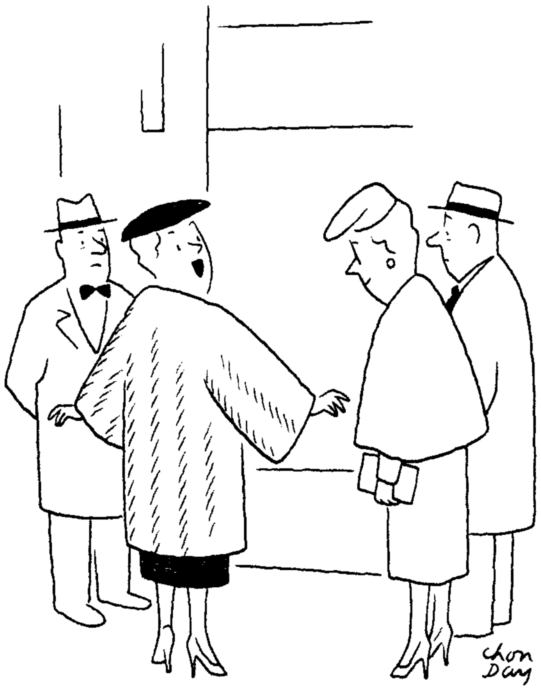
"If there's anything un-American left in them," he says, "it's the un-American dutifulness of wife to husband, their unfailing decision to put their first spare money into books, and their refusal to use the movies as nursemaids for their children."

* * *

PERHAPS THESE observations imply a stodginess that doesn't exist. Certainly there's nothing dull about the pastry made by the transplanted *Hausfraus*, whose cookery is the most sought-after at Huntsville's church and P.T.A. fairs. Nor is there anything stodgy about their new homes with the gay, green grounds and lovingly tended flower beds. Inside, the residences boast tasteful modern furniture made by many of the scientists in their own garage workshops.

They are not country-club members, these missile men and their families, but Huntsville's music and other cultural organizations would have hard going without them. On many of their living-room walls hang attractive water colors and oils painted by some member of the family; and on weekends Huntsville's woods and hills and rivers are hosts to determined hikers and explorers and nature students who on weekdays are the researchers of Redstone Arsenal.

Above all, you must remember that these are not ordinary citizens-to-be, but men whose working hours are devoted to highly secret and complex undertakings which their neighbors comprehend, and then vaguely, only when the Department of Defense and the Army decide that security restrictions can be lifted from such unmanned weapons of obliteration as the Nike and Honest John rockets.



COLLIER'S "We traded in an old bank account for it" CHON DAY

They live two lives. One, as their fellow Huntsvillians are reminded by the fiery passage of test rockets in the Alabama night, they pursue as men of science who talk of space trips as casually as we would plan an out-of-state vacation. The other life—the human, civic, American life—you can learn only by being with them, visiting, questioning as many as possible of the families who call Huntsville home.

This I did, and I know that their pride in the small things that increasingly identify them with our country probably is a more certain augury of their future good citizenship than are even the labors at Redstone Arsenal which set them apart.

Take Walter Wiesemann, for example. At thirty-four, he is next to the youngest of the group. No scientist, he is a sort of industrial-management trouble shooter for Von Braun. Although not even a citizen, Walter is state chairman of the Junior Chamber of Commerce organization. He has also been general chairman of the Huntsville Community Concert Association—a music organization which now counts more than 1,000 members—publicity chairman of the county Red Cross and vice-president of the Huntsville Civic Club council. Indistinguishable in speech from his native-born Huntsville friends, even to the slang he uses, Wiesemann already is a typical young American businessman, interested in community service and in preserving democracy through personal participation in its workings.

"Sometimes the fellows kid me about being in so many things," Walter says. "I just tell them that, over there, we were in a lot of things too, but they were the things that we were made to join and we had nothing to do with their direction. Here I am free to pick what I want to do and to use my head in helping the organization."

His attractive wife, Erika, who couldn't speak a word of English when she arrived in 1947, today runs a kindergarten in which one of her two children and many of her neighbors' youngsters are enrolled.

Or consider wiry Walter Burose, forty-eight-year-old structural development engineer from Berlin, a leader now in the Huntsville Lions Club. Back in Germany, Burose's blonde wife, Irmgard, grew up by the sea; so today, less than four years after coming to Huntsville, he is vice-commodore of Huntsville's yacht club, and the proud skipper of a 20-foot cabin cruiser named The Last Dollar, because, he says, that's what it took. He put it together himself, with his wife doing the painting between volunteer chores as swimming instructor of polio-smitten north Alabama children and chairman of the county's Humane Society.

Then there is Dr. Adolph Thiel. He and his gifted American wife organized and participate in a chamber-music group which gives performances to growing and enthusiastic audiences.

Gerd de Beek is a technical illustrator, who does not talk much about himself, but who gets enthusiastic about his daughter, Magda. Lacking English, she could only enter the fifth grade when she arrived here at fifteen, but she was graduated from high school less than three years later with a Daughters of the American Revolution medal as the best history student in Huntsville. De Beek is also enthusiastic about Dr. von Braun, with whom he has worked frequently. He agrees completely with the theories Von Braun has set forth in his popular articles on the feasibility of space travel.

Another close associate of Von Braun is the remarkable Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, who talks easily of space ships and the building of man-made earth satellites. In Germany, Dr. Stuhlinger helped Hans Geiger develop his counter. He is a cave explorer, an inveterate walker and climber, and an airplane pilot who flew over Huntsville's Monte Sano until he found the mountainside spot where he wanted to build his home.

Today the beautiful house is situated near the crest of Monte Sano overlooking the city. The Stuhlingers themselves cleared the land of the trees they wanted removed; and Mrs. Stuhlinger, a biologist, scoured the woods with her husband to find the lovely native flowers and ferns, and shrubs which

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have turned their grounds into a botanical garden.

Hannes Luehrsen heads a facilities and co-ordination branch at Redstone Arsenal, but he got himself deeply involved in a matter which for some time generated more heat than light in Huntsville. An architect and city planner back in Germany, he had been in Huntsville only a little more than a year when he came up with a proposal to solve the city's traffic problems—including the question of through traffic, which, he felt, could be detoured around the business district. Merchants who thought their stores would be neglected if the highways no longer went through the business district and other people with different objections fought the newcomer's proposal tooth and nail. But the Huntsville Times and the city fathers backed Luehrsen, and after a year and a half of debate his traffic plan, including the suggested bypass, was adopted.

Many of the other missile men still talk of the great debt they owe this country. Otto Eisenhardt, a production superintendent, is a kindly man, older than most of his associates, who is finance director of the newly organized Saint Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church. He believes it was the hand of God that led him safely from Peenemünde to America. And handsome, dignified Dr. Martin Schilling, chief of the V-2 test area at Peenemünde, is still a little bewildered at the fairness of the Americans who have put him in charge of one of the most important divisions at Redstone Arsenal, with many American scientists and technicians as well as fellow Germans under him. Last year Dr. Schilling was elected president of the Alabama chapter of the American Rocket Society.

Dr. Schilling tells a story which contrasts the old life with the new.

"When I told my wife that we should have our own home, she was delighted," he says. "She said we must have a wall around it. I told her that in America people did not build walls around themselves. She asked then if we could not have a hedge. So we planted the hedge. Now she says we must take down the hedge and not cut ourselves off."

Here people are so fair-minded, so easygoing, so friendly to newcomers, Dr. Schilling says. Here is home. And when he speaks of Huntsville and America as home, he echoes what is in the minds of every one of the Germans at Redstone to whom I talked.

The past is behind them. There is no turning back, nor any desire to do so. They are Americans in the old pioneering sense, carving out new homes and a new life in a new land. They have the strongest imaginable pride in themselves as a creative team which has gone through real hell, and won together.

We're fortunate to have them (the Army admits that without them we'd be at least five years behind in guided-missile research) and they know they're fortunate to be here. That's what makes the naturalization proceedings this month something special.

I know that as they take that oath of allegiance, there will be in the mind of each of them a firsthand knowledge of the dark threat that Walter Wiesemann voiced just a few months ago in the state-wide Jaycee International monthly bulletin he edits. The Berlin Conference of Foreign Ministers, convened to arrange a peace settlement for Germany, had just ended in failure.

"Let's face the ultimate issue," he challenged the young businessmen of Alabama. "What's at stake is not just the freedom and welfare of a few countries. It is the future of the entire world. It is freedom versus slavery, Christianity versus atheism, government by the people versus dictatorship, free enterprise versus state control—it is everything we honor and cherish and stand for versus the examples set by Communism in other countries."

For Walter Wiesemann and his fellow fugitives from Peenemünde, who soon will raise their right hands to swear allegiance to the United States, these words aren't platitudes. They learned their meaning the hard way.

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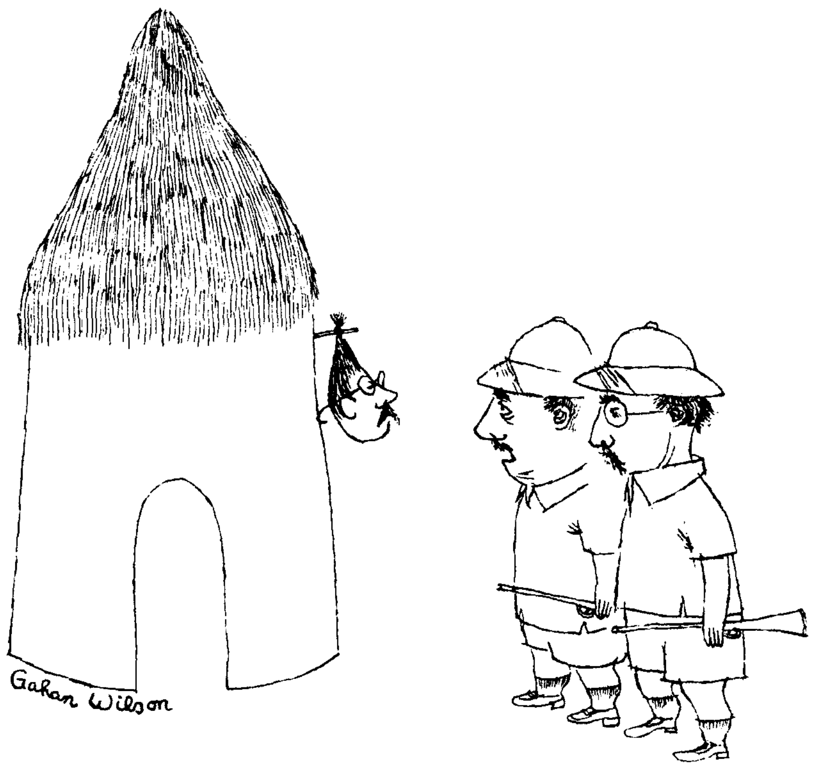

COLLIER'S

"It would appear that Fischer has been here before us . . ."

GAHAN WILSON

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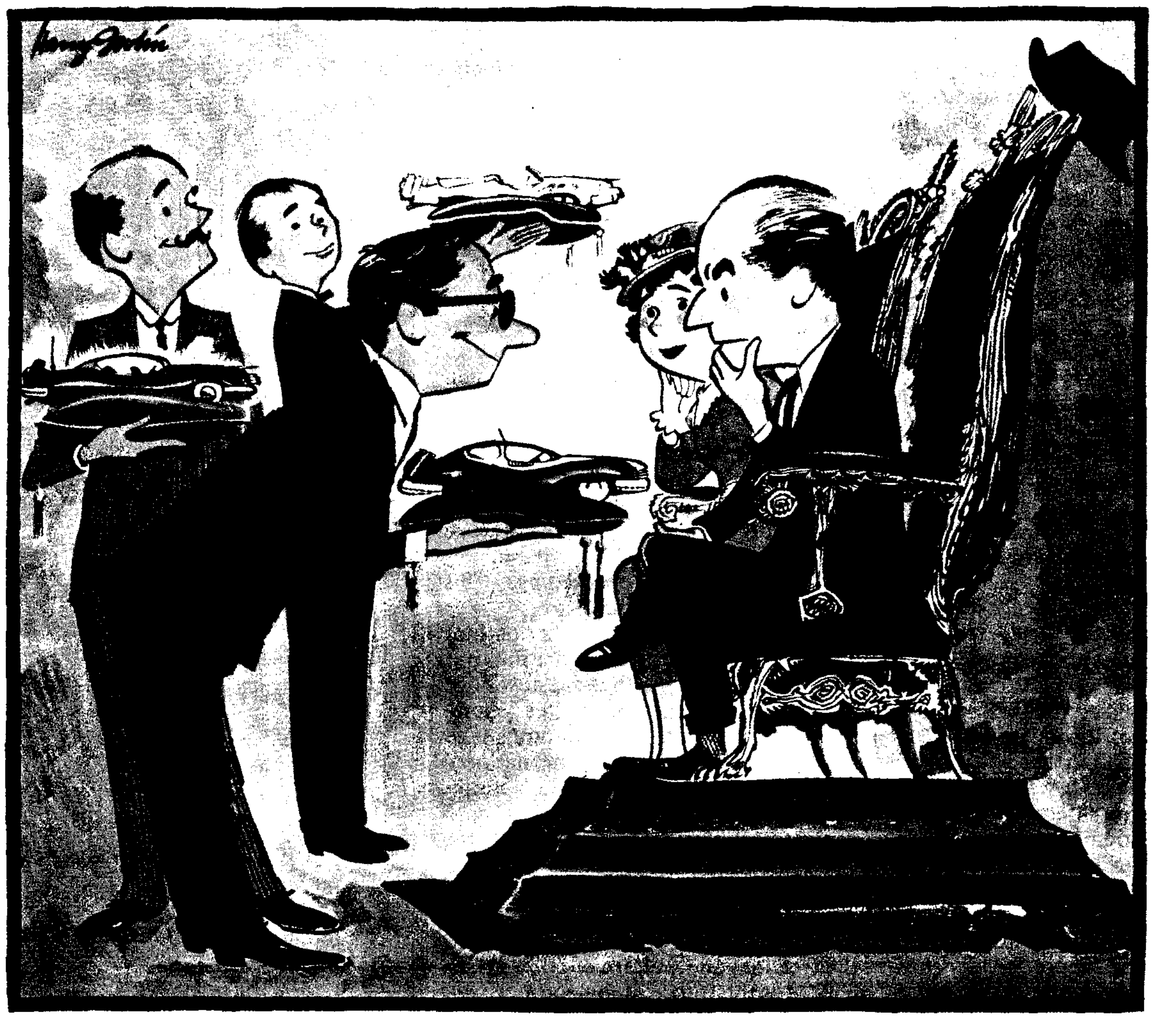

HARRY DEVLIN

The Greatest Show on Earth

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—in terms of investment, imagination and dramatic wallop—is approaching its annual climax. The stage: Detroit and environs. The cast: the 1955 car models. The audience: America.

There's no need to point up the quality, the magnetism, of this show. It takes hold of everybody. A young man in Brooklyn recently kicked in a display window and climbed into the lush leather cockpit of a sleek new convertible. He wasn't going anyplace; the cops found him caressing the wheel, dreaming. Vandalism, yes—but a striking example of raw pulling-power.

The beauty, the variety of the show will be there for all to see. But, as with most expert dramatic performances, there is an unseen part of the story, an allegory which adds depth and meaning to the on-stage business. This is a story of freedom and its workings.

Automobiles are big business, and big business is a favorite target of demagogues who misrepresent it as remote from the common touch—impersonal, vast, and somehow menacing.

Automobiles were once small business, a multitude of small craftsmen and vendors who came humbly into the market place offering wares in the hope that they would please. Some did, some did not. Those which pleased flourished; those which failed to please foundered and vanished. In America there was no governmental interference in this seller-buyer relationship, no protective cartels, no mandate to buy a given product, or any product.

In this stimulating climate of freedom there occurred the industrial miracle of the ages. The dynamic interplay of supply and demand generated the momentum that lifted the economy from its plodding agrarian status and set it on swift-rolling wheels. New ideas and products sparked fresh demand; the demand sparked ever-greater production and diversification. The growth of the automobile industry stimulated the growth of the oil, steel, rubber, glass, paint and electrical industries. Each of these stimulated the development of still more industries. In this manner America rose to greatness.

Fulfillment of the demands of this kind of nation required mass production. Only by this made-in-America technique, this complicated and precise co-ordination of man's skills and the prodigious energies of machines, could the need be met. Inevitably, automobiles became big business.

But the heart of the process remained constant—the free relationship between buyer and seller, with the buyer in the command position, free to accept or reject, free to choose.

All the great energy, all the investment of money and imagination and technological genius, all the color and magnificence of the annual unveiling of new car models are focused upon a single target—the little guy with his nose pressed against the show window, John Q. Public. He is the final arbiter of style, his is the power to make or break the titans, he is the potentate before whom their wares are humbly, if artfully, spread.

As long as the two parts of this freedom are preserved—the seller's freedom to compete and the buyer's freedom to choose—so long will the economic miracle of America remain the strength, the inspiration, the hope of the world—by all odds the greatest show on earth.

The Nondelinquents

THE DEAD-END KIDS have been making news lately; juvenile crime is on the upswing.

The problem is real enough, but it ought to be kept in focus. The tendency to write off the teen-agers as a new "lost generation" is thoroughly unjust to as promising a crop of nondelinquents as the country has seen in a long time.

The nondelinquents still outnumber the delinquents by 50 to one, and among this preponderance of good kids there is a perceptible, steady increase in acceptance of responsibilities of citizenship. There were 435,000 juvenile lawbreakers last year. There were also more than 2,000,000 dedicated, business-tending Four-H clubbers—twice as many as in 1933—plus some 400,000 Future Farmers of America. The Boy Scouts—one of the most effective of the character-building organizations—has doubled its membership in 10 years, to 3,400,000. Teen-agers are pouring into universities in far greater proportions than 10 to 20 years ago, and more and more are doing it the hard way—working their way through.

This is the first generation of the atomic age, born to the nerve-racking knowledge of a divided world, born in the ominous shadow of the H-bomb. This is also a generation showing, on balance, gratifying realization of the kind of world it is going to inherit, and an instinctive awareness of what preparations must be made.

Crying lackaday over the rising generation is nothing new; somber misgivings were widely proclaimed over the generation that sprouted in the thirties. These youngsters came on to carry their country safely through the most savage war of history. Their offspring, faced with an ever grimmer challenge, will doubtless do as well.

Contest in Damascus

THE RUSSIANS had pointed to the early autumn International Trade Fair in Damascus as a chance for a real propaganda killing. They poured millions of rubles into an elaborate exhibit, arraying Russia's fanciest goods.

The United States flew in a couple of planeloads of technical equipment, roped off a piece of real estate, and gave Damascans and visitors their first look at Cinerama.

It stole the show. Thousands jammed the open-air theater to see the magnificent panorama of America spread before them. Thousands more had to be turned away.

The Russians, watching glumly as the crowds rushed by day after day on their way to Cinerama, finally exploded. They trumped up a charge of "unfair competition." There were even rumblings of a sabotage plot.

This is high and significant praise, bearing out the faith, expressed by Lowell Thomas, in Cinerama as a potent instrument in the international scene. The U.S. Information Service has pinked Ivan where it hurts.

In this global battle of ideas the Americans pack by far the best ammunition—truth. But truth needs to be driven home. Cinerama offers one means of bringing the American idea to the eyes, as well as the ears, of the world—to present truth in a new dimension, with new force and persuasiveness. The triumph at Damascus opens the opportunity for a new American offensive in the cold war.

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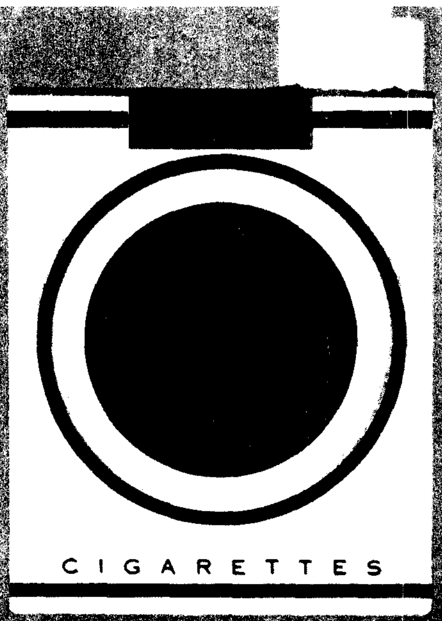
It's a big one—a real beauty! Below, right after weighing up his catch, Ted relaxes and enjoys a Lucky. "I like Luckies best," he says. "They *taste better*."



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